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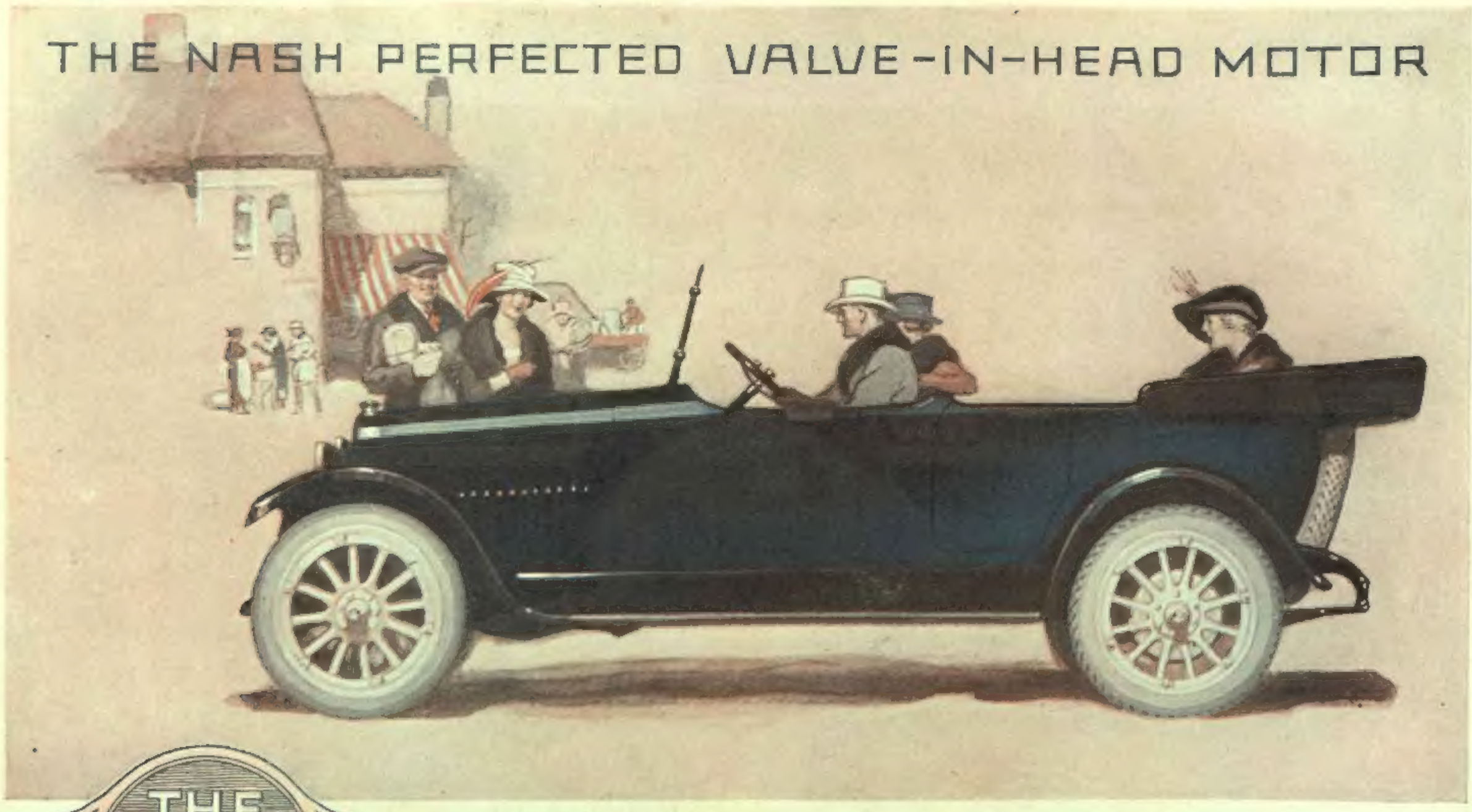

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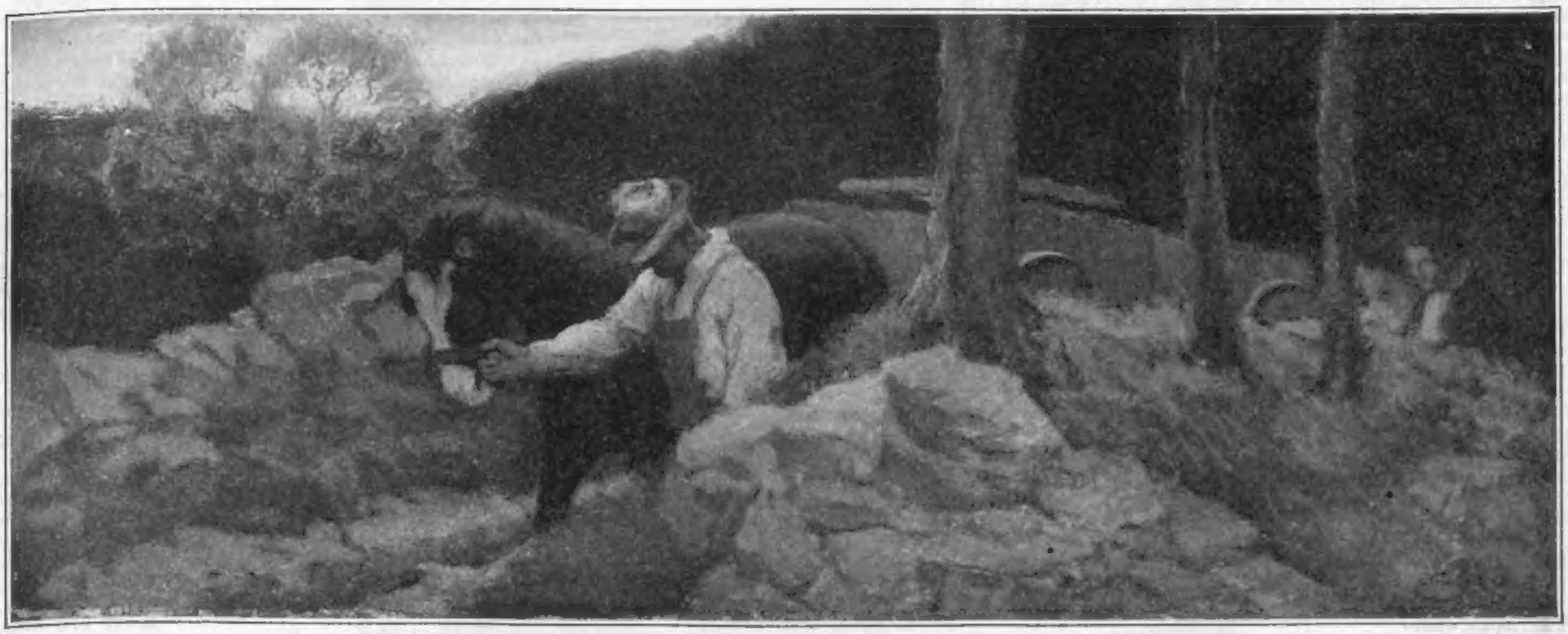
EVERED

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD



With No Word to Them He Took the Horse's Rein and Started to Lead it Up the Hill. Ruth and John Followed a Little Behind

THERE is romance in the very look of the land of which I write. Beauty beyond belief, of a sort to make your breath come more quickly; and drama—comedy or tragedy according to the eye and the mood of the seer. Loneliness and comradeship, peace and conflict, friendship and enmity, gayety and somberness, laughter and tears. The bold hills, little cousins to the mountains, crowd close round each village; the clear brooks thread wood and meadow; the birches and scrub hardwood are taking back the abandoned farms. When the sun drops low in the west there is a strange and moving purple tinge upon the slopes; and the shadows are as blue as blue can be. When the sun is high there is a greenery about this northern land which is almost tropical in its richness and variety.

The little villages lie for the most part in sheltered valley spots. Not all of them. Liberty, for example, climbs up along a steep hill road on your way to St. George's Pond, or over the Sheepscot Ridge, for trout. No spot lovelier anywhere. But you will come upon other little house clusters, a white church steeple topping everyone, at unsuspected crossroads, with some meadow land round and about, and a brook running through the village itself, and perhaps a mill sprawled busily across the brook. It is natural that the villages should thus seek shelter; for when the winter snows come down this is a harsh land, and bitter cold. So is it all the more strange that the outlying farms are so often set high upon the hills, bare to the bleak gales. And the roads too like to seek and keep the heights. From Fraternity itself, for example, there is a ten-mile ridge southwest to Union, and a road along the whole length of the ridge's crest, from which you may look for miles on either side.

This is not a land of bold emprises; neither is it one of those localities which are said to be happy because they have no history. There is history in the very names of the villages hereabouts. Liberty, and Union, and Freedom; Equality, and Fraternity. And men will tell you how their fathers' fathers came here in the train of General Knox, when that warrior, for Revolutionary services rendered, was given title to all the country hereabouts; and how he subgranted to his followers; and how they cleared farms, and tilled the soil, and lumbered out the forests, and exterminated deer and moose and bear. Seventy years ago, they will tell you, there was no big game hereabouts; but since then many farms, deserted, have been overrun by the forests; and the bear are coming back, and there are deer tracks along every stream, and moose in the swamps, and wildcats scream in the night. Twenty or thirty or forty miles to the north the big woods of Maine begin; so that this land is an outpost of the wilderness, thrust southward among the closer dwellings of man.

The people of these towns are of ancient stock. The grandfathers of many of them came in with General Knox; most of them have been here for fifty years or more, they or their forbears. A few Frenchmen have drifted down from Quebec; a few Scotch and Irish have come in here as they come everywhere. Half a dozen British seamen escaped, once upon a time, from a man-of-war in Penobscot Bay, and fled inland, and were hidden away until their ship was gone. Whereupon they married and became part and parcel of the land, and their stock survives. By the mere reading of the names of these folk upon the R. F. D. boxes at their doors you may know their antecedents. Bubier and Saladine, Varney and Motley, McCorrison and MacLure, Thomas and Davis, Sohier and Brine—a five-breed blend of French and English, Scotch and Welsh and Irish; in short, as clear a strain of good Yankee blood as you are like to come upon.

Sturdy folk, and hardy workers—you will find few idlers; and by the same token you will find few slavish toilers, lacking soul to whip a trout brook now and then or shoot a woodcock or a deer. Most men hereabouts would rather catch a trout than plant a potato; most men would rather shoot a partridge than cut a cord of wood. And they act upon their inclinations in these matters. The result is that the farms are perhaps a thought neglected; and no one is very rich in worldly goods; and a man who inherits a thousand dollars has come into money. Yet have they all that any man wisely may desire; for they have food and drink and shelter, and good comradeship, and the woods to take their sport in, and what books they choose to read, and time for solid thinking, and beauty ever before their eyes. Whether you envy or scorn them is in some measure an acid test of your own soul. Best hesitate before deciding.

Gregarious folk, these, like most people who dwell much alone. So there are grange halls here and there; and the churches are white-painted and in good repair; and now and then along the roads you will come to a picnic grove or a dancing pavilion, set far from any town. Save in haymaking time the men work solitary in the fields; but in the evening, when cows have been milked and pigs fed and wood prepared against the morning, they take their lanterns and tramp or drive half a mile or twice as far, and drop in at Will Bissell's store for the mail and for an hour round Will's stove.

You will hear tales there, tales worth the hearing, and on the whole surprisingly true. There is some talk of the price of hay or of feed or of apples; but there is more likely to be some story of the woods—of a bull moose seen along the Liberty road or a buck deer in Luke Hills' pasture or a big catch of trout in the Ruffingham Meadow streams. Now and then, just about mail time in the evening, fishermen will stop at the store to weigh their catches; and then everyone crowds round to see and remark upon the matter.

The store is a clearing house for local news; and this must be so, for there is no newspaper in Fraternity. Whatever has happened within a six-mile radius during the day is fairly sure to be told there before Will locks up for the night; and there is always something happening in Fraternity. In which respect it is very much like certain villages of a larger growth, and better advertised.

There is about the intimacy of life in a little village something that suggests the intimacy of life upon the sea. There is not the primitive social organization; the captain as lord of all he surveys. But there is the same close rubbing of shoulders, the same nakedness of impulse and passion and longing and sorrow and desire. You may know your neighbor well enough in the city, but before you lend him money take him for a camping trip in the woods or go with him to sea. Thereafter you will know the man inside and out; and you may, if you choose, make your loan with a knowledge of what you are about. It is hard to keep a secret in a little village; and Fraternity is a little village—that and nothing more.

On weekday nights, as has been said, Will Bissell's store is the social center of Fraternity. Men begin to gather soon after supper; they begin to leave when the stage has come up from Union with the mail. For Will's store is post office as well as market place. The honeycomb of mail boxes occupies a place just inside the door, next to the candy counter. Will knows his business. A man less wise might put his candies back among the farming tools, and his tobacco and pipes and cigars in the north wing, with the ginghams, but Will puts them by the mail boxes, because everyone gets mail or hopes for it, and anyone may be moved to buy a bit of candy while he waits for the mail to come.

This was an evening in early June. Will's stove had not been lighted for two weeks or more; but to-night there was for the first time the warm breath of summer in the air. So those who usually clustered inside were outside now, upon the high flight of steps which led up from the road. Perhaps a dozen men, a dog or two, half a dozen boys. Luke Hills had just come and gone with the season's best catch of trout—ten of them; and when they were laid head to tail they covered the length of a ten-foot board. The men spoke of these trout now, and Judd, who was no fisherman, suggested that Luke must have snared them; and Jim Saladine, the best deer hunter in Fraternity and a fair and square man, told Judd he was witless and unfair. Judd protested, grinning meanly; and Jean Bubier, the Frenchman from the head of the pond, laughed and exclaimed: "Now you, m'sieu', you could never snare those trout if you come upon them in the road, eh?"

They were laughing in their slow dry way at Judd's discomfiture when the hoofs of a horse sounded on the bridge below the store; and every man looked that way.

It was Lee Motley who said, "It's Evered."

The effect was curious. The men no longer laughed. They sat quite still, as though under a half-fearful restraint, and pretended not to see the man who was approaching.

II

THERE were two men in the buggy which came up the little ascent from the bridge and stopped before the store. The men were Evered and Evered's son, John. Evered lived on a farm that overlooked the Whitcher Swamp on the farther side. He was a man of some property, a successful farmer. He was also a butcher; and his services were called in at hog-killing time as regularly as the services of Doctor Crapo in times of sickness. He knew his trade; and he knew the anatomy of a steer or a calf or a sheep as well as Doctor Crapo knew the anatomy of a man. He was an efficient man; a brutally efficient man. His orchard was regularly trimmed and grafted and sprayed; his hay was reseeded year by year; his garden never knew the blight of weeds; his house was clean, in good repair, white-painted. A man in whom dwelt power and strength; and a man whom other men disliked and feared.

He was a short man, broad of shoulder, with a thick neck and a square well-shaped head, a heavy brow and a steady burning eye. A somber man, he never laughed; never was known to laugh. There was a blighting something in his gaze which discouraged laughter in others. He was known to have a fierce and ruthless temper; in short, a fearsome man, hard to understand. He puzzled his neighbors and baffled them; they let him well alone.

He was driving this evening. His horse, like everything which was his, was well-groomed and in perfect condition. It pranced a little as it came up to the store, not from high spirits, but from nervousness. So much might be known by the white glint of its eye—the nervousness of a mettled creature too much restrained. It pranced a little, and Evered's hand tightened on the rein so harshly that the horse's lower jaw was pulled far back against its neck, and the creature was abruptly still, trembling, and sweating faintly for no cause at all. Evered paid no more heed to the horse. He looked toward the group of men upon the steps, and some met his eye, and some looked away.

He looked at them, one by one; and he asked Lee Motley: "Is the mail come?"

Motley shook his head. He was a farmer of means, a strong man, moved by no fear of Evered. "No," he said.

Evered passed the reins to his son. "Hold him still," he told the young man, and stepped out over the wheel to the ground, dropping lightly as a cat. The horse gave a half leap forward and was caught by John Evered's steady hand; and the young man spoke gently to the beast to quiet it.

Evered from the ground looked up at his son and said harshly, "I bade you hold him still."

The other answered, "I will."

"You'd best," said Evered, and turned and strode up the steps into the store.

The incident had brought out vividly enough the difference between Evered and his son. They were two characters sharply contrasting; for where Evered was harsh John was gentle of speech; and where Evered was abrupt John was slow; and where Evered's eye was hard and angry John's was mild. They contrasted physically. The son was tall, well-formed and fair; the father was short, almost squat in his broad strength, and black of hair and eye. Nevertheless, it was plain to the seeing eye that there was strength in John as there was strength in Evered—strength of body and soul.

When Evered had gone into the store Motley said to the son, "It's warm."

The young man nodded in a wistfully friendly way. "Yes," he agreed. "So warm it's brought up our peas this day."

"That south slope of yours is good garden land," Motley told him, and John said, "Yes. As good as I ever see."

Everyone liked John Evered; and someone asked now: "Been fishing any, over at Wilson's?"

John shook his head. "Too busy," he explained. "But I hear how they're catching some good strings there."

"Luke Hills brought in ten to-night that was ten feet long," Jim Saladine offered. "Got 'em at Ruffingham."

The young man in the buggy smiled delightedly, his eyes shining. "Golly, what a catch!" he exclaimed.

Then Evered came to the door of the store and looked out, and silence fell upon them all once more. The mail was coming down the hill; the stage, a rattling, rusted do-or-die automobile of ancient vintage, squeaked to a shrill stop before the very nose of Evered's horse. John spoke to the horse, and it was still. The stage driver took the mail sacks in, and Evered left the doorway. The others all got up and turned toward the door.

Motley said to Saladine, "Did you mark the horse? It was scared of the stage, but it was still at his word, and he did not tighten rein."

"I saw," Saladine agreed. "The boy handles it fine."

"It's feared of Evered; but the beast loves the boy."

"There's others in that same way o' thinking," said Saladine.

Inside the store Will Bissell and Andy Wattles, his lank and loyal clerk, were stamping and sorting the mail. No great matter, for few letters come to Fraternity. While this was under way Evered gathered up the purchases he had made since he came into the store and took them out and stowed them under the seat of the buggy. He did not speak to his son. John sat still in his place, moving his feet out of the other's way. When the bundles were all bestowed Evered went back up the steps and Will gave him his daily paper and a letter addressed to his wife, and Evered took them without thanks and left the store without farewell to any man and climbed into the buggy and took the reins. He turned the horse sharply and they moved down the hill, and the bridge sounded for a moment beneath their passing. In the still evening air the pound of the horse's hoofs and the light whirring of the wheels persisted for long moments before they died down to blend with the hum and murmur of tiny sounds that filled the whispering dusk.

As they drove away one or two men came to the door to watch them go; and Judd, a man with a singular capacity for mean and tawdry malice, said loudly, "That boy'll break Evered some day across his knee."

There was a moment's silence; then Jean Bubier said cheerfully that he would like to see the thing done. "But that Evered, he is one leetle fighter, too," he reminded Judd.

Judd laughed unpleasantly and said Evered had the town bluffed. "That's all he is," he told them. "A black scowl and some cussing. Nothing else. You'll see."

Motley shook his head soberly. "Evered's no bluff," he said. "You're forgetting that matter of the knife, Judd."

Motley's reminder put a momentary silence upon them all. The story of the knife was well enough known; the knife they had all seen. The thing had happened fifteen or twenty years before, and was one of the tales many times told about Will's stove. One Dave Riggs, drunken and worthless, farming in a small way in North Fraternity, sent for Evered to kill a pig. Evered went to Riggs' farm. Riggs had been drinking; he was quarrelsome; he sought to interfere with Evered's procedure. Motley, a neighbor of Riggs, had been there at the time, and used to tell the story.

"Riggs wanted him to tie up the pig," he would explain. "You know Evered does not do that. He says they will not bleed properly, tied. He did not argue with the man, but Riggs persisted in his drunken way, and cursed Evered to his face, till I could see the blood mounting in the butcher's cheeks. He is a tempered man, always was.

"He turned on Riggs and told the man to hush; and Riggs damned him. Evered knocked him flat with a single fist stroke; and while Riggs was still on the ground Evered turned and got the pig by the ears and slipped the knife into its throat, in that smooth way he has. When he drew it

"I'll Not Take Rifle to the Bull; But if Any Man Comes Here to Kill the Beast I'll Have Use for That Rifle of Mine"

out the blood came after; and Evered turned to Riggs, just getting on his feet.

"'There's your pig,' said Evered. 'Butchered right. Now man, be still.'

"Well, Riggs took a look at the pig and another at Evered. He was standing by the chopping block, and his hand fell on the ax stuck there. Before I could stir he had lifted it, whirling it, and was sweeping down on Evered.

"It was all over quick, you'll mind. Riggs rushing, with the ax whistling in the air. Then Evered stepped inside its swing, and drove at Riggs' head. I think he forgot he had the knife in his hand. But it was there; his hand drove it with the cunning that it knew—at the forehead of the other man.

"I mind how Riggs looked, after he had dropped. On his back he was, the knife sticking straight up from his head. And it still smeared with the pig's blood, dripping down on the dead man's face. Oh, aye, he was dead. Dead as the pig, when it quit its walking round in a circle and laid down, and stopped its squeal."

Someone asked him once, when he had told the tale: "Where was Riggs' wife?"

"In the house," said Motley. "The boy was there. He'd come out to see the pig stuck, and when he saw the blood come out of its throat he yelled and run. So he didn't have to see the rest—the knife in his father's head."

There had been no prosecution of Evered for that ancient tragedy. Motley's story was clear enough; it had been self-defense at the worst, and half accident besides. Riggs' wife went away and took her son, and Fraternity knew them no more.

They conned over this ancient tale of Evered in Will's store that night; and some blamed him, and some found him not to blame. And when they were done with that story they told others; how when he was called to butcher sheep he had a trick of breaking their necks across his knee with a twist and a jerk of his hands. There was no doubt of the man's strength nor of his temper.

A West Fraternity man came in while they were talking; one Zeke Pitkin, a mild man, and timid. He listened to their words, and asked at last, "Evered?"

They nodded; and Pitkin laughed in an awkward way. "He killed my bull to-day," he said.

Will Bissell asked quickly, "Killed your bull? You have him do it?"

Pitkin nodded, gulping at his Adam's apple. "Getting ugly, the bull was," he said. "I didn't like to handle him. Decided to beef him. So I sent for Evered."

He looked round at them, laughed uneasily. "He scared me," he said.

Motley asked slowly: "What happened, Zeke?"

Pitkin rubbed one hand nervously along his leg. "We-ell," he explained, "I'm nervous like. Git excited easy. So when he come I told him the bull was ugly. Told him to look out for it.

"He just only looked at me in that hard way of his. I had the bull in the barn; and he went in where it was and fetched it out in the barn floor. Left the bull standing there and begun to fix his tackle to h'ist it up.

"I didn't want to stay in there with the bull. I was scared of it—it loose there, nothing to hold it. And Evered kept working round it, back to the beast half the time. Nothing to stop it tossing him. I didn't like to get out, but I didn't want to stay. And I guess I talked too much. Kept telling him to hurry, and asking him why he didn't kill it and all. Got him mad, I guess."

The man shivered a little, his eyes dim with the memory of the moment. He took off his hat and rubbed his hand across his head, and Motley said, "He did kill it?"

Pitkin nodded uneasily. "Yeah," he said. "Evered turned round to me by and by; and he looked at me under them black eyebrows of his, and he says: 'Want I should kill this bull, do you?' I 'lows that I did. 'Want him killed now, do you?' he says, and I told him I did. And I did too. But not the way he did kill it."

He shuddered openly; and Motley asked again, "What did he do?"

"Stepped up aside the bull," said Pitkin hurriedly. "Yanked out that knife of his—that same knife—out of his sheath. Up with it, and down, so quick I never see what he did. Down with the knife right behind the bull's horns. Right into the neck bone. And that bull o' mine went down like a ton o' brick. Like two ton o' brick. Stone dead."

Will Bissell echoed, "Stabbed it in the neck?"

"Right through the neck bone. With that damned heavy knife o' his." He wiped his forehead again. "We had a hell of a time h'isting that bull, too," he said weakly. "A hell of a time."

No one spoke for a moment. They were digesting this tale of Evered. Then Judd said: "I'd like to see that red bull of his git after that man."

One or two nodded, caught themselves, looked sheepishly round to discover whether they had been seen. Evered's red bull was as well and unfavorably known as the man himself. A huge brute, shoulder high to a tall man, ugly of disposition, forever bellowing challenges across the hills from Evered's barn, frightening womenfolk in their homes a mile away. A creature of terror, ruthlessly curbed and goaded by Evered. It was known that the butcher took delight in mastering the bull, torturing the beast with ingenious twists of the nose ring, with blows on the leg joints, and nose, and the knobs where horns should have been.

The red bull was of a hornless breed. The great head of it was like a buffalo's head, like a huge malicious battering ram. It was impossible to look at the beast without a tremor of alarm.

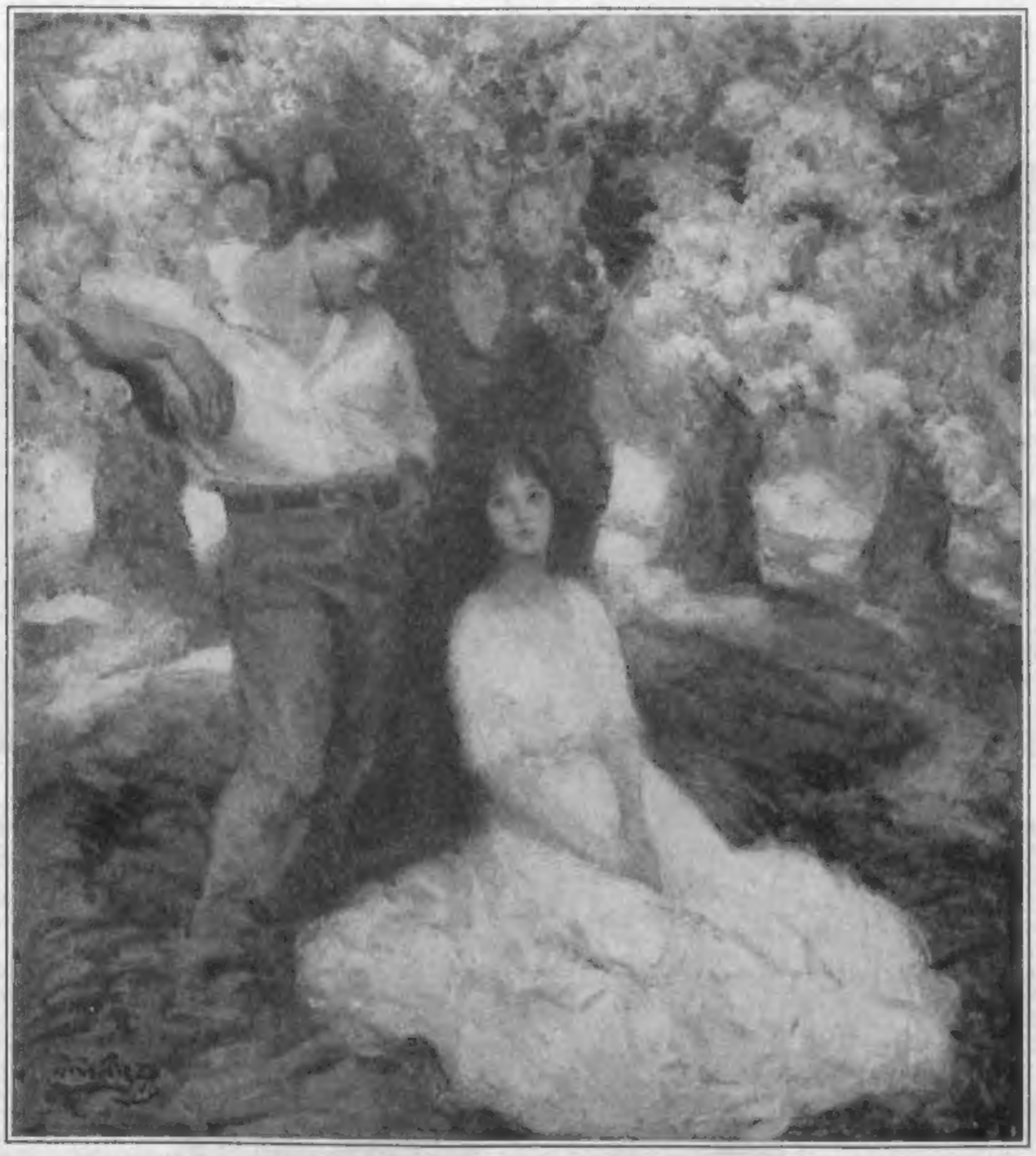
"It's ugly business to see Evered handle that bull," Will Bissell said, half to himself.

And after a little silence Jean Bubier echoed: "Almost as ugly as to see the man with his wife. When I have see that, sometime, I have think I might take his own knife to him."

Judd, the malicious, laughed in an ugly way; and he said, "Guess Evered would treat her worse if he got an eye on her and that man Semler."

It was Jim Saladine's steady voice which put an end to that. "Don't put your foul mouth on her, Judd," he said quietly. "Not if you want to walk home."

Judd started to speak, caught Saladine's quiet eye and was abruptly still.



He Knew That John and Ruth MacLure Were in the Orchard on the Other Side of the Farm

III

EVERED and his son drove home together through the clotting dusk in a silence that was habitual with them. The buggy was a light vehicle, the horse was swift and powerful, and they made good time. Evered, driving, used the whip now and then; and at each red-hot touch of the light lash the horse leaped like a stricken thing; and at each whip lash John Evered's lips pressed firmly each against the other, as though to hold back the word he would have said. No good in speaking, he knew. It would only rouse the lightly slumbering anger in his father, only lead to more hurts for the horse, and a black scowl or an oath for himself. There were times when John Evered longed to put his strength against his father's; when he was hungry for the feel of flesh beneath his smashing fists. But these moments were few. He understood the older man; there was a blood sympathy between them. He knew his father's heart as no other did or could; and in the last analysis he loved his father loyally. Thus had he learned long patience and restraint. It is very easy to damn and hate a man like Evered, hot and fierce and ruthlessly overbearing. But John Evered, his son, who had suffered more from Evered than any other man, neither damned nor hated him.

They drove home together in silence. Evered sat still in his seat, but there was no relaxation in his attitude. He was still as a tiger is still before the charge and the leap. John at his side could feel the other's shoulder muscles tensing. His father was always so, always a boiling vessel of emotions. You might call him a powerful man, a masterful man. John Evered knew him for a slave, for the slave of his own hot and angry pulse beats. And he loved and pitied him.

Out of Fraternity they took the Liberty road, and came presently to a turning which led them to the right, and so to the way to Evered's farm, a narrow road, leading nowhere except into the farmyard, and traveled by few men who had no business there.

When they came into the farmyard it was almost dark. Yet there was still light enough to see, beyond the shadow of the barn, the sloping hillside that led down to Whitcher Swamp; and the swamp itself, brooding beneath its gray mists in the thickening night. The farm buildings were set on a jutting shoulder of the hill, looking out across the valley where the swamp lay, and to Fraternity beyond, and off toward Moody Mountain beyond the town. By day there was a glory in this valley that was spread below them; by night it was a place of dark and mystery. Sounds used to come up the hill from the swamp: the sounds of thrashing brush where the moose fed or perhaps the clash of ponderous antlers in the fall or the wicked scream of a marauding cat or the harsh cries of nighthawks or the tremolo hoot of an owl.

Built against the barn on the side away from the house there was a stout roofed stall; and opening from this stall

(Continued on Page 137)

SIBERIAN IMPRESSIONS

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

REFUGEE reserve officers in the United States are ordered to report to the military attaché of the Russian Embassy at Washington for duty at the front," said the American newspaper one morning in May, 1919.

We read this with dawning hope of things doing again at home. It meant that the battle was to be renewed on a large scale evidently, since till now the various groups fighting had been but bands of volunteers—round Kolchak, Denikine and other heroes—who struggling against terrific odds tried to break up the Bolshevik armies. Now, since it was thought necessary to bring back the men who for one or another reason had gone across the seas, one could consider it certain that new armies were being raised and trained for service, and that this call was to get back all the valuable material which Bolshevism and its persecutions had scattered broadcast over the whole world.

Peasant Girl Spinning Flax
Above—Part of the Refugee Colony Near Vladivostok

Rapidly the officers gathered into little groups, reported for their orders, and then turned their steps either toward Siberia, toward the Black Sea or toward the north of Russia. Wives were brave over the partings, and looked for work which would support them in exile, or else, braver still, they prepared to go out to the home country again and take up their share of the husbands' burdens. It was a difficult choice for many women. Either way the risks and responsibilities were heavy, and the future was impossible to foresee. Sad faces and weighted hearts were the rule in the Russian colony.

Steeling Oneself for the Good-Bys

MY OWN husband, though outside the classes recalled to service, because of his age, and supposedly out of commission because of his old wound, which still greatly troubled him, became so interested in the movement and the possibility of being useful that he decided to volunteer again. His first application was to the Russian mission in Paris for information as to where the experts there would consider it best for him to go; and at once he received an answer begging him to give his effort to the Siberian side—where there were many soldiers to be put in shape and few officers to do it, whereas on other fronts there were plenty of good officers already. So it came about that a letter was written to Kolchak giving Mike's past history and asking if the supreme commander of the All-Russian Provisional Government would accept my husband's services in any capacity, civil or military.

In about six weeks an answer came from Omsk, laconic and to the point: "Come at once." Two or three weeks for the making of an outfit—and the necessary time wasted in trying to get accommodations on the earliest possible ship, then finally all was ready. Good-bys as little sad as possible to the children, and we moved westward. On the shores of Lake Michigan the last quiet week, of sunny days and of nights soft with the last warmth of the summer's flame, was spent—a gentle quiet time when the soul could get its balance and grow stronger to face new dangers, of which one knows no detail yet, but only feels the weight.

Days difficult to live, for one forgets the peril just ahead, and laughs sometimes; and then suddenly the vision of what threatens leaves one with a sudden sob caught in the throat and stopped.

The last day, the last hour, and each plays up for the other—striving for self-possession and summoning a smile when possible—to meet the traveler's last look backward. Then for the officer the long trip westward, the three or four days' wait at Vancouver for a ship's departure, finally the heterogeneous baggage thrown on board, sorted and put in safety for the long sea trip.

Last telegrams, bells and whistles, and shouted orders; the vessel is off, separating one more and more from the shore which for some time past was a safe refuge.

The long trip across the ocean is intensely monotonous and very wearing—especially for the nerves of those going into the maelstrom of the Siberian struggle. There are long hours in which to wonder over the fate awaiting such as are brave enough to offer their service and perhaps their lives on the altar of patriotism.

The rough sea and high wind and creaking ship are not conducive to a cheerful outlook, and those on board are seasick and easily discouraged. Seventeen long weary days are thus lived through—while one tosses uncomfortably and strains for a mental glimpse of the future. English officers, Canadian tradesmen, Japanese and Chinese merchants, also a very few Americans, with a half dozen or so of the Russians who are going back to serve—a great many vague second-rate adventurers—such make up the company on board. The Russian and the English officers naturally get together soon after the ship sails; and they form a little circle to themselves during the trip, where the conversation ranges on political or on military matters, and advice is offered back and forth as to conditions that have to be met and the precautions that must be taken against dangers of every kind, from Siberian cold and lack of food to political intrigue among allies and Bolshevik murder and torture.

The good ship Empress of Japan at last draws near to Yokohama's harbor; piles of nondescript luggage appear on deck—saddles, canned food, string bags, smart officers' khaki-colored trunks and bags of leather for the Britishers, of patched canvas or wood for the poorer Russians.

Japan, usually renowned for flowers and sunshine, seemed as gloomy as the travelers' hearts. It was drizzling, cold, slippery; altogether disagreeable; and the small group of wayfarers were chilled to the bone while they fought to get their baggage off the ship and through the customs.

The hotel was pleasanter; good beds and food made one forget the unpleasant sides of the errand one had come on, and a steady floor and dry clothes helped to better impressions of oneself and the surroundings. The town proved to be unattractive—so at least my husband felt as he wandered out over the stone pavements and peered about. A small, dark, greasy-looking people in dirty kimonos came and went in an endless crowd, perched high on wooden sandals which clap-clapped with a staccato note on the stones. The noise of their walking pervaded the air and one couldn't escape it night or day, and the queer pungent smell of the Orient helped to make up an impression of a strange new world. The flimsy houses seemed unattractive, overcrowded, dirty; and the conveyances uncomfortable. Altogether one's discouragement grew as time progressed.

The Fourth Return to the Front

ONLY one thing seemed consoling, and that only if one was fond of shopping. The silk shops are a delight. Color, quality, beauty of design—splendid, as the materials fell into graceful folds, iridescent almost with the richness of the glossy sheen. One hesitated what to choose; one wanted everything; and one ended by buying twice as much as planned, because the polite shopman, anxious to please and to tempt, bewildered his victim into dumb acquiescence.

The dull, damp chill continued in the air and ate one's vitals, or perhaps it was the feeling that one was moving farther away from those one cared for and from a warm fireplace which was next best to home, going out into a world of misery on a crusade, led by a lone hope and a single purpose—duty. Patriotism in such a case is a dull principle and requires a great effort.

Our officers knew a thrill in entering East Prussia or Galicia and Hungary in 1914, and they still felt it when they and their men slowly moved back in 1915, contesting every inch of the ground they were defending. It took enthusiasm again in 1916 to hold the lines straight and even take an offensive against the enemy's full strength. In the months of revolutionary times the officers still tried to rally their soldiers, when the latter obeyed only for love of leaders, who gallantly continued to fight the Germans before them, the indiscipline about them and the propagandists behind them. Now it required a new building up of the brave spirit to go in cold blood back into the fight after months of exile and soft living. The thought of the troubles of Siberia made one shiver in painful anticipations.

A trip to Tokio for papers, of which apparently one never has enough, and which are never sufficiently viséed. There one saw a quantity of interesting people—some stationary, some the driftwood carried hither and thither on the current of travel. Everyone had news to tell—the most varied, exciting, contradictory news. Always positive of the truth of each announcement, the authors, if doubted, but repeated it the more emphatically, and the louder.

What the head of every government in the world ought to do, what each of these will not do, and what he will, was told by the ambassadors and secretaries of the others. Then there were the impressions of all the floating population of travelers, those going to Siberia and those coming out. Everyone sees things differently, and the most amazing of it all is how little each man has seen or knows really of the country for which he is so positively recommending policies.

Unfortunately Russia is not represented at its best in the present Russian group in Tokio. Adventurers, deserters, refugees, vague frightened diplomats who have not been able to hold their own—the entire mass lacks cohesion and a head. On the other hand there are warm friends to Russia to be found—men and women who are helping and guiding and trying to work up the world's sympathy. Mr. Roland Morris, the American Ambassador, was one of the leaders in this. Amiable, hospitable and giving an impression of reliability, he gladly receives such people as come to him for some small passport service. My husband saw him thus, and having letters from mutual friends and many interests in common, the two men sat talking lengthily.

Mike stayed on to lunch, glad to get points from the man who so recently had gone into Siberia quite an anti-Kolchak, and had returned, after untrammeled investigations covering many weeks, to report to President Wilson that the All-Russian Government should be recognized at once, also supported and upheld in every possible manner. A pleasant message, this, to Russians' ears, even if it has borne no fruit.

The Old Flag

THE good opinion of Kolchak is unanimous in the East among those who watched him; and the splendid fight he has put up against Bolshevism is universally admired, as is the way he has handled the complications made for him by conflicting political groups in Omsk, intriguing personalities in his staff and government, and the troubles brought on by the hesitations and rivalries of our Allies. As one approaches, the personality of this remarkable man dominates the horizon more and more, and commands respect, esteem and admiration that are universal.

One's curiosity grew, and when embarkation for Vladivostok took place there was excitement mixed with one's fears and doubts, and the sun came out just then. Good signs these!

As the ship steamed into Vladivostok's harbor everyone went on deck, first to get a glimpse of the homeland for which one was hungry after eighteen months of expatriation. However much one fears to find it changed, to see the poverty and misery of these sad times, still it is good to think of hearing our language, of seeing the familiar types again; even to eat a *borsh* or *shtchie* with a salted cucumber and black bread will seem an act of patriotism. None of the party of officers on board had ever seen this side of the empire before. All had done their fighting on the European front; so curiosity was keen, and with wide-awake eyes they took in the impressive beauty of the great harbor they were entering. It is more beautiful than that of Vancouver, higher mountains rising out of the sea, and the stretch of water much broader. The towering banks are arid and have a severer type of beauty, but the proportions and lines are altogether splendid, and the coloring that day was brilliant with azure, russet and gold, the light over it all intense.

Suddenly from the inner harbor came a boat to meet the one carrying our men: a Russian government boat, looking trim and smart and flying at its stern the flag of Saint Andrew. It brought one's heart into one's mouth to see the Russian colors once more in their place. Eighteen months ago one had left Petrograd draped with torn and soiled red banners. This really seemed a promise of new strength. Will the impression last?

Refugees From Petrograd After the Evacuation of the Children's Colony at Targoyak

School Children Attending the Little School Run by the American Red Cross at Omsk for its Refugees

Clothing-Distribution Day at Second River Refugee Barracks

High Prices

THE pretty craft came up close and our officers crowded to the side of their own steamer to watch the welcomer's maneuvers. Both ships stopped and officials from the smaller one climbed on board to ask questions of each traveler, to examine papers, search for a reported Bolshevik—who naturally was not forthcoming—finally to approve of everything and take themselves off again. The dock was reached soon afterward—shouts, excitement, good-natured confusion, a hundred orders, little obedience but endless intelligent emergency work—everyone was ready to lend a hand to strangers—chaos apparently, but results that are unexpectedly quick and satisfactory in spite of it, paradox everywhere. Russia, in short, with its old nature and ways and mystery untouched by the experience of the past two years, and one felt warm and at home somehow. It was said there were no *izvostchiki*—cabbies; then one was immediately found. It was said there were no rooms, but a man to whom one came recommended offered hospitality—a cozy small room, it was, with clean bed and dry bedclothes on it—the possibility of sleeping, washing, smoking, and of drinking with him his morning tea.

The other meals one took out—paying forty-five rubles for a light lunch and seventy-five rubles for one dish in the evening. One was sustaining one's second shock—having received the first when cabby asked one hundred and fifty rubles for driving one from the dock to the house, and really expected to get it. People had told the men of the terrible prices, but it was hard to believe such tales; now one began to digest the unpleasant idea that money had no value, and that one would probably buy a flour sack and stuff it full of bills, which would be handed out rapidly. And the variety of the money! Every kind of foreign note and coin; then paper of several kinds—old régime and Kerensky money; then all the kinds used in Siberia. One is easily money poor instead of land poor in such a place.

One lunched and dined in a tumbledown, small and very expensive restaurant; one sat and smoked and thought, listening to the strains of a marvelous string orchestra made up by Hungarians. Ex-prisoners of war, they were, now freed, but they have no means or hope of going anywhere. They could earn only a little, and life costs much; exchange is prohibitive and the distance to their home is vast. So, stranded here in the far-eastern cabaret, the band

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JOSS

By HUGH WILEY

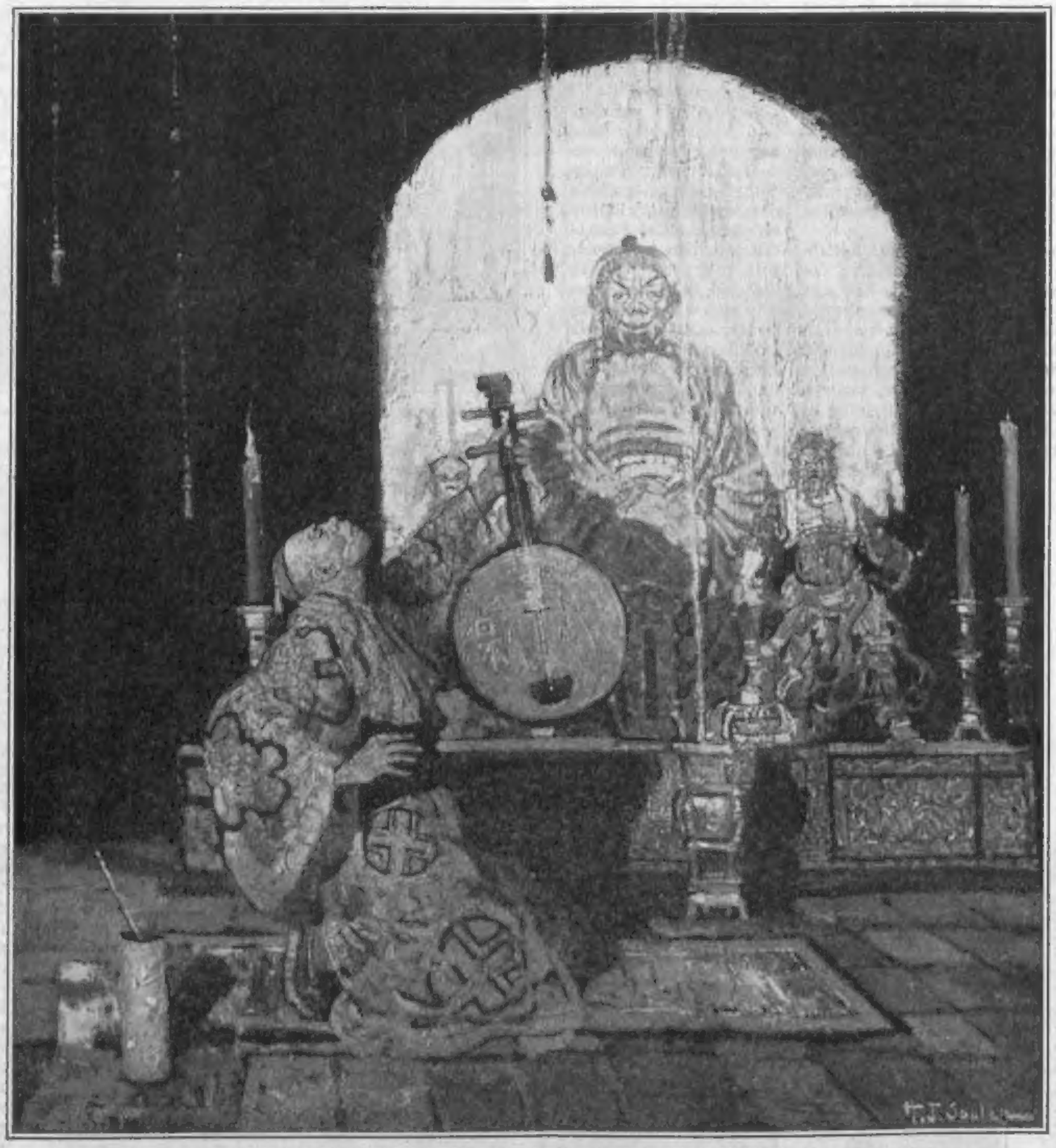
ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

AT MIDNIGHT Ming Sun Tai looked out upon Market Street from a window of a room in the Palace Hotel. In the room with him was a hypocrite Hindu and eight American Christians. Ming Sun Tai was the tenth member of the finance committee of the Associated Foreign Missions.

The lights along the street were soft in the fog which lay over San Francisco. "This will be a good night for sleeping," thought Ming Sun Tai. He yawned and realized his seventy years. He opened his check book on his knee and wrote a check for three thousand dollars. He addressed the chairman of the meeting.

"Miss King," he said, "the Bank of California will honor this check. It is for the balance required for our next year's work in China. If I may be excused now I will accept the gift of sleep with which the gods of night pay for the work of the day." He bowed to the chairman and again to the assemblage and left the room. In the lobby of the hotel Ming Sun Tai paused a moment to speak with the bell captain.

"Fog lies over the city," he said. "When Senator King's daughter comes from the meeting of Christian Missions conduct her to my limousine. I will walk to my home."



Ming Sun Tai Picked Up the One-Stringed Banjo. In the Silence There Struck Four Sharp Successive Notes That Leaped From the Vibrating String

He crossed Market Street and presently came upon the cobblestones that paved the incline of Grant Avenue from Bush to Pine. Halfway up this incline Ming Sun Tai read six words painted in white on the broken stone steps of a house that had died with the embers of an unkind year—"Fools Make a Mock at Sin."

The surface of the broken sidewalk alternated from concrete to asphalt. Ming Sun Tai noticed that the concrete was slippery with the moisture of the fog. He walked in the middle of the street. Through his light shoes the uneven cobblestones twisted his old feet.

On a sidewalk stone near Pine Street he read a second admonition—"Drunks Seek Jesus."

At California Street he looked at Sing Chong's store to his left. On his right stood St. Mary's Church. Under the clock of the church in white letters was the further good advice—"Son, Observe the Time and Fly From Evil." Ming Sun Tai looked at his watch.

"Fly fast," he said half aloud. "The clock is three minutes slow."

He waited in front of Sing Fat's store until a clattering cable car leaped out of the fog and dived again into the mist which lay below. In the wake of the car was a whirl of dust and fluttering scraps of paper. At the feet of Ming Sun Tai there fell a yellow square of paper. He picked it up.

"Quong Lee Night Time," he read—"Ten Thousand Dollars."

In the green square below these words were ten vertical rows of eight Chinese characters. Twenty little holes had been punched in the paper.

"The gods of chance have spoken," whispered Ming Sun Tai. "I shall obey them."

He walked rapidly to Clay Street. Ninety feet from the corner he dived down six steps and knocked at a closed door. An old woman's thin voice spoke a sharp question from beyond the door.

"It is Ming Sun Tai," he said softly.

The sound of three lifted wooden bars came to his ears, and then the click of a bolt. The door opened.

"You should be in bed, Mamma Chong. It is late for an old woman to be awake."

The Chinese woman answered him:

"The favorite of heaven must make haste. Within the hour the gods of luck will speak."

Ming Sun Tai walked eighty feet in the dark down the littered length of a narrow passageway. His name whispered at a second door gained him admittance to a room wherein were grouped a hundred Chinamen. The air, heavy with tobacco smoke, carried the acrid tang of opium. Ming Sun Tai walked to the corner of the room.

"Here is one dollar," he said. "Give me a winning ticket."

He walked to a little table beside the wall and marked his ticket with a pointed brush. He handed the marked ticket to a Chinaman behind a barred window on the opposite side of the room. Twenty minutes later the lottery bank paid him two thousand dollars. He looked at the cashier's immobile face.

"Easy money," he said in English.

He put the roll of bills in his overcoat pocket and walked from the room. He retraced his steps along Grant Avenue until he came to the corner of Washington Street, wherein lay his residence. On Washington Street he paused a moment to read the red-paper bulletins pasted on the brick wall of the store which stands there. In the gutter a flaring fire burned in an open coal-oil tin. Various shuffling Chinamen stopped before the fire for a moment to drive the chill of the fog from their flapping clothes. Now and then one of them cast the pieces of a broken box into the fire. Out of the fog toward Ming Sun Tai there came a little old Chinaman. He stopped beside his countryman. Presently Ming Sun Tai spoke to him:

"What would you say to me?"

"Excellency," the beggar began, "since yesterday I have not eaten. The marrow of my bones is cold. The soul of my body cries for the smoke of the black gum."

"What did you do with the overcoat I gave you last week?" questioned Ming Sun Tai.

"Excellency, I sold it for three pieces of silver. With the silver I bought opium," the old man answered.

"Ai!" Ming Sun Tai was silent for a moment. Then quickly he removed his overcoat. He placed it about the shoulders of the little old Chinaman. "Take this, and may the fangs of the ice gods fasten upon you if you sell it! Go to the house of Lo Yen Sang and say that it is my wish that he supply you with a five-tael tin of opium."

Ming Sun Tai turned and walked rapidly down Washington Street to his home. Below him in their fleece of fog the sentinel trees of Portsmouth Square stood ghostly in the opal night. Across the square a dim blue light burned over the door of the jail.

Ming Sun Tai entered his house. In an apartment opening from his bedchamber on the second floor he lay down upon a great divan above which hung a canopy of yellow silk. He closed his eyes. Over him his servant spread a quilted coverlet. He lay inert for a period of five minutes. Then suddenly he sat upright.

"My feet hurt," he said to his servant. "You may remove my shoes."

The servant removed his master's shoes and brought in their stead a pair of black-silk slippers. Ming Sun Tai rose to his feet.

"Bring me my robes for the night's devotions," he directed.

From a cabinet against the wall the servant brought out a red mandarin coat the surface of which was covered with an intricate embroidery of black and gold. Ming Sun Tai placed a little round cap upon his head. From a table near by he lifted a one-stringed banjo. The neck of this banjo was fixed to an ebony bowl on which was stretched a section of the polished skin of a snake. Painted in bright vermilion on this covering was a single character. On the index finger of his right hand Ming Sun Tai placed a jade thimble which terminated in a claw of gold. He turned to his servant:

"You may prepare my bed and then go to your rest."

Ming Sun Tai made his way through three rooms until he came to a narrow door of inlaid ebony. This he unlocked with a key which lay close to the jade seal that hung

from his watch chain. He entered a room about ten feet square, the walls of which were of carved teakwood overlaid with gold leaf. From a shrine against the wall opposite the door of the room smiled the Buddhist messiah, Milo Fo. Flanking this idol sat three Taoist deities. Beside one of the idols of Lao-tsze was a crucifix from which there hung a rosary. Below it stood a white-jade statue of Confucius. Before the shrine in which rested two gold plates carved with the legends of the two ancestral names of the family of Ming Sun Tai there stood a silver incense burner. On each side of it was a silver candlestick and beside these candlesticks were two flower vases in each of which at the moment was a single lily blossom, white and heavy with fragrance.

Ming Sun Tai touched an eye of the gilt tiger carved in the wood of the shrine. From beneath the silver incense burner there slowly protruded a shallow drawer. The drawer was lined with crimson silk. In it lay coiled a necklace of fine steel. At one end of the necklace was a little hook. Near the other end of it at intervals of an inch four flaming jewels were set—a sapphire, an emerald, a ruby and an orange-colored diamond.

Ming Sun Tai picked up the necklace.

"Yellow for earth, the ruby for the sun, for the green moon the emerald and sapphire blue for the celestial skies. This is the night of the first moon." He placed the necklace about the neck of the smiling Milo Fo. "The Night of the Green Moon," he said. The fine steel hook was caught in the link of the necklace from which hung the emerald. He lighted one of the two candles which stood before the shrine. He turned and closed the door which was open behind him. Smoke from a stick of incense spun softly upward from its quickened spark.

"Pai seung tai," the Chinaman whispered. "Beloved parent, now in this night of memories unto you shall rise the incense of my devotion."

The eyes of the smiling Milo Fo glowed in the light of the burning candle.

Ming Sun Tai picked up the one-stringed banjo. In the silence there struck four sharp successive notes that leaped from the vibrating string. He held the banjo near to the burning candle. The gold claw on the jade thimble touched the banjo string. To the whine of the ensuing note the thin flame of the candle wove its sinuous way upward through the pulsing air. The glittering eyes of Milo Fo seemed to smile as the little wrinkles about them quivered in the flickering candlelight. Ming Sun Tai bowed low and drank deep of the tone which sounded from the banjo. He stood erect.

"'Nam Soy Sing Yan'—A man becomes his own master. 'As it was in the beginning, world without end. Amen.'"

He lifted the necklace from about the neck of the smiling Milo Fo and replaced it in the secret drawer. He opened the door of the room. A soft light floated in. He walked to the shrine and extinguished the burning candle.

"Beloved father of my childhood days," he breathed, "may the raptures of paradise be forever thine."

The spark of incense died. The end of the thread of spinning smoke snapped upward into the shadows. Ming Sun Tai walked through the door of the room and closed it after him. In his bedchamber he discovered his servant still awake.

"It is the second hour of morning," he said. "Have you no desire for sleep?"

He handed the servant the banjo which he carried.

"Master," the servant said, "Loy Yat, the beggar to whom you gave your greatcoat, asked me to return this money to you before I slept."

Ming Sun Tai took the roll of bills which he had won in the lottery.

"The winds of chance," he reflected, "dispose of the mantle of honesty."

Two miles south of Dutch Flat the exploring sun tilted over Moody Ridge and dived down the slope into Cañon Creek. A ray of the sunlight lost its energy in the labyrinth of a chinful of cool gray whiskers which stuck out of one end of a blanket cocoon that lay in the sand beside the creek. Presently the chrysalis moved gently.

"Ow oo wow!"

Old Moccasin West indulged in a gratifying lungful of morning air. He rolled slowly out of his blankets and reached for a pair of broken shoes which lay beside him. He put on the shoes and raked together the embers of a fire which had smoldered through the night. He picked up a battered coffeepot. He walked to where the diminished waters of Cañon Creek threaded their way through the gravel and bowlders of the creek bed. With the coffeepot he dipped up a pint of water. He walked back slowly to the fire. He threw a tablespoonful of coffee into the coffeepot. He cut three slices of bacon from a slab of it which lay under its canvas wrapping on a rock beside him.

Presently his breakfast was accomplished. For a time he sat lazily beside the dying breakfast fire. After a little while he lighted a pipe and reached for a short-handled pick which lay beside him. A shallow gold pan rusted with the dew of night lay near the fire. He kicked this into the embers and let it lie until whatever grease might have sputtered into it from the frying bacon might be burned out. He picked up the pan and made his way with labored difficulty up the rough bed of Cañon Creek. Age was in every movement. His thin old voice lifted a quavering interrupted song:

"For sixty years I've shed the tears
What follers blasted hopes.
When I hit gold I spent it bold.
By gad! I knows the ropes."

Slowly he wandered round the bend where the stream swung to the east. Old Moccasin West had staked discovery on a dozen creeks since '51, but the gold had never stuck.

"Sixty year ago," he mumbled to himself, "she run a million to the acre in here. Now, dang 'er, she's rich ground if she pans a horn toad to the square mile."

He sat down for a little while with his back to the rays of the warm sun.

"These dang nights is nippy up here in spite of it bein' summer," he said aloud. "I'll have to haul my ol' carcass to San Francisco and get me a job where it's warm before long. But gosh, how I hates crowds of folks! City folks, that is."

He refilled his pipe, which had gone out. He lighted it and sat cross-legged, gazing vacantly across the creek bed to the placer-scarred flat beyond. Then suddenly he

(Continued on Page 118)

"Excellency, I Sold It for Three Pieces of Silver. With the Silver I Bought Opium," the Old Man Answered

What are They Fighting For?

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHARACTERS

JOHN LAWRENCE, *a lawyer.* ALAN BRIXTON. MARIE BRIXTON, *his wife.* MRS. WALES, *a stenographer.*

SCENE

A lawyer's office, the room of the senior partner. Calfskin books on the shelves, and heavy leather armchairs. A door at the right into the outer office. In the center a large writing table so littered with papers that your first thought is that you will never write a line to that firm, for it would be certain to be lost in the maelstrom. But a second glance reveals some order in the confusion.

JOHN LAWRENCE, *the senior partner, is sitting in a swing chair at the table facing the audience; he is a lean man about forty, not bald, but his hair is beginning to recede from the temples. His eye is cool and clear, his mouth fine, thin and, many people assert, cynical. As a matter of fact it is rather more human than he wants it to be.*

He is not deeply interested in the papers on his desk. He rings the bell, and MRS. WALES *enters.* MRS. WALES *is a grandmother—a tall, erect, energetic woman who has been with the firm longer than the senior partner. She likes* LAWRENCE *because he works harder than anyone else in the office, but in* MRS. WALES' *opinion the whole world wastes a great deal of time.*

MRS. WALES: Good morning, Mr. Lawrence.

LAWRENCE *(not looking up):* Good morning, Mrs. Wales. *(More humanly):* Mrs. Wales, I wish I had married twenty years ago.

MRS. WALES *(with the patience of a woman who has discovered that men never really want to attend to business):* Well, it's not too late, is it?

LAWRENCE: Yes, it is; yes, it is. There's no such thing as a real marriage after forty.

MRS. WALES: No?

LAWRENCE *(shaking his head):* No.

[*A pause.*

MRS. WALES *(pretending to think the pause means the end of this nonsense):* Do you want to dictate that letter to the surrogate?

LAWRENCE: No, I don't. I want to talk about marriage. Mrs. Wales, it's the enduring of adversity—the shaping of life together—the standing shoulder to shoulder that makes a true union—an indissoluble bond.

MRS. WALES: Indissoluble! That's a strange word for a lawyer to use. In this office you dissolve a dozen a year.

LAWRENCE: Not the true ones—not the real marriages.

MRS. WALES: And that brings us to inquiring how to know a real marriage when you see it.

LAWRENCE: Oh, you know them when you see them. I dined last night with some old friends of mine—a young couple, well, about thirty-five—who began life together fourteen years ago in November—on very little but their love for each other, and now, though they are anything but rich, their troubles are over. He's made good—at least enough to have been able, when we went into the war, to offer his services to the Government—to drop business without leaving her absolutely penniless. He's an expert in hardwoods a most valuable man—did a splendid work. Didn't rush home the day after the armistice, either, but stayed and finished his job. And now after two years he's back—they're reunited. I dined there last night—just three of us. I never saw a home so happy, so peaceful, so coöperative. That is pretty nearly an ideal couple.

MRS. WALES: When a bachelor says a couple is ideal it means he's in love with the wife.

LAWRENCE *(laughing):* Why, Mrs. Wales, you cynic! No, no. I'm not in love with her.

MRS. WALES: But you wish you were married to someone just like her.

LAWRENCE *(eagerly):* Exactly.

[MRS. WALES *gives a slight snort. The telephone rings. She answers it.*

MRS. WALES: Mrs. Brixton calling.

LAWRENCE: Yes, I have an appointment with him. Is he on the wire?

MRS. WALES: No, it's Mrs. Brixton, and she's in the outer office.

LAWRENCE *(pleased):* Here? Oh, ask her to come in.

[MRS. WALES *delivers this message and* MRS. BRIXTON *almost immediately enters. She is a pretty and—quite a different thing—a romantic-looking woman of thirty-four. The romance lies not in her large seal-brown eyes and slender figure but in the absence of anything hard or definite about her beauty. Her bearing is so vaguely sweet that it suggests the thought that if you should snatch her up on your charger and run away with her she would not immediately take in what was happening to her. This applies to her usual manner, but on the present occasion she is displaying a little more decision than she actually feels. As she comes in* MRS. WALES *folds her notebook, sighs and goes out by the door into the outer office.*

LAWRENCE *(very cordial, drawing a chair near his desk):* How nice to see you here, Marie. It's a long time since you've paid me a visit. I remember very well the last time you were here. Let me see ——

MARIE: Yes, so do I. I came then to make my will.

LAWRENCE: I was just thinking as you came in what a perfectly delightful evening I had at your house.

MARIE *(coolly):* Did you really think so?

LAWRENCE: Indeed I did. I've never been to your house when I didn't think so. But last night I was particularly impressed. *(In a more practical manner):* You've a wonderful cook.

MARIE *(leaning her chin in her hands):* Oh, one tries for the essentials.

LAWRENCE: Though it wasn't the food I was thinking of. It was the spirit of home, of peace. I was just saying—thinking, I mean—that I wish I had married twenty years ago.

"Marie is so Dependent on Me as a Child. You Simply Can't Desert a Woman Who Feels That Way About You"

MARIE: Funny. I was just wishing I hadn't.

LAWRENCE *(so surprised that the words mean nothing to him):* Wishing that you hadn't! Hadn't what?

MARIE: Hadn't married. I wish I knew whether I am a wicked woman or a normal human being; or perhaps both.

LAWRENCE *(beaming upon her and settling her doubt for all time):* You, my dear girl—wicked? You are the most unselfish person—not even excepting my own mother—that I ever knew.

MARIE: Unselfish? I should say I was. That's the whole trouble, John.

LAWRENCE: The trouble?

MARIE: That's what makes me dissatisfied—my being so unselfish. It's a vice. John, I believe that if the truth were known we should find that most of the murders in the world are committed by thoroughly unselfish people in a reaction. It isn't all my fault. My natural weakness in that direction was intensified by my mother. She was unselfish, too—just like yours. She sacrificed herself to her husband—just like yours. Oh, yes, I know there are brutes of women, who will have everything their own way—make their husbands work all day and carry up their breakfast tray. But that sort of thing is beyond me. If there's a man in the house I do the sacrificing. I simply have to—to make him comfortable. I get shoved to the wall so that he may have plenty of room to expand. I'm utterly unfit for the rough and tumble of matrimony. I hate it, I perfectly hate it, John!

LAWRENCE *(stupefied):* But, Marie! *(He tries to save his reason by assuming a professional air, and rests his elbow on the arms of his chair and locks his knuckles together.)* This after fourteen years of marriage?

MARIE: Twelve years of marriage.

LAWRENCE: Ah, no, my dear girl, there I must correct you. I happen to remember the day, fourteen years ago in November ——

MARIE: Yes, John, I was married fourteen years ago; twelve years of marriage, and two years of celibacy.

LAWRENCE: I don't understand. Have you come to me as a lawyer or a friend?

MARIE: As a legal friend—or perhaps I mean a friendly lawyer. I want to talk and tell you everything I feel, and then have you tell me if the law is any good.

LAWRENCE: Any good? The law any good?

MARIE: Yes—any good for me.

LAWRENCE: You don't mean you want to be divorced?

MARIE: I want matrimony tempered—like the wind, you know, to the lamb. Oh, John, if Alan had only gone into the Navy—or something that took him away a good deal! Do you know he has not taken dinner away from me once in the six weeks he's been back?

LAWRENCE: You are not trying to tell me you no longer love Alan?

MARIE: No, I love him—at least I would if he just dropped in to tea or came to spend week-ends when I had some really good servants who did not mind his ways. But, John, there's no slave in the world like an unselfish housewife. I can't stand the bondage. I must be rescued. Remember I had two years of freedom—two wonderful years!

LAWRENCE *(suspicious):* And what did you do with that freedom?

MARIE: Oh, isn't that like a man? They always think freedom means love affairs.

LAWRENCE: I must confess that my experience tells me to suspect, whether you recognize the fact or not, that there must be another man ——

MARIE: Another man? Oh, John, you don't get the idea at all! I almost wish I'd gone to a woman lawyer; only probably she would never have been a housekeeper and so wouldn't understand either

If there were another man I'd begin to sacrifice myself for him—to spend all my energy making him comfortable. I'd just as lief sacrifice myself to make Alan comfortable as anyone, but the point is, I don't want to sacrifice myself at all! Can't you understand that?

LAWRENCE: No, I cannot. I should think you would be glad to sacrifice yourself for the comfort of a man you love.

MARIE: Glad? Do you know how I spend my days now Alan is back?

LAWRENCE: No, I don't know that I want to; you shock me very much.

MARIE: I'm going to tell you, for lawyers must get used to being bored. In the first place I breakfast downstairs with Alan at eight o'clock. I hate breakfasting downstairs, only I never knew it for twelve years.

LAWRENCE: Now you can't persuade me, Marie, that Alan insists on your getting up to breakfast if you don't want to.

MARIE: No, no, Alan doesn't insist. I tell you it's all my own nature. It's my idea of the way a wife should behave. I simply couldn't lie in bed. Well, I breakfast with him, and we agree—let us say—that he will bring a man home to lunch, and we will be alone to dinner. I tell all this to the cook. And then Alan telephones that his plans are changed—that he won't get home to lunch, but that he's bringing three men to dine. I tell this to the cook. The cook can't bear uncertainty and leaves, and I, after lunching horribly on a tray, spend the afternoon—and days and days and days—in intelligence offices trying to get a cook. And get home just in time to receive Alan and hear all the details of his business day. And the three friends don't come to dinner, and Alan thinks we serve rather more food than is necessary, and then falls asleep on the sofa. Now I ask you, John, is that a life for a fairly intelligent woman of thirty-four; or is it not? Answer yes or no.

"To Leave Him Would be Like Abandoning a Baby in the Subway. I Can't Do That. I Feel So Sorry for Him"

LAWRENCE: My dear Marie, what nonsense this all is! All you have to do ——

MARIE *(interrupting)*: Oh, and I'll tell you another thing he does that makes life awfully difficult. He comes in in a great hurry and wants meals at once—half an hour ahead of time; and when it's actually served he goes upstairs and takes a bath and changes all his clothes. Isn't that annoying?

LAWRENCE: My dear Marie ——

MARIE *(interrupting)*: And I'll tell you another thing he does. He doesn't listen to a word I tell him—even the most interesting things, John; and then when he hears me referring to it with some outsider he says: "Why do you never tell me anything?" He doesn't listen to me. He doesn't know I'm there half the time.

LAWRENCE: Marie, this is absurd! All you have to do, according to your own story, is to be a little more selfish—a little harder.

MARIE: But that's just it! I can't. You might as well tell me to sing old English ballads in the same room where Alan was playing ragtime on the phonograph. It's only when I'm living entirely alone that I can think of my own wishes. That's the problem. Half the problem at least.

LAWRENCE: Half the problem? Ah, there is more to it than that, then?

MARIE: Yes, indeed. The other half is that Alan is as dependent on me as a child. What would he do if I left him—even for a time? I tell you he has not voluntarily taken a meal out of the house since he's been back. I simply can't pry him out—even to go to the club. He wants to be with me—to talk over every little thing that happens downtown. Why, John, there isn't a thing I don't know about his office—from the poor quality of the ink to the blunders of the telephone girl. I even buy his underclothes for him and tell him he ought to put on heavy flannels. His dependence is pathetic—it touches me. To leave him would be like abandoning a baby in the Subway. I can't do that. I feel so sorry for him. I don't know what would become of him if I left him; and I don't know what will become of me if I stay.

LAWRENCE: There's no question what you must do; you must stay with your husband. Alan's whole life is founded on you—just as I'm sure yours is on him. You can't break the bonds of fourteen years like that. But I'm not prepared to say that some compromise—separate summers, for instance ——

MARIE: But the summer is so long in coming.

[*The telephone buzzes.* LAWRENCE *takes up the instrument, but before taking off the receiver he pauses.*

LAWRENCE: That may be Alan. He was coming here.

MARIE *(alarmed)*: Here? You don't think he wants to consult you? You don't think he suspects anything? Oh, it would hurt him so, if he suspected ——

LAWRENCE: No, he said last evening he wanted to consult me about a partnership that had been offered him. I suppose you wouldn't wish him to find you here?

MARIE: Of course I don't want him to suspect anything is wrong until I have decided just what it is best for me to do.

LAWRENCE: Then if it is he you can go out through that inner office.

MARIE: But, John, I haven't half finished.

LAWRENCE: Wait in there then until he goes. *(He takes down the receiver.)* Hello. . . . Yes. *(He nods violently to* MARIE, *who steals into the inner room.)* Ask Mr. Brixton to come in.

[*When the door has shut behind* MARIE, BRIXTON *enters. He is a tall well-dressed man, blond, with eyes set too flush with his face. He is intelligent and sweet, but a little selfish and egotistical.*

BRIXTON: Hello, John. Were you asleep? I never heard such a time before you answered your telephone. Even the machinelike Wales was a little rattled.

LAWRENCE: I had another client, who was just leaving.

BRIXTON: A lady? Ah, lucky dogs, lawyers! It seems to be all right for a woman to go to a lawyer's office; no one thinks anything of it; but in the wholesale hardwood business it would be considered compromising to be shut up for hours with a feminine buyer. The professions have all the luck. Take doctors, now. Think of all the little crimes a doctor could put over. I wish I'd studied medicine.

LAWRENCE: I don't suppose you came here to discuss with me the amorous opportunities of the various professions, did you, Alan?

BRIXTON: I did not, John. But I must own, it seems to me to promise better than many other subjects. What I came about was these articles of partnership. *(He takes the papers from his pocket and gives them to* LAWRENCE.) Look them over, will you? These fellows I was working with in the West want me to go in with them. The finest men, John; and I like the business, too, and it seems to me their offer is generous.

LAWRENCE: You mean to do it, then?

BRIXTON: No, I think I mean not to.

LAWRENCE: Why?

BRIXTON: There's a very serious objection to it. I should have to live about half the year in Seattle.

LAWRENCE: And you don't like Seattle?

BRIXTON: Don't like it? Why, I consider it the most attractive town I ever was in. It's funny, John, traveling about, as I was for those two years, how sometimes you strike a town and instantly you feel sympathetic to it—the way you do to some women before you say a word. Well, I felt that way about Seattle the first time I ever spent a night there, but ——

LAWRENCE: But you don't want to leave New York?

BRIXTON: I want to much too much. I sometimes feel that if I ever again have to walk up my own front steps and extract my same latchkey from the same pocket, and open that same door and hear Marie's voice saying: "Well, dear, what sort of a day have you had?"—What sort of a day does she think I've been having? A damned dull day. First, I have to live it, then I have to go all over it with Marie. Can you understand why she wants to hear it? She does. Every afternoon it's the same thing. "What sort of a day have you had?" Oh, I tell her, John—but, Lord, it's tiresome! Life's tiresome. I'm bored sick.

LAWRENCE: Bored, Alan? Why, it seems to me you have about everything you could ask to make life agreeable—a charming wife, a pleasant home, and all financial troubles behind you.

BRIXTON: Oh, I know, I know. I've just got over the crest of the hill. And what do I see? A long, straight, flat, easy road stretching right from where I am to the grave.

LAWRENCE: There may be some surprises; life usually has a few up its sleeve.

BRIXTON: Oh, you mean the war. But I'm afraid we won't have another war—not in my time—to shake us all up. You know, John, when the war began I did not want to go West and do that job, but when I actually got at it I never enjoyed anything so much in all my life.

LAWRENCE: It's a great satisfaction to serve your country.

BRIXTON: Yes, yes, of course; but it was the glorious feeling of freedom that I enjoyed. Getting back at any old time for meals—no one worrying if I was late. And then, John—perhaps as a bachelor you wouldn't appreciate this, but I did enjoy seeing women again as I used to before I was married—just nice friendly girls who made you feel you weren't exactly a fossil. Oh, I'll never have anything so pleasant as that was again.

LAWRENCE: Why not? If you accept this offer.

BRIXTON *(nobly)*: But I'm not going to accept it.

LAWRENCE: Why not?

BRIXTON: Ah, that's easy for a bachelor to ask. But look at it from Marie's point of view. You never thought of her, John. You see, Marie is as dependent on me as a child. It might have been different if we had had children, but as it is I am the only thing she has on which to lavish the affection of a very warm and unselfish nature. And she does lavish it. John, there is no bondage like being loved by a thoroughly good woman.

LAWRENCE: Nothing more splendid, I should think.

BRIXTON: No, no, nothing more splendid, of course. Only it's rather hard to live up to. I mean it makes a demand on a man that a woman—to whom all that comes naturally—doesn't at all appreciate. Do you know that I've hardly taken a meal out of my house since I came back? I even breakfast with Marie every morning, though heaven knows I don't see why she wants to—I'm not particularly sociable in the early morning. Don't you see how that sort of thing is her whole life? To make my home—to make me comfortable. Sometimes I have to smile at thinking how she imagines I got on so well for two years without anyone to take an interest in my business and tell me when to put on heavy flannels. But there it is! You simply can't desert a woman who feels that way about you.

LAWRENCE: Not even for a few months?

(Concluded on Page 99)

THE RAVELIN' WOLF

Like a Desperate Swimmer Plunging From a Foundering Bark Into a Stormy Sea He Leaped Far Out and Projected Himself, a Living Catapult, Along the Middle Aisle

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

WHEN the draft came to our town as it came to all towns it enmeshed Jeff Poindexter, who to look at him might be any age between twenty-one and forty-one. Jeff had a complexion admirably adapted for hiding the wear and tear of carking years and as for those telltale wrinkles which betray care he had none, seeing that care rarely abode with him for longer than twenty-four hours on a stretch. Did worry knock at the front door Jeff had a way of excusing himself out of the back window. But this dread thing they called a draft was a worry which just opened the door and walked right in—and outside the window stood a jealous Government, all organized to start a rookus if anybody so much as stepped sideways.

Jeff had no ambition to engage in the jar and crash of actual combat; neither did the idea of serving in a labor battalion overseas appeal to one of his habits. The uniform had its lure, to be sure, but the responsibilities presaged by the putting on of the uniform beguiled him not a whipstitch. Anyhow, his ways were the ways of peace. As a diplomat he had indubitable gifts; as a warrior he felt that he would be out of his proper element. So when answering a summons which was not to be disregarded Jeff appeared before the draft board he was not noticeably happy.

"Unmarried, eh?" inquired his chief inquisitor.

"Yes, suh—I means, naw, suh," stated Jeff. "I ain't never been much of a hand fur marryin' round."

He forced an ingratiating smile. The smile fell as seed on barren soil—fell and died there.

"Mother and father? Either one or both of them living?"

Never had Jeff looked more the orphan than as he stood there confessing himself one. He fumbled his hat in his hands.

"No dependents at all then, I take it?"

"Yas, suh, dey shorely is," answered Jeff smartly, hope rekindling within him.

"Well, who is it that you help support—if it's anybody?"

"Hit's Jedge Priest—tha's who. Jedge, he jes' natchelly couldn't git 'long noways 'thout me lookin' after him, suh. De older he git de more it seem lak he leans heavy on me."

"Well, Judge Priest may have to lean on himself for a while. Uncle Sam needs every able-bodied man he can get these times and you look to be as strong as a mule. Here, take this card and go on through that door yonder to the second room down the hall and let Doctor Dismukes look you over."

Jeff cheered up slightly. He knew Doctor Dismukes—knew him mighty well. In Doctor Dismukes' hands he would be in the hands of a friend. Beyond question the doctor would understand the situation as this strange and most unsympathetic white man undoubtedly did not.

But Doctor Dismukes, all snap and smartness, went over him as though he had never seen him before in all his life. If Jeff had been a horse for sale and the doctor a professional horse coper scarcely could the examination have been carried forward with a more businesslike dispatch.

"Jeff," said the doctor when he had finished and the other was rearranging his wardrobe, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself for being so healthy. Take your teeth now—your teeth are splendid. I only wish I had a set like 'em."

"Is dey?" said Jeff despondently, for the first time in his life regretting his unblemished ivory.

"They certainly are. You wouldn't need a gun, not with those teeth you wouldn't—you could just naturally bite a German in two."

Jeff shivered. The very suggestion was abhorrent to his nature.

"Please suh, don't—don't talk lak dat," he entreated. "I ain't cravin' to bite nobody a-tall, 'specially 'tis Germans. Live an' let live—tha's my sayin'."

"Yep," went on the doctor, prolonging the agony for the victim, "your teeth are perfect and your lungs are sound, your heart action is splendid and I know something about your appetite myself, having seen you eat. Black boy, listen to me! In every respect you are absolutely qualified physically to make a regular man-eating bearcat of a soldier"—he paused—"in every respect excepting one—no, two."

If a drowning man clutching for a straw might be imagined as coincidentally asking a question it is highly probable he would ask it in the tone now used by Jeff.

"Meanin'—meanin' w'ich, suh?"

"I mean your feet. You've got flat feet, Jeff—you've got the flattest feet I ever saw. I don't understand it either. So far as I've been able to observe you've spent the greater part of your life sitting down. Somebody must have hit you on the head with an ax when you were standing on a plowshare and broke your arches down."

It was an old joke, but it fitted the present case, and Jeff, not to be outdone in politeness, laughed louder at it than its maker did. Indeed Jeff felt he had reason to laugh; a great load was lifting from his soul.

"Jeff," went on the doctor, "deeply though it may grieve both of us, it nevertheless is my painful duty to inform you that you have two perfectly good exemptions from military service—a right one and a left one. Now grab your hat and get on out of here."

"Boss," cried Jeff, "Ise gone. Exemptions, tek me away frum yere!"

So while many others went away to fight or to learn how to fight, as the case might be, Jeff stayed behind and did his bit by remaining steadfastly cheerful. Never before, sartorially speaking, had he cut so splendid a figure as now when such numbers of young white gentlemen of his acquaintance were putting aside civilian garb to put on khaki. Jeff had one of those adaptable figures that give and take. The garments to which he fell heir might never have fitted their original owner, but always they would fit Jeff. Gorgeous in slightly worn but carefully refurbished raiment, he figured in the wartime activities of the colored population and in ostensibly helpful capacities figured in some of the activities of the white folks too.

Going among his own set his frequent companion was that straw-colored light of his social hours, Ophelia Stubblefield. It helped to reconcile Jeff to the rigors of the period of enforced rationing as he reflected that the same issues and causes which made lump sugar a rarity and fat meat a scarcity had rid him of his more dangerous competition in the quarter where his affections centered. Particularly on one account did he feel reconciled. A spirit of the most soothful resignation filled him when he gave thought to the moral certainty that the most formidable and fearsome of his rivals, that bloody-minded bravo, Smooth Crumbaugh, would daunt him never again with threats of articular dismemberment with a new-honed razor. For Smooth Crumbaugh was gone and gone for good. First the draft had carried him away and then the pneumonia had carried him off. War had its compensations after all.

Wearing Ophelia upon one arm and wearing in the crook of the other a high hat which once had been the property of a young man now bossing an infantry battalion in the muddiest part of France, Jeff appeared prominently in the Armistice celebration at the First Ward Colored Baptist Church. Still so accoutered—Ophelia on his one hand and the high hat held in proper salute against his breast—he served upon the official reception committee headed by the Rev. Potiphar Grasty and by Prof. Rutherford B. H. Champers, principal of the Colored High School, which greeted the first returning squad of service men of color.

Home-comers who had been clear across the ocean brought back with them almost unbelievable but none the less fascinating accounts of life and customs in foreign parts. The tales these traveled ones had to tell were eagerly listened to and as eagerly passed along, dowered at each time of retelling with prodigal enlargements and amplifications the most generous.

A ferment of discontent began to stir under the surface of things; a sort of inarticulate rebellion against existing conditions, which presently manifested itself in small irritations at various points of contact with the white race. It was nothing tangible as yet, nothing upon which one might put a hand or cap with a word of comprehensive description. Indeed it had been working for weeks like a yeast in the minds of sundry black folk before their Caucasian neighbors began to sense it at all, and for this there was a reason easily understandable by anyone born and reared in any sizable town in any one of the older states lying below

Mason and Dixon's Line. For in each such community there are two separate and distinct worlds—a black one and a white one—interrelated by necessities of civic coördination and in an economic sense measurably dependent one upon the other, and yet in many other aspects as far apart as the North Pole is from the South.

Regarding what the white world is feeling and thinking and saying, the lesser black world that is set down within it is nearly always better informed than is the other and larger group touching on new movements and growing sentiments amongst the darker-skinned factors. Into the white man's house, serving in this or that domestic capacity, goes the negro as an observant witness to the moods and emotions of his or her employer and bringing away an understanding of the family complexities and the current trend of opinion as it shapes itself beneath that roof.

But the white man, generally speaking, views the negro's private life only from the outside, and if he be a Southern-born white man, wise in his generation, seeks to look no further, for surface garrulity and surface exuberance do not deceive him, but serve only to make him realize all the more clearly that he is dealing with members of what at heart is one of the most secretive and sensitive of all the breeds of men. But since this started out to be the chronicle of an episode largely relating to Jeff Poindexter and one other and not a psychological study of actions and reactions as between the two most numerous races in this republic, it is perhaps as well that we should get on with our narrative.

If the leaven of unrest, vague and formless as it was at the outset, properly might be said to date from the time of the return of divers black veterans it took on shape and substance after the advent of one Dr. J. Talbott Duvall, an individual engaging in manner, and in language, dress and deportment fascinating beyond degree; likewise an organizer by profession and a charmer of the opposite sex by reason of qualifications both natural and acquired.

A doctor he was, as witness the handle to his name, and yet a doctor of any known variety he was not. Confessedly he was no doctor of medicine, though his speech dripped gorgeous ear-filling Latin words which sounded as though they might be the names of difficult and sinister diseases; nor was he doctor of divinity, though speedily he proved himself to be at home in pulpits. He was not a horse doctor or a corn doctor or a conjure doctor or a root-and-herb doctor or a healer by faith or the laying on of hands.

"Num'min' What You Aims at—de Question is, is You Gwine be Able Hit Whar You Aims? An' I Ain't Needin' No Ladies' Auxiliary to Tell Me What My Rights Is"

His title, it seemed, was his by virtue of a degree conferred upon him by a college—a white man's college—somewhere in the North. His accent was that of a traveled cosmopolite superimposed upon the speech of a place away off somewhere called the West Indies. He had money and he spent it; he had a wardrobe of distinction and he wore it; he had a gift for argumentation and he exercised it; he had a way with the ladies and he used it. His coming had created a social furor; his subsequent ministrations amounted to what for lack of a better word is commonly called a sensation.

If there were those who from motives, let us say, of envy looked with the jaundiced eye of disfavor upon his mounting popularity and his constantly widening scope of influence they mainly kept their own counsel or at least refrained from voicing their private prejudices in public places. One gets fewer bumps traveling with the crowd than against it.

Even so bold a spirit and customarily so outspoken a speaker as Aunt Dilsey Turner, Judge Priest's black cook of many years' incumbency, saw fit somewhat to dissemble on the occasion of a call paid by Sister Eldora Menifee, who came dressed to kill and inspired by the zeal of the new convert to win yet other converts. Entering by way of the alley gate one fine forenoon, Sister Eldora found Aunt Dilsey sitting in the kitchen doorway hulling out a mess of late green peas newly picked from the house garden.

"Sist' Turner," began the visitor, "I hopes I ain't disturbin' you by runnin' in on you this mawnin'."

"Honey," said Aunt Dilsey, "you're jes' ez welcome ez day is frum night. Lemme fetch you a cheer out yere on the gallery." And she made as if to heave her vast comfortable bulk upright.

"No'm, set right where you is," begged Sister Menifee. "I ain't got only jes' a few minutes to stay. Things is mighty pressin' with me. I got quite a number of my lady frien's to see to-day an' you happens to be the fust one on de list."

"Is tha' so?" inquired Aunt Dilsey. Her tone was cordiality itself, but one less carried away by the enthusiasm of the mission which had brought her than Sister Eldora Menifee was might have caught a latent gleam of hostility in the elder woman's eye. "Well, go on, Ise lis'enin'."

"Well, Sist' Turner, ef you's heared 'bout de work I been doin' lately I reckin mebbe you kin guess whut brung me to yore do'. I is solicitin' you fur yore fellership ez a reg'lar member of de ladies' auxiliary of de new s'ciety w'ich Doct' J. Talbott Duvall is got up."

"Meanin' perzactly w'ich s'ciety? Dis yere Doct' Duvall 'pears to be so busy gittin' up fust one thing an' then 'nother seems lak I ain't been able to keep track of his doin's, 'count of my bein' so slow gittin' round on my feet by reason of de rheumatism."

"Meanin' de Shinin' Star Cullid Uplift and Progress League—dat's de principalest activity in w'ich he's now engaged. De dues is one dollar down on 'nitiation an' twenty cents a week an' ——"

"Wait jes' one minute, Sist' Menifee, ef you please. 'Fore we gits any furder 'long answer me dis one question Ise fixin' to ast you—do dis yere new lodge perpose to fune'lize de daid?"

"We ain't tuck up dat point yit; doubtless we'll come to de plans fur dat part later. Fur de time bein' de work is jes' to form de ladies' auxiliary an' git de main objec's set fo'th."

"You are Absolutely Qualified Physically to Make a Regular Man-Eating Bearcat of a Soldier"—He Paused—"in Every Respect Excepting One—No, Two"

"Lis'en, chile. Me, I don't aim never so long as I lives an' keeps my reason to jine no lodge w'ich don't start out fust thing by fune'lizin' de daid. Ise thinkin' now of de case of dat pore shif'less Sist' Clarabelle Hardin dat used to live out yere on Plunkett's Hill. She up an' jined one of dese newfandangle' lodges w'ich didn't have nothin' to it but a fancy name an' a fancy strange nigger man runnin' it, an' right on top of dat she up an' died 'thout a cent to her back. An' you know whut happen den? Well, I'm gwine tell you. Dat pore chile laid round de house daid fur gwine on three days an' den she jes' natchelly had to git out to de cemetery de bes' way she could. Not fur me, honey, not fur me. Dey got to have de money in de bank waitin' an' ready to bury de fus' member dat passes frum dis life before dey gits a cent of mine."

"But dis yere lodge is gwine have a more 'portant puppose 'en jes' to fune'lize de daid," protested Sister Eldora. "We aims to do somethin' fur de livin' whilst yet dey's still alive. Curious you ain't tuck notice of de signs of de times ez dey's been expounded 'mongst de people by Doct' Duvall. He sho' kin 'splain things in a way to mek you a true believer." The advocate of the new order of things sank her voice to a discreet half whisper. "Sist' Turner, we aims at gittin' mo' of de rights dat's due us. We aims to see dat de pore an' de lowly an' de downtrodden-on is purtected in dey rights. We aims ——"

"Num'min' whut you aims at—de question is, is you gwine be able hit whar you aims? An' lemme tell you somethin' more, Sist' Eldora Menifee. I ain't needin' no ladies' auxiliary to tell me whut my rights is. Neither I ain't needin' to pay out no twenty cents a week to find out neither. W'en it comes to dat, all de ladies' auxiliary w'ich I needs is jes' me, myse'f. I knows good an' well whut my rights is already an' Ise gwine have 'em, too, or somebody'll sho' git busted plum wide open. Mind you, I ain't sayin' nothin' 'ginst dis new man nur 'ginst dem w'ich chooses to follow 'long after his teachin's. Ise jes' sayin' dat so fur ez my jinin' in wid dis yere lodge is concern' you's wastin' yore breath. Better pass along, honey, to de nex' one on dat list of your'n, 'thout you's a mind to stay yere an' watch me dish up Jedge Priest's vittles fur 'im."

"Mebbe if Doct' Duvall wuz to come hisse'f an' mek manifest to you de high pupposes ——" began Sister Eldora. But Aunt Dilsey cut her off short.

"Wouldn't mek no diffe'nce ef he come eighty times a day an' twice ez offen on Sunday. Anyway, I reckins my day fur jinin' things is done over."

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DRY MANHATTANS

By Bozeman Bulger

IN NEW YORK there is an institution known as the Poor Man's Horse Show. Officially it is called the Six-Day Bicycle Race. It takes place usually round the first week in December and is regarded as the climax to the sporting calendar of the year. The very atmosphere of this affair is New Yorkish. There is nothing exactly like it in the United States. Other cities tried the idea but abandoned it years ago.

The Six-Day Race has been run at Madison Square Garden for twenty-seven years. Despite occasional lack of financial success there is always some man or group of men willing to promote it. To finance the odd enterprise represents an initial obligation of something like sixty thousand dollars.

The track is a huge wooden bowl built inside the Garden arena. On this the competing wheels hum continuously for six days and nights. The riders are paired off in teams, one riding while the other sleeps. There is a fascination about watching this continuous grind not easily explained. Gallery birds have been known to remain in the Garden the entire six days, strategically avoiding the eagle eyes of the attendants, who are supposed to clear the place every eight hours to make room for a fresh crowd. The more opulent of the spectators, who make a week of it, get their rest at the tables in the café and restaurant.

Years ago the Six-Day Race became known humorously as the Poor Man's Horse Show, it being the one place in New York where men of all classes can intermingle at least once a year. This opportunity for observing the notable and the notorious and for hearing the gossip of both under world and upper world, added to the novelty of being excused for staying away from home all night, is a main attraction.

A Convention of Slang Inventors

UNTIL prohibition became a reality the café and restaurant was granted an all-night license. Hence its importance as a proving ground for the first effect of the great drought.

This combination of café and restaurant is really the *pièce de résistance* of the annual gathering so cherished by New Yorkers. It is there that gossip thrives; that the town gets its inside look into intimate affairs that have been touched in the high places only by the newspapers. It is also a spawning bed for new slang. Those who profess to have studied and analyzed such things declare that more than fifty per cent of modern sporting slang is grown and harvested at the Six-Day Race.

New Yorkers dearly love to get in on that sort of thing first. At a table the race-track habitué meets the prize-fight manager or the fighter himself, and they are soon joined by a baseball man or maybe a pool shark. There follows an exchange of slang peculiar to the particular branches of sport. Quickly a new expression, a vehicle of thought common to all, springs into being. It is just as quickly picked up by sporting writers and promulgated. In a few months our staid citizen, who secretly went to the race, finds himself using it at his club, and hearing it from the younger set at his fireside.

Nearly all the prominent European countries have entries in this race. Transplanted native sons, who gather to the support of their former countrymen, add to the polyglot atmosphere of the whole. In moments of excitement the place is a Babel.

A few years ago the Poor Man's Horse Show came near losing its existence, due to too great an influx of yeggmen, gunmen, gangsters and pickpockets. On one well-remembered occasion a fight started in the café that took on big proportions. The combatant forces were rushed to the street and eventually broken up by the police. Twenty-odd pistols and knives were picked up from the sidewalk in less than a block. But this element was finally bested and the race purified of actual danger. It will always remain somewhat motley, but that is one of its attractions.

Men prominent in New York affairs go there to see and be seen. They delight in recounting the number of attempts that have been made to snatch their overcoats while they were leaning over the rail rooting for a sprint. That is all part of the fun. A wag in the gallery at the last race convulsed the place by standing up at midnight and in perfect imitation of the foghorn tones of the official crier announcing: "At this hour the race is now six overcoats and four silk toppers behind the world's recor-rd!" Everything was going smoothly in New York last fall and the town was eagerly looking forward to its annual six-day fling when the fearsome head of prohibition began to cast a shadow. Manhattan, you know, has little vision. It lives in the present. Nobody ever thought that prohibition really would happen.

"Oh, they'll fix it some way," was the satisfying way of regarding the talked-of blight, just as "They" have attended to other matters in the past. But this time "They" failed to deliver.

Two well-known men of New York feeling kindly toward sport undertook the management of the Six-Day Race for the last week in November. They had but a detached interest in the discussions of prohibition raging at that time. Soon after they had assumed their financial obligations, however, that detached interest became a live burning coal. In the midst of this sudden awakening the great blight came. With it came a wave of sporting despondency. In the past most sporting affairs had been run on a wet basis. Fresh hope rose weekly that the ban would be lifted and the situation saved. But just as regularly hope withered and finally died.

The Dry Crisis at the Garden

THE crisis had to be faced. These men had shouldered the responsibility of a sixty-thousand-dollar investment, with chances of success apparently nil. To go ahead or to stop where they were and shoulder a loss became a serious matter to decide. That a number of spectators would pay money to sit up all night, without a drink, to see a Six-Day Race seemed absurd. These men knew there would be no violation of the law. There has never been even a complaint of the excise laws' being violated in Madison Square Garden.

The Garden seats approximately six thousand persons, and the record attendance was something like ninety thousand for the entire week. Surely no such number as that could be expected with prohibition taking joy out of the show!

Discussion of the prospects became general in sporting circles. Apprehension increased. But the two business men

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ENFORCING PROHIBITION

HOW MANY ARE DESTITUTE IN EUROPE?—By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

EUROPE needs peace, resumption of agriculture, restoration of industry and the feeding of the destitute. She cannot have peace until we make peace. She cannot resume normal agriculture until she obtains fertilizers. She cannot restore the prewar industry until she secures basic materials. She cannot feed the destitute; they must be fed for her if they are not to perish.

We have a responsibility in each of these directions. This is not the place to discuss the failure of ratification of the treaty of peace by the Senate, and the writer is not competent to offer a discussion. But every American must realize that failure of ratification has done great injury to Europe and history will hold the nation as a whole responsible for it. As the source of certain of the basic materials required in Europe, we have a responsibility in that direction. It is commonly conceded that we must furnish these in certain amounts and for a time on credit, the burning question being whether these credits shall be governmental or commercial. The feeding of the destitute, unless it is to be done as charitable relief, is again a question of credits. And the emergency is too large for solution by relief organizations of usual type.

Utterances of European officials offer a variety of reasons for the necessity of American credits. Naturally they express themselves to domestic audiences differently from the way they speak to the foreign audience. In the interest of clarity it will prove advantageous to dilate somewhat upon the different reasons advanced to justify the advisability or necessity of American credits.

A military reason has been frequently advanced. The statement runs to the effect that the war cannot be regarded as closed until the menace of German aggression has been made impossible. It is urged that if the economic recovery of Germany antedates that of France and Italy these nations will be found to have lost the war after they had won it. What will it avail France and Italy to have triumphed over Germany on the field of battle if they must succumb to her upon the field of reconstruction? Of what value to France for President Wilson to have signed a treaty guaranteeing the support of the United States in the event of future German aggression if before that time France becomes bankrupt?

Will France and Italy be Losers?

IT IS urged that because of the great material losses of France and Italy the recovery of Germany is certain to outstrip that of France or Italy if these nations receive no outside aid in reconstruction. According to the treaty of peace the United States stands pledged to aid in the enforcement of the payment of large sums by Germany as indemnity to the United Kingdom, France, Belgium and Italy. It is contended that German indemnities will come too late and that military considerations involving the United States as one of the Allied and Associated Powers make it incumbent upon the United States to extend credits to France and Italy and await repayment from German indemnity if the United States is to accomplish in Europe those objects for which we entered the war. Over and over again the proposition has been advanced by the Entente and by Germany that the Germans should issue indemnity bonds and that these should be accepted by the United States in payment of the obligations of the nations of the Entente. There is no doubt that if Germany should issue some 100,000,000,000 marks of indemnity bonds and these should be accepted by the United States during the next five years in payment of loans, materials and commodities the immediate reconstruction of the nations of the Entente would be facilitated and the immediate reconstruction of Germany in no wise delayed. In the long run German paper might prove to be as good as Italian, French or British paper. But the proposition involves a type of international finance foreign to our institutions. Congress can declare war with the certainty that our people will purchase war bonds. But Congress cannot declare an external loan with the assurance that our people will buy German bonds.

Allied to military reasons for American loans are arguments based on political considerations. European diplomats have always had a hold on the strings of the exchequer and much money has been loaned in furtherance of political alliances. The French loans to Russia and the German loans to Turkey are illustrations. Those who still believe in the necessity of offensive and defensive alliances between nations regard political loans as justifiable or indeed necessary. Those who believe in the operation of a League of Nations will not consider political loans justifiable or necessary. European faith in the League of Nations is not so strong as to exclude the idea that a generous American loan to our Allies would strengthen the bonds of international amity.

The economic necessity of loans to Europe is urged from two points of view. Broad considerations of world policy in trade indicate that the world is to be regarded as a unit; if one considerable section is incapacitated the entire organism will fail to function. From the narrower national point of view it is urged that the prosperity of the United States is dependent upon the prosperity of Europe. There is much truth in these views, though it does not follow at all that relief should be extended through governmental action and not through commercial channels.

The Balance Sheet

THE balance of trade during the past year was greatly in our favor and upon this balance of trade our prosperity was to a considerable extent dependent. For the first eleven months of 1919 our trade balance with Europe was $4,102,000,000 in our favor—$4,755,000,000 less $653,000,000. During the same time our trade balance with the rest of the world was $383,000,000 against us—$2,870,000,000 less $2,487,000,000. Some two and a half billions of exports consisted of foodstuffs, of which nine-tenths were sold on credit, representing the completion of our war obligations. The largest part of the other exportations to Europe during this time was done on credit extended to the importing nations, and the balance was not an evidence of manufacturing or trading superiority on our part. It is obvious that no such balance of trade in our favor can be maintained under normal commercial conditions, and it is urged that we shall soon lose our foreign markets unless we extend credits to European buyers to purchase agricultural products and raw materials in this country.

These arguments are sound, but the degree of application is hypothetical. Until we have tried to shut ourselves out of trade relations with Europe no one can predict to what degree it might develop that we are self-sufficient. But it is not doubted that grave injury would occur. We have increased our manufacturing potential very largely during the war and unless this equipment is to be scrapped a market must be found for the output. Involved also is the repayment of $10,000,000,000 loaned to Europe, since on the final analysis this can only be repaid with commodities.

Though one should not be disposed to minimize the importance of European trade to the United States, European fears of the results upon the United States are somewhat gratuitous. The average American is not much concerned with the argument that the economic necessities of the United States demand continuation of trade relations under the granting

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HEAD AND SHOULDERS

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

IN 1915 Horace Tarbox was thirteen years old. In that year he took the examinations for entrance to Princeton University and received the Grade A—excellent—in Cæsar, Cicero, Vergil, Xenophon, Homer, Algebra, Plane Geometry, Solid Geometry and Chemistry.

Two years later, while George M. Cohan was composing Over There, Horace was leading the sophomore class by several lengths and digging out theses on The Syllogism as an Obsolete Scholastic Form, and during the Battle of Château-Thierry he was sitting at his desk deciding whether or not to wait until his seventeenth birthday before beginning his series of essays on The Pragmatic Bias of the New Realists.

After a while some newsboy told him that the war was over, and he was glad, because it meant that Peat Brothers, publishers, would get out their new edition of Spinoza's Improvement of the Understanding. Wars were all very well in their way, made young men self-reliant or something, but Horace felt that he could never forgive the President for allowing a brass band to play under his window on the night of the false Armistice, causing him to leave three important sentences out of his thesis on German Idealism.

The next year he went up to Yale to take his degree as Master of Arts.

He was seventeen then, tall and slender, with near-sighted gray eyes and an air of keeping himself utterly detached from the mere words he let drop.

"I never feel as though I'm talking to him," expostulated Professor Dillinger to a sympathetic colleague. "He makes me feel as though I were talking to his representative. I always expect him to say, 'Well, I'll ask myself and find out.'"

And then, just as nonchalantly as though Horace Tarbox had been Mr. Beef the butcher or Mr. Hat the haberdasher, life reached in, seized him, handled him, stretched him and unrolled him like a piece of Irish lace on a Saturday-afternoon bargain counter.

To move in the literary fashion I should say that this was all because when way back in colonial days the hardy pioneers had come to a bald place in Connecticut and asked of each other, "Now what shall we build here?" the hardiest one among 'em had answered, "Let's build a town where theatrical managers can try out musical comedies!" How afterward they founded Yale College there, to try the musical comedies on, is a story everyone knows. At any rate one December, Home James opened at the Shubert and all the students encored Marcia Meadow, who sang a song about the Blundering Blimp in the first act and did a shaky, shivery, celebrated dance in the last.

Marcia was nineteen. She didn't have wings, but audiences agreed generally that she didn't need them. She was a blonde by natural pigment and she wore no paint on the streets at high noon. Outside of that she was no better than most women.

It was Charlie Moon who promised her five thousand cigarettes if she would pay a call on Horace Tarbox, prodigy extraordinary. Charlie was a senior in Sheffield and he and Horace were first cousins. They liked and pitied each other.

Horace had been particularly busy that night. The failure of the Frenchman, Laurier, to synchronize the sources of the new realists was preying on his mind. In fact, his only reaction to a low, clear-cut rap at his study was to make him speculate as to whether any rap would have actual existence without an ear there to hear it. He fancied he was verging more and more toward pragmatism. But at that moment, though he did not know it, he was verging with astounding rapidity toward something quite different.

The rap sounded—three seconds leaked by—the rap sounded.

"Come in," muttered Horace automatically.

He heard the door open and then close, but, bent over his book in the big armchair before the fire, he did not look up.

"Leave it on the bed in the other room," he said absently.

"Leave what on the bed in the other room?"

Marcia Meadow had to talk her songs, but her speaking voice was like byplay on a harp.

"The laundry."

"I can't."

Horace stirred impatiently in his chair.

"Why can't you?"

"Why, because I haven't got it."

"H'm!" he replied testily. "Suppose you go back and get it."

Across the fire from Horace was another easy chair. He was accustomed to change to it in the course of an evening by way of exercise and variety. One chair he called Berkeley, the other he called Hume. He suddenly heard a sound as of a rustling, diaphanous form sinking into Hume. He glanced up.

"I Hope I Haven't Given You the Impression That I Consider Kissing Intrinsically Irrational"

"Well," said Marcia with the sweet smile she used in Act Two—"Oh, so the Duke liked my dancing!"—"Well, Omar Khayyam, here I am beside you singing in the wilderness."

Horace stared at her dazedly. The momentary suspicion came to him that she existed there only as a phantom of his imagination. Women didn't come into men's rooms and sink into men's Humes. Women brought laundry and took your seat in the street car and married you later on when you were old enough to know fetters.

This woman had clearly materialized out of Hume. Why, the very froth of her brown gauzy dress was an emanation from Hume's leather arm there! If he looked long enough he would see Hume right through her and then he would be alone again in the room. He passed his fist across his eyes. He really must take up those trapeze exercises again.

"For Pete's sake don't look so critical!" objected the emanation pleasantly. "I feel as if you were going to wish me away with that patent dome of yours. And then there wouldn't be anything left of me except my shadow in your eyes."

Horace coughed. Coughing was one of his two gestures. When he talked you forgot he had a body at all. It was like hearing a phonograph record by a singer who had been dead a long time.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want them letters," whined Marcia melodramatically—"them letters of mine you bought from my grandsire in 1881."

Horace considered.

"I haven't got your letters," he said evenly. "I am only seventeen years old. My father was not born until March 3, 1879. You evidently have me confused with someone else."

"You're only seventeen?" repeated Marcia suspiciously.

"Only seventeen."

"I knew a girl," said Marcia reminiscently, "who went on the ten-twenty-thirty when she was sixteen. She was so stuck on herself that she could never say 'sixteen' without putting the 'only' before it. We got to calling her 'Only Jessie.' And she's just where she was when she started—only worse. 'Only' is a bad habit, Omar—it sounds like an alibi."

"My name is not Omar."

"I know," agreed Marcia, nodding—"your name's Horace. I just call you Omar because you remind me of a smoked cigarette."

"And I haven't your letters. I doubt if I've ever met your grandfather. In fact, I think it very improbable that you yourself were alive in 1881."

Marcia stared at him in wonder.

"Me—1881? Why sure! I was second-line stuff when the Florodora Sextette was still in the convent. I was the original nurse to Mrs. Sol Smith's Juliette. Why, Omar, I was a canteen singer during the War of 1812."

Horace's mind made a sudden successful leap and he smiled.

"Did Charlie Moon put you up to this?"

Marcia regarded him inscrutably.

"Who's Charlie Moon?"

"Small—wide nostrils—big ears."

She grew several inches and sniffed.

"I'm not in the habit of noticing my friends' nostrils."

"Then it was Charlie?"

Marcia bit her lip—and then yawned.

"Oh, let's change the subject, Omar. I'll pull a snooze in this chair in a minute."

"Yes," replied Horace gravely, "Hume has often been considered soporific."

"Who's your friend—and will he die?"

Then of a sudden Horace Tarbox rose slenderly and began to pace the room with his hands in his pockets. This was his other gesture.

"I don't care for this," he said as if he were talking to himself—"at all. Not that I mind your being here—I don't. You're quite a pretty little thing, but I don't like Charlie Moon's sending you up here. Am I a laboratory experiment on which the janitors as well as the chemists can make experiments? Is my intellectual development humorous in any way? Do I look like the pictures of the little Boston boy in the comic magazines? Has that callow ass, Moon, with his eternal tales about his week in Paris, any right to ——"

"No!" interrupted Marcia emphatically. "And you're a sweet boy. Come here and kiss me."

Horace stopped quickly in front of her.

"Why do you want me to kiss you?" he asked intently. "Do you just go round kissing people?"

"Why, yes," said Marcia, unruffled. "'At's all life is. Just going round kissing people."

"Well," replied Horace emphatically, "I must say your ideas are horribly garbled! In the first place life isn't just that, and in the second place I won't kiss you. It might get to be a habit and I can't get rid of habits. This year I've got in the habit of lolling in bed until seven-thirty."

Marcia nodded understandingly.

"Do you ever have any fun?" she asked.

"What do you mean by fun?"

"See here," said Marcia sternly, "I like you, Omar, but I wish you'd talk as if you had a line on what you were saying. You sound as if you were gargling a lot of words in your mouth and lost a bet every time you spilled a few. I asked you if you ever had any fun."

Horace shook his head.

"Later perhaps," he answered. "You see I'm a plan. I'm an experiment. I don't say that I don't get tired of it sometimes—I do. Yet—oh, I can't explain! But what you and Charlie Moon call fun wouldn't be fun to me."

"Please explain."

Horace stared at her, started to speak and then changing his mind resumed his walk. After an unsuccessful attempt to determine whether or not he was looking at her Marcia smiled at him.

"Please explain."

Horace turned.

"If I do, will you promise to tell Charlie Moon that I wasn't in?"

"Uh-uh."

"Very well then. Here's my history: I was a 'why' child. I wanted to see the wheels go round. My father was a young economics professor at Princeton. He brought me up on the system of answering every question I asked him to the best of his ability. My response to that gave him the idea of making an experiment in precocity. To aid in the massacre I had ear trouble—seven operations between the ages of nine and twelve. Of course this kept me apart from other boys and made me ripe for forcing. Anyway, while my generation was laboring through Uncle Remus I was honestly enjoying Catullus in the original.

"I passed off my college examinations when I was thirteen because I couldn't help it. My chief associates were professors and I took a tremendous pride in knowing that I had a fine intelligence, for though I was unusually gifted I was not abnormal in other ways. When I was sixteen I got tired of being a freak; I decided that someone had made a bad mistake. Still as I'd gone that far I concluded to finish it up by taking my degree of Master of Arts. My chief interest in life is the study of modern philosophy. I am a realist of the School of Anton Laurier—with Bergsonian trimmings—and I'll be eighteen years old in two months. That's all."

"Whew!" exclaimed Marcia. "That's enough! You do a neat job with the parts of speech."

"Satisfied?"

"No, you haven't kissed me."

"It's not in my program," demurred Horace. "Understand that I don't pretend to be above physical things. They have their place, but ——"

"Oh, don't be so darned reasonable!"

"I can't help it."

"I hate these slot-machine people."

"I assure you I ——" began Horace.

"Oh, shut up!"

"My own rationality ——"

"I didn't say anything about your nationality. You're an Amuricun, ar'n't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's O. K. with me. I got a notion I want to see you do something that isn't in your highbrow program. I want to see if a what-ch-call-em with Brazilian trimmings—that thing you said you were—can be a little human."

Horace shook his head again.

"I won't kiss you."

"My life is blighted," muttered Marcia tragically. "I'm a beaten woman. I'll go through life without ever having a kiss with Brazilian trimmings." She sighed. "Anyways, Omar, will you come and see my show?"

"What show?"

"What Do They Expect for a Hundred a Week—Perpetual Motion?" She Grumbled to Herself in the Wings

"I'm a wicked actress from Home James!"

"Light opera?"

"Yes—at a stretch. One of the characters is a Brazilian rice planter. That might interest you."

"I saw The Bohemian Girl once," reflected Horace aloud. "I enjoyed it—to some extent."

"Then you'll come?"

"Well, I'm—I'm ——"

"Oh, I know—you've got to run down to Brazil for the week-end."

"Not at all. I'd be delighted to come."

Marcia clapped her hands.

"Goody for you! I'll mail you a ticket—Thursday night?"

"Why, I ——"

"Good! Thursday night it is."

She stood up and walking close to him laid both hands on his shoulders.

"I like you, Omar. I'm sorry I tried to kid you. I thought you'd be sort of frozen, but you're a nice boy."

He eyed her sardonically.

"I'm several thousand generations older than you are."

"You carry your age well."

They shook hands gravely.

"My name's Marcia Meadow," she said emphatically. "'Member it—Marcia Meadow. And I won't tell Charlie Moon you were in."

An instant later as she was skimming down the last flight of stairs three at a time she heard a voice call over the upper banister, "Oh, say ——"

She stopped and looked up—made out a vague form leaning over.

"Oh, say!" called the prodigy again. "Can you hear me?"

"Here's your connection, Omar."

"I hope I haven't given you the impression that I consider kissing intrinsically irrational."

"Impression? Why, you didn't even give me the kiss! Never fret—so long."

Two doors near her opened curiously at the sound of a feminine voice. A tentative cough sounded from above. Gathering her skirts, Marcia dived wildly down the last flight and was swallowed up in the murky Connecticut air outside.

Upstairs Horace paced the floor of his study. From time to time he glanced toward Berkeley waiting there in suave dark-red respectability, an open book lying suggestively on his cushions. And then he found that his circuit of the floor was bringing him each time nearer to Hume. There was something about Hume that was strangely and inexpressibly different. The diaphanous form still seemed hovering near and had Horace sat there he would have felt as if he were sitting on a lady's lap. And though Horace couldn't have named the quality of difference, there was such a quality—quite intangible to the speculative mind, but real nevertheless. Hume was radiating something that in all the two hundred years of his influence he had never radiated before.

Hume was radiating attar of roses.

II

ON THURSDAY night Horace Tarbox sat in an aisle seat in the fifth row and witnessed Home James. Oddly enough he found that he was enjoying himself. The cynical students near him were annoyed at his audible appreciation of time-honored jokes in the Hammerstein tradition. But Horace was waiting with anxiety for Marcia Meadow singing her song about a Jazz-bound Blundering Blimp. When she did appear, radiant under a floppity flower-faced hat, a warm glow settled over him, and when the song was over he did not join in the storm of applause. He felt somewhat numb.

In the intermission after the second act an usher materialized beside him, demanded to know if he were Mr. Tarbox and then handed him a note written in a round adolescent hand. Horace read it in some confusion, while the usher lingered with withering patience in the aisle.

Dear Omar: After the show I always grow an awful hunger. If you want to satisfy it for me in the Taft Grill just communicate your answer to the big-timber guide that brought this and oblige. Your friend,

MARCIA MEADOW.

"Tell her"—he coughed—"tell her that it will be quite all right. I'll meet her in front of the theater."

The big-timber guide smiled arrogantly.

"I giss she meant for you to come roun' t' the stage door."

"Where—where is it?"

"Ou'side. Tunayulef. Down ee alley."

"What?"

"Ou'side. Turn to y'left! Down ee alley!"

The arrogant person withdrew. A freshman behind Horace snickered.

Then half an hour later, sitting in the Taft Grill opposite the hair that was yellow by natural pigment, the prodigy was saying an odd thing.

"Do you have to do that dance in the last act?" he was asking earnestly—"I mean, would they dismiss you if you refused to do it?"

Marcia grinned.

"It's fun to do it. I like to do it."

And then Horace came out with a *faux pas*.

"I should think you'd detest it," he remarked succinctly. "The people behind me were making remarks about your bosom."

Marcia blushed fiery red.

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Three Fundamental Laws of Business

His Message Was Easily Understood. He Had Told the Fair Lady That at Quitting Time He Would be Waiting for Her Down in the Street

By Victor Shawe

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT WAS when Charissa was trying to impress him with the importance of knowing the difference between an oyster fork and a salad fork—or perhaps it was the difference between a salad fork and a pie fork—that Pete commenced his study of those three fundamental laws. At that time his only motive was a desire to keep step with Charissa. Later he was fair-minded enough to admit he had started the thing. But there is no denying the fact that in the beginning Charissa could not cook. It had been as a last despairing resort that he had persuaded her to take the course in domestic science. And no mere man could have foreseen the consequences.

Pete had commenced life as an American-born Russian. The first factory boss for whom he worked had unceremoniously shortened his name from Peter Lowolinsky to Pete Lowell. Experience had made of him a fair-to-middling American workman. He had quit the factories and was by way of becoming a structural worker when he saw Charissa for the first time and decided he was due to fall for another frail. The word "frail" must be given its colloquial, or, as it were, Halsted Street meaning. For at the time Pete made his prompt decision he was standing some sixty feet above the street level on an I-beam that had just been fastened in place in the frame of a new building. He had caught a white-hot rivet thrown from the forge on the scaffold below him, had slipped it into the nicely drilled rivet holes and was reaching for his dolly bar when he became aware of a young woman watching from an open window of the factory adjoining the site of the new building. Pete's working partner had paused with his air hammer against the hot rivet.

"Some black-haired baby!" he commented fervently. But he did not allow his admiration to interfere with his task. Immediately following his remark came the staccato uproar of his machine.

"'Some baby' is the word," Pete agreed when the noise ceased. He picked up a bucket and leaned forward to catch another upthrown rivet, fitted it in place and slammed his bar against it. Again came the clattering uproar of the air hammer. When the metal was headed out to the satisfaction of the riveter Pete laid aside his dolly bar and waved a friendly greeting to the girl framed in the near-by window. Then he engaged in a brief pantomime. He pointed to the morning sun and to the western horizon; he pointed to himself, to the street below, and to her. His message was easily understood. He had told the fair lady that at quitting time he would be waiting for her down in the street.

Charissa's mobile lips registered tolerant amusement. She appraised Pete with casual interest; turned again to a mirror that hung beside the open window. She was dissatisfied with the stately twisted coiffure she had achieved that morning and was trying to decide if her small well-shaped head would appear more lovely with her hair combed smoothly back and the ends curled under a shell pin directly behind each dainty ear.

Charissa was a forewoman in the factory where she worked. Occasionally she found time during business hours to indulge in such vanities. She decided to try the more simple effect, so she leisurely removed her hairpins and placed them on the window sill. Heedless of the amused glances of the workmen, she shook her long black hair down over her shoulders and arranged it more to her liking. When she was satisfied with the result she waited until Pete again looked up from his work. Then she blew a mocking kiss from her square little finger tips and smiled enticingly as she turned away from the window.

She was not in the habit of smiling that way at men. She had learned that smiles were frequently misunderstood. Charissa had come to this country with her parents, Greek immigrants, when she was ten. She had had four years of public-school training before her factory experience began. During that time she had developed a passion for books, but her range of reading had since narrowed to a certain type of society novel. Her name, like Pete's, had been changed during the process of Americanization.

"Listen, you bright-eyed Dago kid," her first employer had said; "you'll have to get a better name than that. Charissa Abbatiello! Such a name will never buy you anything in this country. We'll call you Abbott—Charissa Abbott."

As she had accepted the environment and the language of this country eagerly, as an improvement over the old—so she had accepted the new name. In the factories, because she had a nice appreciation of values—a modification of her parents' instinctive economy—her progress had been rapid.

She was past twenty now, and she had had her fair share of wooers. But in the old country marriage meant many children and an early old age. So she had gone her own way, cultivating an atmosphere of reserve, aloofness.

That morning she told herself it was the warming caress of the spring breeze that kept her mind wandering from her duties. Twice during the day she went to the open window and watched Pete at his work on the slender dangerous girders. That evening she tarried until after her girls were gone before she went down to the street.

Pete was waiting for her. As she left the building he whistled a measure of a popular song.

"I saw you, I saw you," the whistled melody announced. "You were combing your golden hair."

Charissa decided to ignore him as he fell in step beside her. Pete maintained a discreet silence as they walked, and she began to appraise him with furtive sidelong glances. In spite of his grimy overalls, his work-roughened hands and dirt-streaked face she found him decidedly easy to look at. They had gone only a little distance together when she caught herself whistling a fragment of another familiar tune.

"I like your style and the way you smile," her puckered lips were informing him.

She checked herself abruptly and favored him with the upraised line of a coldly rebuking shoulder.

"The nerve of these mashers!" she observed. "A girl isn't safe on the street even in the daytime if she is alone."

"That is why I waited for you," Pete explained ingeniously. "When I saw you this morning I said to myself, 'Pete Lowell,' I said, 'a fine-looking little girl like that shouldn't be walking out alone. With all these pool-room toughs hanging round it wouldn't be safe for her.' So I stuck round until you came."

They had come to the street corner and to the stairway leading to the Elevated road. Pete removed his hat as she placed a stylishly shod foot on the first step.

"Good night, Miss ——" He paused for an inquiring moment.

Charissa rewarded him with a smile and an introduction. "When you waved to me this morning I said to myself, 'Charissa Abbott,' I said, 'there'll be no harm in walking to the station with a friendly lad like him.'"

"Charissa," Pete said, repeating her name—"that sounds like music to me."

She turned away from his bold eyes and fled up the stairway. But she could not resist the temptation to smile, once, back across her shoulder.

The next evening Pete waited for her in his jitney roadster. For two years he had been off the girl proposition for life. During those two years he had saved enough money to buy himself a small car and the best suit of clothes he had ever worn. He was sporting both at this second meeting.

"I don't often use the old boat except Sundays," he explained after he had tucked her in beside him; "but a swell-looking girl like you shouldn't be riding with a six-o'clock mob on the street cars."

Pete had never been taught that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points; it was a fact he realized instinctively. His mind worked along straight lines. Though he had his choice of several routes to the address she gave him, he instinctively took the shortest one.

"Most men wouldn't have been so eager to get rid of me," she chided when he stopped before the boarding house where she lived.

"I'm not figuring on getting rid of you," Pete assured her. "I'm just giving you time to get dolled up before we go to some show."

Charissa named one of the downtown theaters. "There is a society play being featured there," she suggested demurely.

Pete had had in mind a new Wild-West film, but if she preferred the highbrow stuff that was what went with him. One night, not more than two months later, when he stopped the roadster in front of her boarding house Charissa's head was pillowed on his shoulder. Pete was a fast worker. He had told her of a little apartment that was soon to be vacated. He had persuaded her to allow him to furnish it for them.

"I have a nerve," he said after she had promised, "taking you away from such an easy job as you have."

Charissa sighed ecstatically. "I'm a fool to let you," she admitted, cuddling up a little closer. "But we should worry! Every woman is a fool when the right man comes."

Two weeks later they were married. And if Charissa had been able to cook just a little better they might have drifted along comfortably, prosaically, with no story of achievement worth recording.

But Charissa could not cook. They had been married less than a month when Pete told her so. He told her as kindly as his unappeased appetite would permit. And even as he spoke there was more of wonderment than reproof in his tone. He was gazing at a dish she had served him when he spoke his mind. He was fond of pie and this looked like pie. But the under crust had refused to yield to the none too gentle persuasion of his fork, the filling possessed the consistency of soft gum, and the thick white lather with which it was covered had left a palate-insulting flavor of indescribable strength.

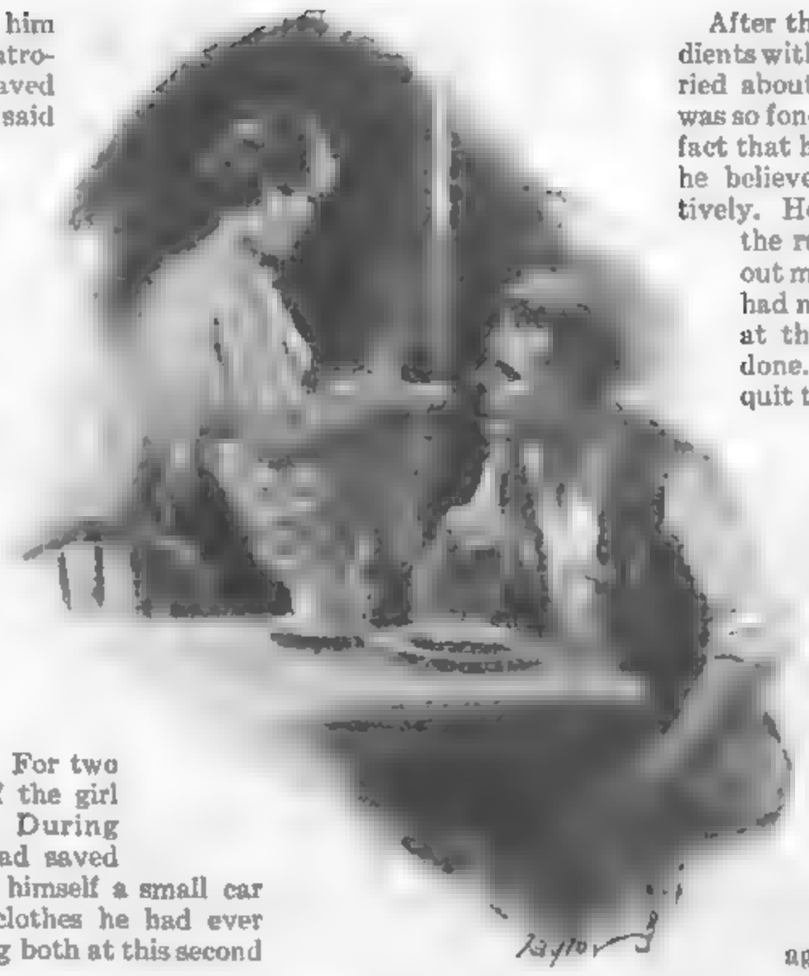
"You are there with your needle," he commented, referring to a dress she had made and was wearing for the first time, "and you have the other dames in this town faded a mile for looks—but girl, you certainly can't cook."

Charissa's eyes filled with tears. "I know it," she wailed. "And you'll never know how hard I try to make things come out right. That pie," she specified—"I made it exactly according to the recipe."

At the sight of her tears Pete took her in his arms and did his best to atone for his tactless frankness.

"Never mind about one little old pie," he consoled. "The bakeries haven't gone out of business. And you can buy the rest of the food already cooked at the delicatessen stores."

"That is what I have been doing most of the time," she confessed. "And we cannot afford to live that way. We'll never save a cent unless I learn to do the cooking myself."



"You are There With Your Needle, and You Have the Other Dames in This Town Faded a Mile for Looks—But Girl, You Certainly Can't Cook"

After that they tried all manner of expedients without gratifying results. Pete worried about the matter. It wasn't that he was so fond of well-cooked foods; it was the fact that his wife was failing to learn a thing he believed most women learned instinctively. He himself had a knack of learning the rudiments of almost any art without much effort. It was this knack that had made it so easy for him to succeed at the various kinds of work he had done. At Charissa's insistence he had quit the dangerous structural work and had secured a job in a factory where electrical supplies were manufactured. Bill Thompson, the master mechanic under whom he worked, was a crony of his, and they usually ate their noonday lunch together. He had noticed that Thompson's lunches were always tempting, appetizing, substantial.

"Your wife must be some cook," he commented wistfully one day when his own lunch seemed unusually tasteless and unattractive.

"You've said it," the other agreed. "'Some cook' is the word."

"It is something they can't all learn," Pete said with a note of regret in his voice. "It is a gift some women have."

"Where do you get that 'gift' stuff?" Thompson demanded. "Why, when we married my wife couldn't boil water without burning it. And now look."

He pointed to the array of sandwiches, preserves, pie and odds and ends of dainties spread before him on the workbench where they were eating. Pete gazed enviously at the display.

"I suppose you'll claim you taught her how to do it," he said, speaking lightly of a matter that was threatening to become a tragedy in his life.

"I didn't teach her," Thompson admitted. "But I would have been hunting for another housekeeper if she had not learned about this domestic science they are teaching in the public schools now."

"Domestic science?" Pete questioned. "What do you mean by domestic science?"

"That is the parlor name for kitchen work," Thompson defined as he reached for another sandwich.

"Are you telling me that a married woman can go to school and learn this cooking stunt—this domestic-science thing?" Pete demanded.

"That is what my wife did," Thompson answered complacently.

Pete continued to question him until he became convinced that there was still a chance for Charissa to learn to cook.

"How game are you?" he asked her that night as he reluctantly sampled some pudding she had served.

"Game?" she repeated. "I married you, didn't I? A woman would be either game or crazy to take such a chance."

"I'll say you are game," Pete assured her hurriedly. "But here's a question: Are you game enough to go to school again?"

He repeated his conversation with Thompson.

"Let's go and ask Mrs. Thompson about it," he urged. "She may be able to start you right on this proposition."

"Get the car," Charissa said. "I was game enough to marry you and I'm game enough to go back to school if there is a chance to learn to cook for you."

The Thompsons listened with sympathetic interest to the tale of culinary woe Pete and Charissa told. They related their own experience and told of how a friend had persuaded Mrs. Thompson to take the course in domestic science that was being offered at a near-by high school.

"The course is meant for high-school girls," Mrs. Thompson explained, "but Mrs. Courtney, who has charge of the instruction, has extended the privileges of her department to married women who want to learn housework as a science."

The next day Charissa introduced herself to Mrs. Courtney and explained her domestic difficulty. At the beginning of the following semester she commenced her study.

It was several months later, that memorable evening she served her first scientifically balanced dinner, that Pete found an odd-shaped fork beside his plate.

"What is it?" he asked as he picked it up and examined it.

"That is the very latest design in salad forks," Charissa told him with quite evident pride in her new knowledge.

"Huh!" said Pete.

He placed the very latest design in salad forks near the center of the table and picked up his old reliable. He speared a portion of his salad, sniffed it skeptically, tasted it with apparent reluctance. Then he helped himself more liberally and settled back in his chair with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I'll say you are learning," he informed her with respectful admiration. "It will not be long until you'll be able to tell the best of them how to stew up a meal." He glanced again at the new fork. "But why the fancy little do-jigger?" he demanded.

"It is a salad fork," Charissa told him again, earnestly. "I said in the beginning that domestic science includes more than just cooking," she continued. "Lately I've been learning how real folks serve their meals. And now I'm learning more. I'm learning how they eat."

There was no hint of jest in her statement, and Pete exploded with a guffaw of amusement.

"Gosh, girl," he pleaded, "take your foot off the accelerator before you begin

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Pete Was Able to Show the Economy of the Methods He Had Inaugurated. He Assumed That the Expert Would Not be Interested in Details

THE CEDAR RAPIDS BLUES

By John Peter Toohey

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

JIMMY MARTIN smiled cynically as he stood on the Boylston Street curb and watched the Saturday-night crowd of Boston amusement lovers filing through the main entrance of the Commonwealth Theater. He was a backslider and an apostate, but he was no longer conscious of any scruples in the premises. So far as he was concerned the well-known uplift, which he had left flat on its back two weeks before, would have to go on struggling for the free air of the heights without his aid or assistance.

An utterly sordid matter of dollars and cents had resulted in the reconsideration of his previously avowed determination to keep off song and dance shows for life. Mme. Olga Stephano, Ibsen exponent and personal conductor of the uplift, had exploded like a giant firecracker when he had politely suggested at the beginning of the season that his enthusiasm for the cause would in the future depend upon a more obese emolument every Saturday night. She had finally shrugged her shapely shoulders and walked away. Jimmy had thereupon given his notice.

The next day a wire had reached him from Chester Bartlett offering him a place as press agent for that manager's newest musical-comedy venture, Keep Moving, and proffering a stipend that exceeded the demand which Madame Stephano had rejected by twenty-five dollars a week. Jimmy had gone into executive session with himself and had passed the motion for reconsideration by a unanimous vote.

His cynical aspect on this particular occasion was the result of his contemplation of the sign which outlined in incandescent brilliance over the portals of the playhouse the name of his new affiliation. It seemed to him for a moment to be a symbol of his downfall and disgrace.

His smile lost its hardness a minute later, however, and became something a shade softer and more human. A vagrant memory of a certain young person from Cedar Rapids, Iowa—a young person whom Jimmy held in the highest regard—had crossed his train of thought. It was pleasant to think that Lolita Murphy was near and close at hand and that when the performance was over he could walk across the Common with her to her hotel, whisper words of endearment and bask in the effulgence of the smiles which she so lavishly bestowed upon him.

Lolita, released from the oblivion of her drudgery as a player in the open-air spectacle which had been a feature of the summer season of Jollyland, Coney Island's biggest amusement park, still cherished a great and overwhelming ambition to climb the ladder of theatrical fame and carelessly brush off the more or less distinguished celebrities who were, she felt, encumbering the topmost rung.

She had reluctantly consented to accept a minor position in the Keep Moving company at Jimmy's behest. The latter, filled with a pardonable desire to be near her, had convinced her that a little musical-comedy experience was a necessary part of her theatrical training and had persuaded Bartlett to give her a microscopic part in the piece. In the first act she separated herself from the ranks of the chorus and remarked, "Here comes the prince now." In the second act she was the hat-check girl in the scene depicting the entrance to the dining room of the Carlton Hotel and was called upon to say "Think you're fresh, don't you?" to the principal comedian. In the third and final act she was one of the bridesmaids in the ragtime-wedding number.

Jimmy, it must be confessed, had begun to suspect strongly that Lolita would eventually find out that the American stage would be able to worry along without her assistance if the worst came to the worst and that destiny had not selected her to snatch the laurels from the brow of Mrs. Fiske. That was one of the reasons which impelled him to suggest that she associate herself with Keep Moving. He didn't want her to have any heartaches or artistic growing pains and he felt that she could be spared much distress and disillusion if he were on the side lines at all times with words of cheer and encouragement.

"What Do I Mean to Anyone Here or in New York or Any Place Else Here in the East? Nothing—Nothing at All, Jimmy—Just Nothing at All"

A smart limousine drew up alongside him and Chester Bartlett, classiest of musical-comedy *entrepreneurs*, alighted, bringing with him something of the flair of a Parisian boulevard as contrasted with the Broadway manner which usually characterized theatrical men in his particular field of endeavor. University man, cosmopolite, patron of amateur sports, big-game hunter and intimate of distinguished literary men in a half dozen countries, Chester Bartlett was a unique figure in the realm of twinkly toes and tinkly music. As he came toward Jimmy he seemed to exude such a suggestion of perfect poise and supreme *savoir-faire* that the press agent felt for a moment as if he should applaud.

"Hello, old man!" said Bartlett jovially. "What song doth our troubadour sing next? You'll have to woo the muse in accents soft and low if you expect her to equal her performance this morning for your young friend down at the Colonial. That story had a tang that was delightful. Don't you think so?"

The manager had intended to pierce Jimmy's Achillean heel and he had succeeded. If there was anything that stirred the latent energies that lay dormant in the press agent's soul and filled him with the fierce and fiery zest of a crusader it was praise of a rival's achievements. And that fellow down at the Colonial had put one over that morning. There was no gainsaying that. His story about the group of chorus girls who had organized a Back-to-Nature club and elected to live in tents on the roof of one of the biggest hotels in town had landed with a splash and an extensive pictorial layout in every paper in town. Jimmy had been nursing a grouch all day because he hadn't thought of the idea first.

He didn't permit any outward signs of his annoyance to reach Bartlett, however, and assumed his customary jaunty air of sublime self-confidence in making reply.

"I'll say it was pretty good," he said, "but I've got something about ready to spring that'll send that fellow down for the count in the first round. I've got a date with this Emily Ann Muse party to-morrow morning and when she's listened to what I've got to say she'll jump through the paper hoop at the word of command."

Bartlett laughed good-naturedly. Jimmy's dazzling metaphorical flights and picturesque similes were a constant source of piquant delight to him.

"You're not quite so modest as the cooing dove," he remarked, "but you're a darned sight more diverting. I hope you're going to get our stately queens into the web you are weaving. I rather fancy they're on the warpath to-night after all the notoriety their sisters in art got to-day."

"Don'tworry," replied Jimmy. "They're goin' to be right in the little old center of the stage with baby spot lights playin' on 'em from all sides. There won't be anythin' doin' for about thirty-six hours or so, though. I can't open cold with this act. I've got to call a rehearsal."

Bartlett chuckled and strolled into the lobby. As Jimmy watched his trig figure disappear past the doorman at the far end he experienced a sinking sensation that was decidedly unpleasant. He suddenly realized that in a moment of expansiveness induced by jealousy of a hated rival he had drawn a check against a sadly depleted inspirational bank account.

As a matter of ungarnished fact he hadn't a notion as to how he was going to make good. He had no more idea than Bartlett as to the nature of the story that was to startle the natives in thirty-six hours, but he was the original cheery optimist and somehow he felt that the gods would be good to him. He sauntered leisurely down the street in quest of an inspiration.

II

THE walk across the Common after the performance that night wasn't quite so stimulating as it generally was. Jimmy's earlier saunter had failed to result in the production of an idea that was even remotely possible of materialization and he had slowly let himself drop into one of those states of moody preoccupation which are usually fatal to romance. Lolita, too, was strangely silent and detached and their conversation at first was monosyllabic and intermittent. Presently they came to a bench on the fringes of the park and sat down under the sheltering branches of a great elm as they had for several nights past. Neither spoke for a minute. Jimmy first found voice.

"I might have 'em organize a literary society and have one of those Harvard ducks come over some off afternoon and slip 'em a lecture," he said abstractedly as he stared straight ahead.

Lolita eyed him curiously. The remark was so entirely disassociated from his hitherto brief remarks that she couldn't fathom its significance.

"Who?" she asked.

"There wouldn't be time for that, though," he went on unheedingly. "He'd probably have to take a couple of days to decide and another couple to get his nerve up."

"What are you talking about, Jimmy Martin?" broke in Lolita impatiently.

Jimmy came to with a start and laughed foolishly.

"Excuse me, girlie," he replied. "I forgot that you didn't know anything about it. You see, I ain't really here on this bench at all. I'm right out on a sand bar and the tide's comin' in. I'm goin' to be all awash in a little while if the life guards don't come out and pull a rescue."

"I don't understand," persisted Lolita.

"It's easy, girlie. I've got a case of goods to deliver and the drivers are out on strike. In words of one syllable, sweetheart, I've promised Bartlett that I'm goin' to back the League of Nations off onto the inside pages on Monday morning and I've been reachin' out all night for ideas, but I don't seem to get anywhere at all—not anywhere at all."

"Is it something about some old story for the papers or something like that that's worrying you?"

Jimmy felt impelled to make a snappy rejoinder, but his saner judgment prevailed. He checked himself just in time.

"That's the general idea, girlie," he said evenly, and lapsed into ruminative silence again.

It was dark under the old elm and Jimmy couldn't see Lolita's face. Had he been able to he would have noted an expression on it that might possibly have given him concern. It was an expression that was a blend of petulance and of something wan and a bit forlorn, a mixture of irritation and of anguish that seemed perilously near the breaking point. When she spoke again her voice was tremulous and low.

"Stories, stories, stories"—she paused with every repetition of the word—"that's all you think about. What good do they do? What's the use of them all? They don't make anybody happier, do they? They don't mean anything, do they? They really don't, do they?"

Jimmy slipped out of the silences instantly and edged closer to Lolita. He tried to take her hand, but she drew it away quickly. He was bewildered by her attitude and there was a shade of genuine agitation in his voice as he made reply:

"What's the matter, honey? Didn't you like that little yarn and the two-column picture of you the Journal ran the other morning? That sheet's got a circulation of over four hundred thousand. Think of all those people readin' about you and seein' your picture and talkin' about you! Didn't that make you happy? I hoped it would. That's what I got 'em to use it for."

Lolita touched him gently on the arm.

"I didn't mean to be nasty, Jimmy," she said. "I really didn't, and I hate to tell you the truth, but you really ought to know it. Do you want to?"

"Fire ahead! You don't even have to blindfold me."

"It didn't make me so happy as you'd imagine. There wasn't a single soul that saw it who knew anything about who I was or anything, except the folks in the company, and they were all jealous because you'd put it in. I didn't mean any more to that four hundred thousand than the printer that set up the type. Oh, no, I didn't! You can't tell me!

"Let me tell you something, Jimmy. Old Doc Crandall, the city editor of the Cedar Rapids Democrat-Chronicle, wrote a piece once about the graduation exercises at the Central High School and he said that I recited with fine expression and wonderful emotional control. There were only two lines about me, but those two lines made me happier than a whole page in Boston would; yes, or New York either. Do you know why?"

Jimmy, whose ideals were crashing down to earth, sat entranced at Lolita's turbulent outburst.

"No," he replied. "What's the answer?"

"Because nine out of every ten people that read those two lines either knew me to speak to or by sight, or knew mother or dad, and what was printed meant something to them about someone who meant something to them. That's kind of mixed up, I guess, but you know what I'm trying to say.

"What do I mean to anyone here or in New York or any place else here in the East? Nothing—nothing at all, Jimmy—just nothing at all."

She wound up at a helter-skelter pace that left her quite out of breath, and had it not been for the sheltering elm Jimmy might have noticed that she was biting her lip when she paused and that she was holding herself in with a mighty effort. He again tried to take her hand, but she would have none of it.

"Girlie," he pleaded, making a clumsy attempt at gentleness, "you mean a whole lot to a certain party who's pretty close at hand. You've just naturally got the Cedar Rapids blues again to-night, honey, but you'll be all right in the mornin'—all right in the mornin', honey. Take it from me. I don't lose many bets, I don't."

But Lolita had lapsed into silence again and didn't reply. Presently she complained of being chilly, got up wearily and begged to be taken home. At the door of her hotel Jimmy made one last effort to lift her out of her mood.

"Paper says fair and warmer to-morrow, honey," he said. "Maybe we can hire a little old gas wagon and get out among the goldenrod and the daisies, if I ain't too busy. Would you go?"

"Maybe," replied Lolita listlessly. "Good night."

And she was gone. Jimmy gazed after her despairingly. Gloom entered his soul and made preparations to settle down for the night.

A strident-voiced newsboy turned the corner just then shrilly crying the early, or bulldog, edition of one of the Sunday papers.

"Hi, Journal!" he called. "Sunday Morning Journal! Full account of Billy Williams' sermon on booze and tobacco! Hi, Journal! All about Billy Williams' campaign! Full account of both meetings! Box score world's champion games! Hi, Journal!"

Jimmy mechanically bought a paper. A screaming headline caught his glance.

BILLY WILLIAMS HITS ALCOHOL AND NICOTINE

Famous Evangelist ends second week of campaign with bitter onslaught on "Poison Slingers and Hellhounds."

357 CONVERTS HIT THE SAWDUST TRAIL

Only that and nothing more did Jimmy read. The strained look slowly left his face and was replaced by an expression indicative of profound satisfaction. Even Lolita was

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"Say, Young Fellow, I Haven't Stood as Long as This Since I Quit Cloak-and-Suit Modeling to Decorate the Drama. What Do You Think We Are—a Troupe of Trained Seals?"

ROUND OUR TOWN

By Emerson Hough

I PASSED most of my first day or so among the oppressed, who could hardly make more than twenty or thirty dollars a day and who were ground under the heel of a military and industrial despotism. On the morning of my second day I began to assemble some facts on the other side, resolving to see some of the idle-rich examples of the arrogant and oppressive classes who have been treading down the multitudes in Gary and elsewhere.

My first oppressor happened to be a young bank president who came to Gary from Wyoming, where his people were on the range in the times of the old Johnson County cattle war. We found many topics of mutual interest; incidents of the old West, things we both had heard or seen.

He said that Gary is nothing more or less than a frontier town even to-day, and was yet more so at the time he came there. When it is recalled that Gary is barely an hour's run from the center of the Loop District in Chicago, is only a dozen years old and has between seventy and eighty thousand inhabitants—of whom less than five per cent are Americans—something of the Aladdin quality of this steel town of the Indiana sand hills may be understood.

"Yes, the strike has failed," said he musingly. "I neither see what the unions have gained out of it nor why they began it. The mills are running practically full time now and a great many men would like to go back to work. Some of them can't get back. . . . Pay? There never has been a time when labor was paid so well as it has been right here. As to what the highest-paid labor in the mills could earn, I am not in a position to quote the figures accurately and must refer you to the officials of the Gary mills themselves and to officers of the Illinois Steel Company, whom you will find in Chicago. Offhand, I should say that twenty dollars, twenty-five dollars, has been taken down for a day's work quite often, not by a few but by a good many of the union men. They want the overtime pay—then they holler!

"It is entirely correct to say that bad leading of the unions here made this trouble. All these men you have been talking to will tell you that they are not radicals, that they are not reds, that they have stood only on their Constitutional rights—all that sort of thing. You know better than that. This town is red right now. It's I. W. W. right now inside. It's for the one big union right now. There is no mistaking what the army men uncovered. They found every flag except the American flag. They found any amount of the reddest sort of radical literature. The propaganda uncovered here is as bad as the worst, and there was no telling where it would run or what these people would do. There was open preaching of the general revolution here, open advocacy of the soviet government for the United States, open advocacy of a nation-wide strike which should tie up every industry in America right when winter was coming on. If that thing failed it was because the leaders of these people failed in what they wanted to get done."

Real Americans Never Back-Track

"I SUPPOSE you have read Foster's book on syndicalism? The Foster influence here outweighed that of Gompers, who didn't want the strike pulled when it was, before the Washington conference. There has been some talk that Foster was going to come here, at least in case the Army declared the régime of martial law ended in Gary. Now I want to say that I am of the personal belief that in case Foster should declare his intentions he would be told not to come to Gary. I think his train would go right on through. I don't think he'll stop here. If he does he'll not stop here long. The better men of this town are tired of all this turmoil. We want to go on with the business of living and making our living here, the same as everywhere else.

"Of actual Americans here there are not so many thousands or so awfully many hundreds. The great majority of the population, of course, is foreign and is employed in the steel mills—as I said, at the best wages labor ever has earned in any country, and wages such as none of them could have dreamed of back in Europe. Of the commercial employees, the personnel of clerical staffs and office forces, we might set off perhaps ten per cent in all, and half of those would be foreign, though many of them speak our language. Yet I want to tell you that there are enough Americans in this town, with all the un-Americans counted out, to see that law and order are observed here, no matter whether or not the troops stay here indefinitely.

Major General Leonard Wood

The thing has gone far enough. If this is not going to be America, if we are going to have revolution, if this whole country is going to be upset by these men who are not Americans in thought or deed—then it is time we all found it out. I see no use in avoiding any of these great questions of to-day. They are here and we have got to meet them. We've got to see whether this is going to be a government by Americans or a soviet government run after the Russian system, such as has been preached here right along. For my own part, I rather think America is not going soviet just yet a while. If some of these disturbers and agitators here are of that belief they'd better turn their minds to another sort of thinking while they still have time.

"It isn't all a question of the steel mills or all a question of the labor unions. There are others in America besides those two elements. If the fight has got to be made—well, these boys in the uniforms never back-tracked. I don't think the real American ever got the habit of back-tracking very much. Troops or no troops, you can say that Gary is going to be run on an American basis and that the soviet system is not going to be installed here so that you could notice it.

"You have heard a good deal about the money the steel workers have been making in Gary. They don't all make it, of course, and those who do get it in good part by overtime. There was one young newspaper man in Gary, a strapping young chap, who got tired of the wages of intellect and concluded to take on those of toil. He was able to do long stretches in the mills—at one time thirty hours on end. He took down that week $345, and then laid off to enjoy himself, telling some of his fellow workers that he had found the place where a newspaper man could be appreciated.

"Of course the management of the mills does not believe in the twelve-hour day or the sixteen-hour day, for they have no wish to keep these men simply as standardized machinery. It is the men themselves who very largely have been to blame for their long hours, though, of course, you know that the furnaces cannot stop and that the ball has to be kept rolling all the time, either by one shift a day, two shifts a day or three shifts a day. What I want to make plain is that in conditions which the laborers have accepted their earnings have been very large and have gone up and up. The company used to print checks with the stop clause on them: 'Not over one hundred dollars.' It had to raise the limit for the weekly check and print them 'Not over two hundred dollars.' So many of the steel rollers have to pay an income tax that there is a special agent of the United States Treasury Department located in Gary.

"I shouldn't say that everything is heavenly here, but I will say that these people have money and that they have good living conditions. It has simply been the red influence of these outside agitators, trying to bring all these people into the I. W. W. and trying to start a revolution in the country, that has made these people so dissatisfied. A lot of them did not know why they went out on strike."

This young stalwart from Cheyenne gave me the names of nearly all the leading agitators in the town. The list of these men is entirely well-known, not only to the authorities but to all the business men in Gary. I could not call that village altogether a peaceful place to live in just at present. It's a fine place to study the brotherhood of man, but I should not say that it was absolutely and permanently brotherly down there in the sand hills.

I had several times heard the name of a certain well-known socialist of somewhat pronounced type, whose place of business was where most of the laboring people live. I found my man there, busy in the store which he owns—a compact bullet-headed Russian Jew, better educated than the average and of a more positive type of mind. His store was neat and well kept, he himself seemed neat and well kept.. His black mustache was trimmed down to ultramilitary closeness and daintiness, though I do not think that he was just back from the Argonne.

I had little difficulty in getting my man started into the usual socialist patter. He had no good word for the Army and declared, as have all these others of the Gary agitators, that none of his own political beliefs had been disposed to make any trouble whatever; that they did not preach any red doctrine; that they had broken no laws; that they had their right to their own religious and political beliefs, as well as their right to assemble peaceably and to discuss these matters. I asked him if he was of the belief that the masses ought to own the mills over yonder and if there ought to be a general division of property. He scoffed openly at this.

"You're among those ill-informed persons," said he, "who think that socialism means the destruction or the division of property. It does nothing of the sort. It simply means that the day of the tyrant is done; that oppression, whether by the military or by the capitalistic class, must cease. Of course that includes the right to unionize, the right to collective bargaining. It means that the people shall not be controlled by any sort of autocracy, even the autocracy of wealth."

Agitation Without Representation

"I HAVE read, yes. I'm a Russian Jew, born across there, and I've studied there and here. I'm a socialist, yes. I'm saying that the coming of the troops here was an outrage against our liberties as a people. I'm an American citizen and I believe in the rights of the people. This sort of thing in Gary is as bad as Europe at its worst."

I asked him if he thought it right for the miners to strike on top of the steel strike and if all these strikes could be called right and good when they meant so much ruin and so much trouble to this country at a time when it needs the support of all its citizens.

"Sure, I believe in the right to strike," he said. "Of course I do. It's only in that way that the people can come into their own. That's the only way we can fight. Of course"—he added this hastily—"I mean quite peacefully. There was nothing violent done here in this town. This is no I. W. W. place. But the Socialist Party has as much right to exist as the Republican Party or the Democratic Party. What justice do we get? We polled a million votes last election, but those million people had only one representative in Congress."

"And you didn't quite get him in that time," I suggested, bearing in mind that certain Wisconsin socialist candidate for Congress who had a previous engagement somewhere else.

"Well, we elected him anyhow, and we'll elect twenty more," said my friend with the military mustache. "This new Labor Party, together with the socialist vote, which is getting larger all the time, is going to make plenty of trouble for a lot of you people in America."

As he talked my man did not overlook a single customer that came into the store. Many of these were negroes—I take it that a good per cent of his trade is of that sort. As the talk grew hotter and hotter I saw two or three negro men who were standing round listening in. I mentioned that I had heard that a negro radical of education

was going to make an address in a small hall of Gary that afternoon or the next. The storekeeper nodded.

"Of course," said I, "you believe in the universal brotherhood of man?"

"Sure I do."

"That includes your colored brother just the same? You admit the colored people into your unions, your plans and your doctrines, on just the same footing that you have yourself?"

He cast a quick glance round him. "Of course!" said he.

I had made it a practice while engaged in exploring America to talk without introduction to anyone I met. It chanced that while I was in the office of one of the men earlier mentioned I saw sitting there a young woman whom I took to be the stenographer in the office. Whether or not I guessed correctly I cannot say. She was young, of dark and curly hair, a dark brown eye and all that sort of thing.

"Young woman," I said to her directly, "what's your nationality?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I never had any parents that I can remember. I was adopted and brought up as a foster child. I've been living in Gary for a while."

Other matters intervened and our conversation ended at that time. Meantime I heard that this same young woman was regarded in Gary labor circles as a sort of Joan of Arc. Sometimes she addressed meetings. Learning that I was in town for the purpose of interviewing people she telephoned me later and asked if I could not come out to hear her speak. Just now it chanced that, as I was passing down the street for my next conversation with the chosen intellectuals of Gary, I met this same young woman, who halted me for a moment. We had some open-air speech. I asked her if she was going to speak in public.

The Wisdom of Seventeen

"I THINK so, this evening at eight o'clock," she said. "It's at Turner Hall. We don't always know just whether there is going to be a crowd out or not, but if you will inquire at the office late this afternoon you can find out. There is no reason why you should not come."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"I'm seventeen," said she, and smiled.

"You are wise for one so young. Did your wisdom come as a matter of direct inspiration or didn't you get most of it by reading somebody's books that were handed to you?"

"I've read a good deal," she replied. "I talk sometimes to the meetings. Not everybody understands about socialism, see? There's two sorts of it, see? Now we people here in Gary haven't ever been radical—not in the least. There wasn't any reason why the troops should come to Gary. All we wanted in the unions was a fair chance for the rights of man, see? We take in everybody in our creed—all sorts of people. Of course that doesn't include negroes—none of that sort. We think that the real laboring people of the country ought to have a chance."

I said good morning to Joan and went my way, wondering at the slight discrepancy on the color line which seemed to exist among these several exponents of the socialismus in Gary. I did not go to the meeting at Turner Hall that evening and cannot say whether or not it was held. Sometimes these meetings were shifted rapidly, without notice, from one hall to another.

I now had a call to make on another man whose name had been given to me as one of the most discontented of all these Gary agitators.

This man is a Bulgarian. I found him in his office, where the surroundings were those of apparent prosperity. In age he was about twenty-eight. Born in Bulgaria of parents in fair circumstances, he had begun his education in that country and finished it in America. He spoke good English, except that a trace of the ineradicable foreign accent lingered with him. In appearance he was of medium stature, slender and dark, with abundant hair and with heavy dark eyebrows. In profile his features were very good. He had a good forehead. He did not have the bullet head, the high cheek bones, the ears set down on the neck, which so many of his colleagues in Gary display. His face was not flat like a map, but well modeled. He was very neatly dressed. Except for a chin a trifle pointed and for teeth a trifle carietic, he might have applied, with fair chance of success, at the moving-picture hero department of almost any film company. I rather liked his looks.

I did not like his talk.

My new man looked at me silently. I could see a cloud on his face. He was not angry, but sullen and subdued. He looked hurt, grieved. He seemed to smart under a sense of wrong. He was not discourteous to me, but did not want to talk at first. I knew that since he was a socialist that could not last long—talking is the best thing they do.

"I don't believe I want to say anything to you," he said when I explained my errand. "I've been hauled round enough already. Plenty of newspaper men have come down here from Chicago and interviewed me. They never told the truth about what I said to them. I don't want any more of it."

"Well," I said to him, "look at my brow and gaze into my orbs. You may get the truth about you for once, if I have any luck."

And then I began with an easy question or so about the uselessness of the troops in Gary. Not much more was needed. My young Bulgarian talked.

"I know the law," said he, "and so do you. I was arrested without any warrant, and without any process of law, by the army officers here. I wasn't put in the stockade, but I was called up under arrest. They searched my house without any warrant and frightened my wife almost crazy. They found a couple of guns in my possession—shotguns. I'm a great hunter, always have been, and that was why I had the shotguns, and for no other reason. One of the guns did not belong to me, but to a friend. They've got the two shotguns yet, and they pay no attention to any demand I make for them.

"If I understand the Constitution of this country, and I think I do, I have a right to my religious and political beliefs and a right to freedom of speech. You say martial law exists here. How could it? The governor of this state has never declared martial law. The military has come here, and the military has done just as it pleased, without any authority and without any process of law."

"Why don't you sue the Army, my friend?" I asked him innocently.

But he could not smile. He really has been cut pretty deep, I fancy, by the grueling he has had since the labor troubles began in Gary. He went on from one thing to another, smarting under a sense of injustice, as I could see; a good part of his attitude also that of hurt vanity and personal pride.

"And now I'm done!" he exclaimed at last. "I'm American no more! I renounce my citizenship in this country. I have my home and my family here, yes, but as quick as I can sell out and get my passport I'm going back home to Bulgaria. If this is what America means to us Europeans, then we'd better stay over there."

"Well, I hope it won't take you too long to sell out, my friend," I said to him, "and I wish you joy."

Better Off in Bulgaria

I HAD a lovely time all through Gary—nice sociable business all down the line with these people who want to go back home.

We talked over the usual socialistic line of argument as well as we could, but always came round to the feeling of personal injustice on the part of this young man. He had not had any trial. He had not had any charge brought against him. He had broken no law. Upon the contrary, his own Constitutional rights as an American citizen had been violated. Apparently he overlooked the fact, stated in the proclamation of General Wood at the time martial law was declared in Gary, that the governor of Indiana had wired to Washington that he was unable to cope with the situation of disorder then existing at Gary. It was from Washington that General Wood got his orders. And, of course, as my young friend ought to have known, the governor of Indiana has no control over the Army of the United States, acting under orders from the War Department of the United States. On the whole, I think this young man was the bitterest man with whom I talked in Gary. I think he announced his real frame of mind and his real feelings of heart in his hot and impulsive words to me. With an equal candor I told him I thought he would be better off in Bulgaria than in Gary. After a time, for the sake of more privacy, we went into his private office. He showed me an imposing stack of letters, all of foreign look.

"I get hundreds of them," said he. "These are all from Bulgaria."

"What do your letters say?" I asked him. "What is going on over there now that the war is ended? Do you feel bitter toward these Serbians whom you meet here in Gary? Do you think that the strike has won or that it has failed?"

"That depends," he rejoined at once. "They've got the mills going with some sort of labor, yes. No, I have no feeling against the Serbs; I don't think there is much feeling over there either—they fought, and they have ceased fighting now. But suppose your negro labor comes in more and more? Shall I want to see the streets filled with that class of labor?"

(Continued on Page 100)

Federal Troops, Under General Wood, Ready for Riot Duty at Gary, Indiana

THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY

XXIV

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

BETWEEN Cutty's heart and his throat there was very little space at that moment for the propelment of sound. Kitty Conover had innocently—he understood that almost immediately and recovered his mental balance—Kitty had innocently thrown a bomb at his feet. It did not matter that it was a dud. The result was the same. For a second, then, all the terror, all the astounding suspension of thought and action attending the arrival of a shell on the battlefield were his.

As an aftermath he would have liked very much to sit down. Instead, maintaining the mock gravity of his expression, he offered his arm, which Kitty accepted, still the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. Pompously they marched into the dining room. But as Kitty saw Hawksley she dropped the air confusedly, and hesitated. "Good gracious!" she whispered.

"What's the matter?" Cutty whispered in turn.

"My clothes!"

"What's the matter with 'em?"

"I slept in them!"

If that wasn't like a woman! It did not matter how she might look to an old codger, ætat. fifty-two; he didn't count. But a handsome young chap, now, in white flannels and sport shirt, his head bound picturesquely ——

"Don't let that bother you," he said. "Those duds of his are mine."

The Tschaikowsky Waltz! She Could Hear It as Plainly as if Johnny Two-Hawks and the Amati Were in the Very Room

Still, Cutty was grateful for this little diversion. As he drew back Kitty's chair he was wholly himself again. At once he dictated the trend of the conversation, moved it whither he willed, into strange channels, gave them all a glimpse of his amazing versatility, with vivid shafts of humor to light up corners.

Kuroki, who had traveled far with his master these ten years, sometimes paused in his rounds to nod affirmatively.

Hawksley listened intently, wondering a bit. What was the dear old beggar's idea, throwing such fireworks round at breakfast? He stole a glance at Kitty to see how she was taking it—and caught her stealing a glance at him. Instantly both switched back to Cutty. Shortly the little comedy was repeated because neither could resist the invisible force of some half-conscious inquiry. Third time, they smiled unembarrassedly. Mind you, they were both hanging upon Cutty's words; only their eyes were like little children at church, restless. It was spring.

Without being exactly conscious of what he was doing Hawksley began to dress Kitty—that is, he visualized her in ball gowns, in sports, in furs. He put her on horses, in opera boxes, in limousines. But in none of these pictures could he hold her; she insisted upon returning to her kitchen to fry bacon and eggs.

Then came a twisted thought, rejected only to return; a surprising thought, so alluring that the sense of shame, of chivalry, could not press it back. Cutty's words began to flow into one ear and out of the other, without sense. There was in his heart—put there by the recollection of the jewels—an indescribable bitterness, a desperate cynicism that urged him to strike out, careless of friend or foe. Who could say what would happen to him when he left here? A flash of spring madness, then to go forth devil-may-care.

She was really beautiful, full of unsuspected fire. To fan it into white flame. The whole affair would depend upon whether she cared for music. If she did he would pluck the soul out of her. She had saved his life. Well, what of that? He had broken yonder man's bread and eaten his salt. Still, what of that? Hadn't he come from a race of scoundrels? The blood—he had smothered and repressed it all his life—to unleash it once, happen what might. If she were really fond of music!

Once again Kitty's glance roved back to Hawksley. This time she encountered a concentration in his unwavering stare. She did not quite like it. Perhaps he was only thinking about something and wasn't actually seeing her. Still, it quieted down the fluttering gayety of her mood. There was a sun spot of her own that became visible whenever her interest in Cutty's monologue lagged. Perhaps Hawksley had his sun spot.

"And so," she heard Cutty say, "Mr. Hawksley is going to become an American citizen. Kitty, what are some of the principles of good citizenship?"

"To be nice to policemen. Not to meddle with politics, because it is vulgar. To vote perfunctorily. To let George do it when there are reforms to be brought about. To keep your hat on when the flag goes by because otherwise you will attract attention. To find fault without being able to offer remedies. To keep in debt because life here in America would be monotonous without bill collectors."

Cutty interrupted with a laugh. "Kitty, you'll scare Hawksley off the map!"

"Let him know the worst at once," retorted Kitty, flashing a smile at the victim.

"Spoofing me—what?" said Hawksley, appealing to his host.

This quality of light irony in a woman was a distinct novelty to Hawksley. She had humor, then? So much the better. An added zest to the game he was planning. He recalled now that she was not of the clinging kind either. A woman with a humorous turn of mind was ten times more elusive than a purely sentimental one. Give him an hour or two with that old Amati—if she really cared for music! She would be coming to the apartment again—some afternoon, when his host was out of the way. Better still, he would call her by telephone; the plea of loneliness. Scoundrel? Of course he was. He was not denying that. He would embark upon this affair without the smug varnish of self-lies. Fire—to play with it!

He ate his portion of beefsteak, potatoes and toast, and emptied his coffee cup. It was really the first substantial meal he had had in many hours. A feeling of satisfaction began to permeate him. He smiled at Miss Frances, who shook her head dubiously. She could not quite make him out pathologically. Perhaps she had been treating him as shell-shocked when there was nothing at all the matter with his nerves.

Presently Kuroki came in with a yellow envelope, which he laid at the side of Cutty's plate.

"Telegrams!" exploded Cutty. "Hang it, I don't want any telegrams!"

"Open it and have it over with," suggested Kitty. "If you don't mind."

It was the worst kind of news—a summons to Washington for conference. Which signified that the Government's plans were completed and that shortly he would be on his way to Piræus.

A fine muddle! Hawksley in no condition to send upon his way; Kitty's affair unsettled; the emeralds still in camera obscura; Karlov at liberty with his infernal schemes, and Stefani Gregor his prisoner. Wild horses, pulling him two ways. A word, and Karlov would come to the end of his rope suddenly. But if he issued that word the whole fabric he had erected so painstakingly would blow away like cardboard. If those emeralds turned up in the possession of any man but himself the ensuing complications would be appalling. For he himself would be forced to tell what he knew about the stones; Hawksley would be thrust conspicuously into the limelight, and sooner or later some wild anarch would kill him. Known, Hawksley would not have one chance in a thousand. Kitty would be dragged into the light and harassed and his own attitude toward her misunderstood. All these things, if he acted upon his oath. Nevertheless he determined to risk suspension of operations until he returned from Washington. There was one sound plank to cling to. He had first-hand information that anarchistic elements would remain in their noisome cellars until May first. If he were not ordered abroad until after that no harm would follow his suspension of operations.

"Bad news?" asked Kitty anxiously.

"Aggravating rather than bad. I am called to Washington. May be gone four or five days. Official business. Leaves things here a bit in the air."

"I'll stay as long as you need me," said Miss Frances.

"I'd rather a man now. You've been a brick. You need rest. I've a chap in mind. He'll make our friend here toe the mark. A physical instructor, ex-pugilist; knows all about broken heads."

"I say, that's ripping!" cried Hawksley. "Give me your man, and I'll be off your hands within a week. The sooner you stop fussing over me the sooner the crack in my head will cease to bother me."

"Kuroki will cook for you and Ryan will put you through the necessary stunts. The roof, when the weather permits, makes a good exercising ground. If you'll excuse me I'll do some telephoning. Kuroki, pack my bag for a five-day trip to Washington. I'll take you down to the office, Kitty."

"I don't fancy I ever will quite understand you," said Hawksley, leaning back in his chair listlessly. "Honestly, now, you'd be perfectly justified in bundling me off to some hotel. I have funds. Why all this pother about me?"

Cutty smiled. "When I tackle anything I like to carry it through. I want to put you on your train."

"To be reasonably sure that I shan't come back?"

"Precisely"—but without smiling. With a vague yet inclusive nod Cutty hurried off.

"It is because he is such a thorough sportsman, Mr. Hawksley," Kitty explained. "Having accepted certain obligations he cannot abrogate them offhand."

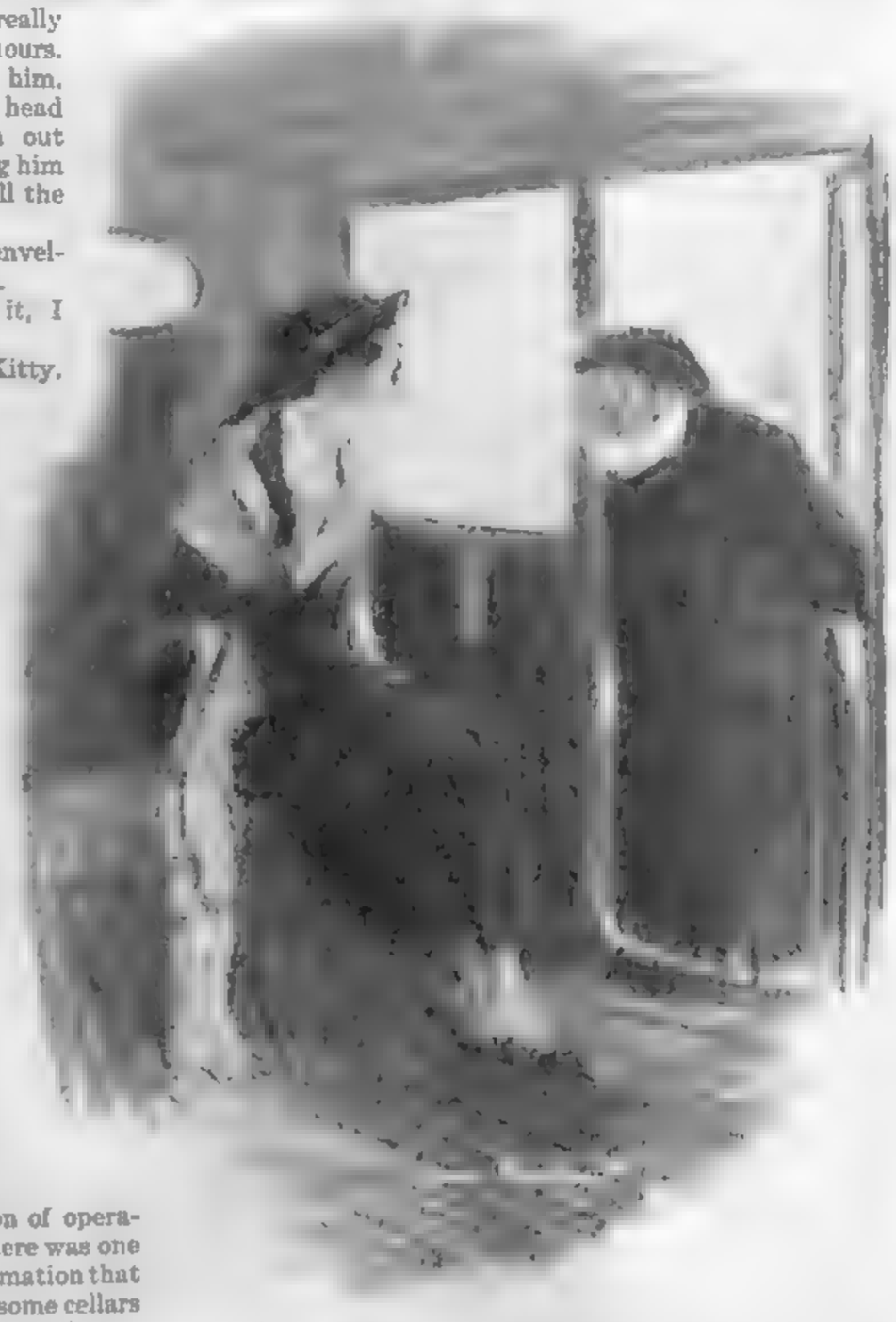
"Did I bother you last night? I mean, did my fiddling?"

"Mercy, no! From the hurdy-gurdy of my childhood, down to Kubelik and his successors, I have been more or less music-mad. You play—wonderfully!" Sudden inexplicable shyness.

Hawksley smiled. An hour or two with that old Amati.

"I am only an amateur. You should hear Stefani Gregor, when the mood is on. He puts something into your soul that makes you wish to go forth at once to do some fine unselfish act."

Stefani Gregor! He thought of the clear white soul of the man who had surrendered imperishable fame to stand



"Come With Me, Miss. If You are Sensible You Will Not be Harmed"

between him and the curse of his blood; who had for ten years stood between his mother and the dissolute man whom irony had selected for the part of father. Ten years of diplomacy, tact, patience. Stefani Gregor! There was the blood, predatory and untamed; and there was the spirit which the old musician had molded. He could not harm this girl. Dead or alive, Stefani Gregor would not permit it.

Hawksley rose slowly and without further speech walked to the corridor door. He leaned against the jamb for a moment, then went on to his bedroom.

"I'm afraid that breakfast was too much for him," the nurse ventured. "An odd young man."

"Very," replied Kitty rather absently. She was trying to analyze that flush of shyness.

Meantime Cutty sat down before the telephone. He wanted Kitty out of town during his absence. In her present excitable mood he was afraid to trust her. She might surrender to any mad impulse that stirred her fancy. So he called up Burlingame, Kitty's chief; and together they manufactured an assignment that was always a pleasant recollection to Kitty.

Next Cutty summoned Professor Billy Ryan to the wire, argued and cajoled for ten minutes and won his point. He was always dealing in futures—banking his favors here and there and drawing checks against them when needed.

Then he tackled his men and issued orders suspending operations temporarily. He was asked what they should do in case Karlov came out into the open. He answered in such an event not to molest him but to watch and take note of those with whom he associated. There were big things in the air, and only he himself had hold of all the threads. He relayed this information to the actual chief of the local service, from whom he had borrowed his men. There was no protest. Green spectacles.

Quarter to nine he and Kitty entered a Subway car and found a corner to themselves, while Karlov's agent was content with a strap in the crowded end of the car.

Karlov for once had outthought Cutty. He had withdrawn his watchers, confident that after a day or so his unknown opponent would withdraw his. During the lull Karlov matured his plans, then resumed operations, calculating that he would have some forty-odd hours' leeway.

His agent was clever. He had followed Kitty from Eightieth Street to the Knickerbocker Hotel. There he had lost her. He had loitered on the sidewalk until midnight, and was then convinced that the girl had slipped by. So he had returned to Eightieth Street; but as late as five in the morning she had not returned.

This agent had followed the banker after his visit to Kitty. He had watched the banker's house, seen Cutty arrive and depart. Taking a chance shot in the dark he had followed Cutty to the office building, learned that Cutty was the owner and lived in the loft. As Kitty had not returned home by five he proceeded to take a second chance shot in the dark, stationing himself across the street from the entrance to the office building, thereby solving the riddle uppermost in Karlov's mind. He had found the man in the dress suit.

"Cutty, I'm sorry I was such a booby last night. But it was the best thing that could have happened. The pentupness of it was simply killing me. I hadn't anyone to come to but you—anyone who would understand. I don't know of any man who has a better right to kiss me. I know. You were just trying to buck me up."

Clitter-clatter! Clitter-clatter! Cutty stared hard at the corrugated cement floor. Marry her, settle a sum on her and give her her freedom. Molly's girl. Give her a chance to play. He turned.

"Kitty, do you trust me?"

"Of all the foolish questions!" She pressed his arm. "Why shouldn't I trust you?"

"Will you marry me? Wait! Let me make clear to you what I have in mind. I'm all alone. I loved your mother. It breaks my heart that while I have everything in the way of luxuries you have nothing. I can't settle a sum on you—an income. The world wouldn't understand. Your friends would be asking questions among themselves. This telegram from Washington means but one thing: That in a few weeks I shall be on my way to the East. I shall be mighty unhappy if I have to go leaving you in the rut. This is my idea: Marry me an hour or so before the ship sails. I will leave you a comfortable income. Lord knows how long I shall be gone. Well, I won't write. After a year you can regain your freedom on the grounds of desertion. Simple as falling off a log. It's the one logical way I can help you. Will you?"

He Forgot That Only an Hour Gone He Had Been Dizzy With Pain, Forgot Everything But the Glory of the Sounds He Was Evoking

Station after station flashed by. Kitty continued to stare through the window across the way. By and by she turned her face toward him, her eyes shining with tears.

"Cutty, there is going to be a nice place in heaven for you some day. I understand. I believe mother understands too. Am I selfish? I can't say no to you and I can't say yes. Yet I should be a liar if I did not say that everything in me leaps toward the idea. It is both hateful and fascinating. Common sense says yes; and something else in me says no. I like dainty things, dainty surroundings. I want to travel, to see something of the world. I once thought I had creative genius, but I might as well face the fact that I haven't. Only by accident will I ever earn more than I'm earning now. In a few years I'll grow old suddenly. You know what the newspaper game does to women. The rush and hurry of it, the excitements, the ceaseless change. It is a furnace, and women shrivel up in it quicker than men."

"There won't be any nonsense, Kitty. An hour before I go aboard my ship. I'll go back to the job the happiest of men. Molly's girl taken care of! Just before your father died I promised him I'd keep an eye on you. I never forgot, but conditions made it impossible. The apartment will be yours as long as you need it. Kuroki, of course, goes with me. It's merely going by convention on the blind side. To leave you something in my will wouldn't serve at all. I'm a tough old codger and may be marked down for a hale old ninety. All I want is to make you happy and care-free."

"Cutty, I'd like to curl up in some corner and cry, gratefully. I didn't know there were such men. I just don't know what to do. It isn't as if you were asking me to be your wife. And as you say, I can't accept money. There is a pride in me that rejects the whole thing; but it may be the same fool pride that has cut away my friends. I ought to fall on your neck with joy; and here I am, trying to look round corners! You are my father's friend, my mother's, mine. Why shouldn't I accept the proposition? You are alone too. You have a perfect right to do as you please with your money, and I have an equally perfect right to accept your gifts. We are all afraid of the world, aren't we? That's probably at the bottom of my doddering. Cutty, what is love?" she broke off whimsically.

"Looking into mirrors and hunting for specks," he answered readily.

"I mean seriously."

"So do I. Before I went round to the stage entrance to take your mother out to supper I used to preen an hour before the mirror. My collar, my cravat, my hair, the nap on my stovepipe, my gloves—terrible things! And what happened? Your dad, dressed in his office clothes, came along like a cyclone, walked all over my toes and swooped up your mother right from under my nose. Now just look the proposition over from all angles. Think of yourself; let the old world go hang. They'll call it alimony. In a year or so you'll be free; and some chap like Tommy Conover will come along, and bang! You'll know all about love. Here's old Brooklyn Bridge. I'll see you to the elevator. All nonsense that you should have the least hesitance."

Fifteen minutes later he was striding along Park Row. By the swing of his stride any onlooker would have believed that Cutty was in a hurry to arrive somewhere. Instead, he was only walking. Suddenly he stopped in the middle of the sidewalk, with the two currents of pedestrians flowing on each side of him, as a man might stop who saw some wonderful cloud effect. But there was nothing ecstatical in his expression; on the contrary, there was a species of bewildered terror. The psychology of all his recent actions had in a flash become vividly clear.

An unbelievable catastrophe had overtaken him. He loved Kitty, loved her with an intense shielding passion, quite unlike that which he had given her mother. Such a thing could happen! He offered not the least combat; the revelation was too smashing to admit of any doubt. It was not a recrudescence of his love for Molly, stirred into action by the association with Molly's daughter. He wanted Kitty for himself, wanted her with every fiber in his body, fiercely. And never could he tell her—now. The tragic irony of it all numbed him. Fate hadn't played the game fairly. He was fifty-two, on the far side of the plateau, near sunset. It wasn't a square deal.

Still he stood there on the sidewalk, like a rock in the middle of a turbulent stream, rejecting selfish thoughts. Marry Kitty, and tell her the truth afterward. He knew the blood of her—loyalest of the loyal. He could if he chose play that sort of game—cheat her. He could not withdraw his proposition. If she accepted it he would have to carry it through. Cheat her.

XXV

KITTY hung up her hat and coat. She did not pat her hair or tuck in the loose ends before the mirror—a custom as invariable as sunrise. The coat tree stood at the right of the single window, and out of this window Kitty stared solemnly, at everything and at nothing.

Burlingame eyed her seriously. Cutty had given him a glimmer of the tale—enough to make known to him that

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THE POSSIBILIST

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK DAY

THERE was a type of building stone used some years ago in Chicago for some of the large earlier bourgeois residences of a light-greenish cast of color—making when assembled a faintly pea-green house. The home of Mrs. Brown-Tucker, whose husband's family had been one of the older commercial families of the city, was of this material. It always impressed Spinner as a real curiosity; it arrested his attention, as always, even the morning when, shortly before ten o'clock, he approached its entrance for his exceedingly important interview with Mrs. Brown-Tucker's brother.

Mrs. Brown-Tucker was immediately accessible when he went in; and immediately she conducted him through the reception room into the library, where in a thickly padded leather lounging chair they found a large, heavy, youngish man, who rose to meet them.

"At last," cried Mrs. Brown-Tucker somewhat dramatically, "I bring you two men together! Brother Henry, this is John Spinner—of whom you have heard me speak so often."

She rested her hand on Spinner's shoulder while he and her brother shook hands.

"Listen, Henry," she said with an impressive familiarity. "He is a radical, but a man whom you may trust implicitly. I know. I would know; I have known him intimately now, for a long time."

As a matter of fact their acquaintance in its whole duration had been quite largely through the medium of Sonia. But Mrs. Brown-Tucker not unnaturally stressed among her own kind her experience and familiarities outside of what she termed bourgeoisdom. They added just so much to the relative scope and breadth of her vision as compared to the remainder of her "typically bourgeois family," as she often frankly called it.

"And now," she said, "I will leave you two together to go into the interior intricacies of what men have to say to one another."

"Have a cigar," said her brother when she had gone.

John Spinner took it, though he knew well that it would be, as smoking always was, bad for his now easily irritated throat. It was, however, he immediately recognized, a cigar of an excellence such as he rarely smoked. There was one thing at least in which the bourgeois millionaire's taste was often excellent.

The young one opposite him looked to him on first glances as much the same type he might have expected from the sister—tall, over-ruddy, too well fed, but with very different eyes. He was a very large man with very small eyes.

"My sister tells me," said the young magnate in a friendly and not unpleasant voice, "that you've got quite a view of the mine situation."

"Only in a general way."

"You've worked in them?"

"Yes, when I was younger."

"And you've been round lately, off and on, agitat—working among the miners?" said Brown, catching himself.

"Agitating is probably right," said Spinner with his cool smile. "I've been round them quite a little."

"That's what I thought. You've seen the thing more or less for years, I suppose—as I have. Only from a different angle. And I thought when my sister was speaking about you lately that probably it might do no harm to either of us to get together and talk it over—the way we both saw it—sometime when I was taking a run up here to Chicago."

"I've always hoped you would," said Spinner, waiting, watching him work through the preliminaries toward his business.

He watched him as they turned into a general discussion, touching, feeling out each other's minds here and there, as wrestlers do each other's bodies before beginning their attack. Spinner listened, spoke occasionally and watched him—the man and his setting; the imposing walls of books round them. Bourgeois books, no doubt, bought by the shelf; the usual standard sets, well certified by time and custom—standard authors. How many of these books, he wondered, had been written within twenty years? How many were on economics, on the modern problems in which this man and his kind were so much concerned—the very center of debate? How many had this rather attractive, apparently rather heavy, young man ever read? He came from a section that was proverbially primitive and out-of-date in its treatment of the labor question. Did he even know, thought Spinner, watching him, that there was a new heaven and a new earth in economic relations all round him, which people could not avoid living in any more than they could avoid being residents of a political division—than they two could avoid living in the United States?

The man was going on though, Spinner saw now, with considerable address and skill toward the as yet untouched subject of their interview.

"My sister tells me," he said, and looked up suddenly into Spinner's eyes, "that you are in with this new bunch; this radical outfit that's coming up now so strong inside the Mine Workers."

"I suppose I am," admitted Spinner.

"Well, if you are," continued Brown, a little unexpectedly, "I think—I'm sorry to say it—but I think you are in with the coming bunch. Those are the boys I'm afraid that are coming. I believe myself," he said, scrutinizing Spinner's face, "if the truth was known they've elected their different officers time after time lately and had them counted out on them."

"We claim that, of course," said Spinner.

This man might be no student, thought Spinner, still estimating his antagonist, but he was no fool either.

"And one of these days," he was saying, "I believe they are going to get loose and get control. And when they do we—on our side of the house—want to be placed just right. I know I do! That's one reason I thought I'd like to have this talk with you."

Spinner, watching him advancing toward what he meant to talk about, waited.

"Well, now—I'll tell you," the young mine operator went along, arranging himself in an easier and more confidential attitude in his chair, "we've always been outside the union ourselves—as you know; but here lately I've got a kind of a bug in my head. I've been wondering—as a matter of dollars and cents—if it paid. Just as a pure matter of business. I've got a kind of desire to find out, anyhow, if we wouldn't better unionize after all. If it wouldn't pay us. It costs money to buck this union crowd year after year, as we have. You know that. In all sorts of ways—direct and indirect. The feelings of your people and all that!"

Spinner watched and listened, still puzzled—still waiting for his clew to the man's final object. He did not even smile inwardly when the other spoke about his people.

"You and I know," the man was going on more and more confidentially, "that all that fighting has cost us operators in our field a lot of money, and always will. And you know and I know there are places where the money goes that are not down in the copy books for the young!" He smiled significantly.

"I know," Spinner answered colorlessly.

"Of course you know; everybody does! And what I'm wondering is whether it wasn't about time—and good business for me—to cut it out."

He alluded now, Spinner assumed, to that curious institution, the well-known and much-attacked figure of the go-between, the type who is generally understood to devote his time toward the securing of the election and the control after election of various of the officers of the United Mine Workers' Union, by the use of the financial backing of the mine owners. This curious political adventurer is most prominent in certain fields where large proportions of the mines remain nonunion, and their owners feel it is of advantage to them to remain so—without undue zeal on the part of mine-union officials toward organizing their men into the union. It was this feature—the great dissatisfaction over this situation and the criticism of it among the radicals in the unions, and even among the operators in other sections of the country—which had as a matter of fact always made Spinner desirous of trying his hand at organizing for the union in a section where it existed.

The young operator talked easily and familiarly about it, as a piece of common knowledge and practice; canvassing

and appraising its value to himself from a purely commercial standpoint.

"The trouble with me is, maybe"—alluding to his particular go-between good-naturedly—"that I'm afraid he's always been making more money out of the transaction than I have; that he's got more money to-day. That man's a millionaire—or he ought to be by this time!"

"I don't doubt it," said Spinner, remembering of course the many reports of the man's wealth and profits growing out of his odd business. "Politics always was profitable to the right man," he remarked; and wondered still where this man who was before him was heading. Had he had some violent break with the old régime, with this man who had handled labor politics for him? Was this all merely a backlash from some violent disagreement with his former associate? And yet would that be a sufficient motive, Spinner wondered, for his coming to him?

"There's another thing of course," said the younger man. "I hope that I could make something—a good big thing in the long run—out of this, by making my people more satisfied; more satisfied themselves by being in the union, and then not always harassed and threatened by these blamed miners from the union fields, with their marching and their rough stuff and this constant throwing up of scab labor in my men's faces. I want my people to be satisfied—if for nothing else than to get more work out of them. I say that because that's all you fellows would give me credit for anyhow. Now what about that? Do you think you could guarantee better-satisfied workmen under the union than I've got now?"

"I think I could," said Spinner unemotionally—yet noting again mentally the big employer's "my people," which always seemed to him such an irritating arrogance—no doubt unconscious on this man's part, but all the more arrogant for being so. Yet whatever Spinner thought or felt was always unregistered in his face or manner. He hated bitterly—fed on hate. It was his driving passion But it was a cold, efficient, intellectual hatred—with an impersonality which carried none of the difficultie and drawbacks of a warmer-blooded hatred, which directs itself against an individual. He was a new thing, a product of a new time. He hated a class, not an individual—a fact which added tremendously to his chances of success

"All right," the operator was going on. "You'd say so anyhow, I suppose. That's your business." He smiled a smile of amicable and tolerant cynicism. "But now I want to ask you something," he said, his small eyes contracting. "I've talked pretty freely to you."

"Right," said Spinner.

"Now I'll be frank with you," said the operator. "I could have gone to the regular old-line crowd and made a deal with them—some way," he added, confirming Spinner's suspicion that he had had some break in his former relations. "But the way I figured it is this," he said, his face growing more serious: "You radicals may win in the United Mine Workers or you may not. But the very fact that you are so strong now, and haven't been allowed to win in the past—on anything important—will make them willing to give up all sorts of small favors—to pacify you radicals. For you've got them scared, right now," he said, "to death! And I know it."

Spinner smiled. This man was certainly no man's fool. He had to a high degree, he saw now, that dominant bourgeois mental power the concentration on the immediate object the shrewdness of the trader.

"So I come to you—to you radicals; and I put it through you to them," the mine operator was saying. "I figure this: I figure if it goes up from you to them, the old-line conservative, they'll have to put it over; they know that you know they have a chance to organize a big unorganized field—and you'll see they do it or know why!"

Spinner smiled again. The same old bourgeois shrewdness, the same world-old sharpness and adroitness—of the Phœnician, the Greek, the Jew, the Spaniard, the New England country trader; all the traders from the launching of the first trading craft upon the Mediterranean! That close, sharp-eyed focus upon the present advantage—the devil to take the future of the world if necessary! This man was good, though, of his kind. He should not be underestimated, Spinner realized. He had yet to learn the goal of all this talk of his—its crux in the trade to be finally offered.

"But now," Brown said again, his small eyes grown smaller and brighter still, "I've talked a lot. I've told you where I stand pretty well. Now I want to ask you something—something more!"

"Go ahead," said Spinner.

"I've had you looked up some. I know something about you, naturally, now. My sister's known you—and known you personally," he said as an afterthought. "But I want to know, naturally, just what your hitch-in with the other people is. Just how far they'd let you go. Do you want to tell me that?"

"I certainly do," said John Spinner, and gave him the outline of what he wanted to learn. He seemed satisfied; putting, no doubt, what Spinner told him with what he already knew.

"Have another cigar," the operator said, pushing the box toward Spinner. "Now then," he went on, lighting one himself and waving away the first smoke of it with his hand, "suppose, just for the sake of argument, I wanted to get a little something out of this for myself."

He was coming finally, Spinner saw, to his point, his trade.

"Suppose," he said, "that for some time I'd had a little bee in my bonnet for myself—like we all have sometimes. Suppose for some time I'd had a certain honor in a political way that I thought was coming to me and I found I was being done out of it. By a low, rotten deal!" he added in a sudden angry afterthought; and reddened and chewed viciously on his thick cigar.

Spinner watched him, saying nothing.

"Would you in your position—in case I let your people go in—you yourself—and unionize all my mine properties be in a position to guarantee me the votes of the United Mine Workers in the state?"

"I think I could," said Spinner briefly.

"Both sides—radicals and conservatives? Could you work that out? Hitch them all up to it?"

"Yes," said Spinner boldly. "If you let me handle it myself. That's what you came to me for, wasn't it? Because you thought if you had us radicals we'd fix it so the others would have to come along too?"

"That—and because I was afraid that the other side would double-cross me," stated Brown, "for the crowd that's against me in this other thing that I'm after—and is coming to me by rights politically!"

"What is it?" asked Spinner pointblank.

He remembered now, or thought he did, of having heard. But he asked anyhow.

"I want to begin framing up now," said the other man, "for the senatorship two years from now."

And then, his tongue freed somewhat by anger, he proceeded to elaborate his wrongs, and show in detail how, being out with the regular order of affairs—the plans of the organization for both state and labor politics—he had been forced in his rebellion to this new deal outside of both.

Spinner grasped his opportunity with cold quickness. He showed what he could hope to do—to obtain from the radicals—to force from the conservatives in the union. What he said apparently satisfied the other.

"Now then," said Henry Brown, staring steadily at Spinner's face, "if this thing goes right, if I get what I want, and the union does, there is still something left, I imagine."

"What?" asked Spinner.

"Isn't there something," asked the operator now directly, "that I can do for you?"

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"I've Got a Kind of Desire to Find Out if We Wouldn't Better Unionize After All"

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Con or Coalition?

THAT dreary old show, Presidential Party Politics, is now in rehearsal, preparatory to going on the road. It looks like a revival of the Black Crook or Haverly's Minstrels. There isn't a new idea, a new dance or a new gag in the piece.

"Brother Bones, what is a Republican? Why is a Democrat?" asks the end man.

"I give it up. What is a Republican? Why is a Democrat?" returns Brother Bones.

"Because one is born every minute."

That is still the right answer.

There are great issues before the people to-day, but none on which the old parties should be allowed to divide along partisan lines. Yet for months a struggle has been going on for political advantage in which the advantage of the country has been almost lost sight of.

The only utterances of presidential size, of national and international understanding that we have read are those of a man who has not sought the Presidency, who has been nominally a Republican and who has actually been rendering a great nonpartisan service to America under a Democratic administration; who has worked first, last and all the time for country, not for party. And nothing more clearly shows the quality of our political leaders than the fact that when Hoover was mentioned for the Presidency their first question was not whether he was the best qualified man for the place, but whether he was a Republican or a Democrat, whether he had a party brand burned in his hide and the bull ring of party regularity in his nose.

The old parties have been weighed in the balances and have been found wanting in almost everything that America has needed since the day of the Armistice—common sense, business sense, statesmanship, willingness to repeal fool and destructive legislation and to pass sound constructive laws.

To-day the old parties stand for nothing except appetite for office, and the real issue between them is simply which one is going to get the most power and the offices and salaries that go with it.

Why not use a little common sense, have done with con and try coalition in its place? Why not force both the old parties to indorse the same man for President—a nonpartisan business man who will form a coalition government from the best men in both parties and that still larger element of straight-thinking, clear-headed Americans who have no stomach for the old show that is being put on and who want to see something new and clean on the national stage for a change? The business man is tired of the tired business man's show of party politics.

Room to Live

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL once made a curiously confusing definition of social democracy. He called it "That condition of society, no matter how arising, in which every man has a chance and knows that he has it." We quote from memory, but we are not far off the thought. The point to be queried is whether any amount of democracy in a naturally poor and overpopulated country can give every man a chance. Even if every man in such a country does have as good opportunity as his fellows, will it bestow the tonic of hope which has produced Americanism?

For mark you, the Canadian has plenty of Americanism. So has the Argentinian. What about the spirit of the Anzacs? True enough, there are democratic institutions in the places indicated, but may that not mean that whenever men are given a fresh deal and an abundance of natural wealth they naturally generate democracy? The point cannot be pressed too far, but let us concede that there is something in it.

This means that Europe is simply overcrowded, you ask? Why, yes, in so far as it is correct it does mean that. The law of diminishing returns is a fairly pertinacious denizen of the realm of economic theory, the disciples of the school of increasing returns to the contrary notwithstanding. Four families may live as well on a quarter section of land as two families if they take pains, but can eight families? Can sixteen families then? There comes a limit, even with modern industrial genius.

And without getting maudlin about the ennobling influence of contact with wild Nature we can also notice that open-air men and women are a good sort. You can produce increasing supplies of food and phonographs in any given area almost *ad libitum* possibly, but you cannot at the same time produce increasing supplies of wild Nature in that same area. The average European cannot get away into any wild sanctuaries. Some places accessible to him are wonderfully lovely, but they are man-infested and man-besmirched. Certainly Nature contact as we know it here is impracticable for the general run of Frenchmen and Germans.

The Europeans do not want to be selfish and grasping toward one another. They have to be. European diplomacy is Machiavellian from necessity. Life is a pretty grim proposition when you have six or seven hundred people on every square mile of land. England, which was the richest country in Europe, and France, which was the least clotted as to population—of the great countries—have shown the most responsiveness to Western ideals.

Well and good. Accepting in moderation this analysis of the characters of peoples, European and American, what follows? If democracy is simply the principal—not the one and only—explanation of our Americanism—a pretty mild statement surely—how does that alter our plans for maintaining Americanism and regenerating Europe? We do permit ourselves to talk that way about Europe and should face the responsibility latent in our attitude.

Without abating one jot or tittle of our efforts to preserve our democratic traditions and to aid all the forces tending toward democratic institutions in the Old World, it would seem that we might also emphasize the need of keeping everyone supplied with opportunity. It is not only that every man shall be able to look every other man square in the eye, which democracy can provide for, but that every man should have a chance and know that he has it, which only prosperity can provide for. By prosperity meaning of course an amount of natural and industrial resources ample for any given population—an adjustment such that population will not keep trampling in miserably upon the heels of production.

In Europe this can only mean lower population. Much more can be done than has been done in the way of developing her resources, but it cannot be done in a hurry; and even when done it will not provide as much average prosperity as now exists in America. And if we give away part of our own prosperity to Europe, with her present populations, we will only lower our own economic tone without appreciably correcting hers.

In America this means preserving our present ratio between population and resources. Our population can still expand, but it must never grow disproportionately to the development of our wealth. The quickest way to convert America from a land of opportunity into a land of Europeanism is to allow our coefficient of population to resources to drop down toward European standards. If we fling open our gates to immigrants our careless generosity will swiftly defeat itself by destroying the present relation of men to wealth—and to wild Nature, if you will go with us so far. Stupendously as we are endowed, there are limits to our possibilities. The time is gone for criminally optimistic immigration policies. The time has come for talking, thinking and legislating about a decent respect for the heritage of wealth and opportunity which luck and Divine Providence gave us.

A Middle Ground

THE steel strike is as dead as a rod cold from the rollers, but its evil lives after it. No single individual in all the land but is nipped proximately or remotely by the pinch of the resultant famine in iron and steel. They are the corpuscles of industrial life. And from the little farmer who needs wire for his fences to the incorporated builder of factories and homes, from the pioneer who sinks pipes for the gas and oil of the earth to the big producer who requires freight cars to distribute the food of the nation, each and all of us, unaware of it though we may be, must feel the aftermath of the strike.

We Americans are a temperamental, excitable lot. What a hubbub we set up when the strike was called, back in September! What a joust there was between the steel barons, as one side put it, and the labor dictators, as the second party insisted! On the side lines we shouted our approval and denunciation for a time. This was something that concerned us as good citizens. Not that—apart from a latchkey or the kitchen screw driver—steel had any immediate bearing upon our lives, but in a sort of pro-bono-publico sense it was our civic obligation to amalgamate ourselves into that austere and final judge, Public Opinion; for the quarrel was abstractly between capital and labor, which affects us all.

So we would evince becoming worriment. We would and did fiercely wrinkle our national brow about it—for a time. But intensity being ever the enemy of duration, our interest waned from its very ardor, and long before the steel strike was ended officially in January we had transferred our concern and our front pages to the coal strike. Give us live, newsy issues! Poor old King Steel had been bumped off. Long live old King Coal! And since then half a dozen divers crises have budded, blossomed and withered.

Yet the fact of the matter is that only now are we suffering in our pocketbooks. How many persons who complain of high rents reason from decreased housing facilities to reduced steel production? How many persons think of stimulated post-bellum exportation of national products as being clogged by the needs of our shipyards for steel? How many persons trace poor railway service or tardy freight deliveries to cold blast furnaces? In the railroad situation it has been calculated that, including the prospective demands of maintenance during the current year, there is a shortage of 7200 locomotives, 60,000 passenger cars and 140,000 freight cars. Formidable figures, these, as you know if you are a railroader; if you are not, figures to ponder when the train service is cut down on your line, when it is impossible days in advance to engage even the lowly upper, when your express packages come high and late.

It is true that the Steel Corporation has held and purposes to hold indefinitely to its price agreement with the Industrial Board of last March. But, the fact aside that in the open market prices for plates, bars and sheets are quoted at from twelve to fifteen dollars the ton above maximum agreement rates, what condonation will the industry take to itself for the irretrievable loss of three and

a half months? In the Pittsburgh district alone, where the normal tonnage is about 700,000 a week, the enforced idleness means nearly 10,000,000 tons that might have been.

The predicament of the employers, however, does not betoken that there is balm for the erstwhile strikers, either in Gilead or in Pittsburgh. Marx himself would not have been the last to concede the simple axiom in nonentities that two parts of nothing added to two parts of nothing make exactly zero. A total of 367,000 workmen experimented in zeroes by knocking off for 108 days. It cost them in wages an estimated $48,005,060.35.

And now comes the crowning blunder of the entire colossal mess—the disputants have accepted merely an armed truce. The whole fiasco will possibly be repeated. And on a more elaborate, better organized scale. That was labor's threat when it took up its tools upon the conclusion of the strike. As soon as labor has caught its second wind it will spring out into the squared ring again.

Isn't this the logical time to get excited about a forthcoming tie-up rather than when it grips us? Can't we now abandon the rôle of innocent if enthusiastic bystander after the fact and undertake that of foresighted referee before the fact? Isn't there a middle ground where a meeting of the industrial minds can be effected?

Valley Forge

THE greatness of great men never shines more brightly than in those critical uncertain hours that threaten to sweep away all they have won and drag them down to ruin and disaster.

This is why we can never think long of Washington without feeling a wave of shuddering sympathy for that sorely tried man and the starved, frozen, fever-burnt lads who suffered and died about him at Valley Forge toward the end of 1777 and during the first two months of 1778.

We take a melancholy pride in the endurance, fortitude and resolution of men who could withstand for a whole winter tortures more terrible than common human flesh could bear; or who could die without complaint if it was so ordained. It is right that we should venerate the manhood and courage that hallowed the scenes of their sacrifices; but if our reflections go no further the lesson of Valley Forge is for the most part unlearned.

We are in danger of forgetting that the horrors of that camp were not wholly a necessary part of the fortunes of war. It is well known that they were in part the consequence of the malice of Washington's political enemies.

While Washington's troops starved or died of fever or gangrene the enemies of his own household were not ashamed to play politics for the downfall of their commander even at the risk of losing their common cause. Lafayette, hot with indignation, writing to his well-loved chief on December 30, 1777, said, with the restraint that good taste put upon a well-bred alien pen:

"I see plainly that America can defend herself if proper measures are taken; but I begin to fear that she may be lost by herself and her own sons."

And Washington, with his never-failing courage and with a cheerfulness he could not have felt, replied:

"We must not, in so great a contest, expect nothing but sunshine. I have no doubt that everything happens for the best, that we shall triumph over our misfortunes, and in the end be happy; and then, my dear Marquis, if you will give me your company in Virginia, we will laugh at our past difficulties, and the folly of others."

So wrote the man who, in dead of winter, commanded an army without a quartermaster-general, for that creature of Congress had ceased to function the previous summer. Congress, calmly aware of Washington's inevitable plight, appointed no successor till March of the following year, when, no thanks to the politicians, the exertions of Nathaniel Greene, Robert Morris and Mad Anthony Wayne the fearless leader who said he would rather go into battle than witness the sufferings of the men in his camp—supplied cattle and clothing and brought the starving command back to life.

Sir George Otto Trevelyan, nephew and biographer of Lord Macaulay, in his brilliant and sympathetic history of our war for independence says that this village in the Pennsylvania hills "gave a name to what, as time goes on, bids fair to be the most celebrated encampment in the world's history." Every American should try to visit it. It is better worth seeing than the field of Waterloo or the pass of Thermopylæ. It signifies more than either. Washington's headquarters still stands, looking much as it did in his day. Ridged remains of his trenches and redoubts are still plainly visible. The discovery of the original plans for the encampment drawn by Washington's French engineers has made it possible to locate with a surveyor's accuracy every feature of the camp and to mark it for the visitor's convenience.

On a bare hillside, surrounded by open fields, and miles from any considerable settlement, stands, almost completed, an exquisite little gray Gothic chapel. It is not a village church but a national Valhalla. It is an edifice of unusual beauty. Pennies of school children, patriotic societies and descendants of colonial families—all had a part in building it. It is dedicated to the memory of Washington and of those who suffered with him on the hills and in the fields round about.

No one can spend a day at Valley Forge without becoming a better American, without taking to heart lessons of Washington's great-hearted genius; without reflecting that Congress still plays politics, cost what it may.

Which Will You Ride In?

THE POOR FISH

By Oscar Graeve

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT IS curious, you know, when you enter a new business, or rather not a new business but when you get a new job in any old business. For a time you sit tight at your desk much as a mussel clings to a rock for protection, but after a bit you begin to open up, to expand, to take a vivid interest in the personalities of the people round you, and presently—here I'm afraid we'll have to abandon the simile for the mussel—you saunter forth in your new little world to gossip, to question, to study your strange environment and investigate the possibilities of new friendships.

In the H. W. Day Advertising Agency a new employee passing through these various stages of adaptation to his work and surroundings invariably arrived at the point of wondering how Harvey Reid had ever attained his position and, having attained it, how in the world he ever maintained it.

"How does he get away with it?" asked the new employee, sooner or later discovering some congenial soul to whom he could put this confidential question.

And invariably the person addressed replied succinctly, "Ida Elliott."

If the new employee was a close observer and had seen and appreciated the very remarkable qualities of Miss Elliott, he looked wise and said nothing; if he were not a close observer, he might ask, "Who's Ida Elliott?"

Then the old employee, with an astonishing amount of pride in his tone, hastened to say, "Don't you know Ida? She's the power plant behind Harvey Reid. She's both his brains and his good right arm. She writes his letters—I don't mean she simply takes his dictation; she actually writes his letters—she composes his speeches, she furnishes his ideas."

Harvey Reid, let it be explained, was the visualizer of the Day Advertising Agency.

"Let me introduce Mr. Reid, our visualizer," old Hiram Day would say to a prospective client, and he would wave his fat hand with an impressive gesture, while Harvey stepped forward to complete the impression.

Harvey could complete the impression. There was that about him. He was six feet of well-proportioned manhood built on square fighting lines. Usually he wore a suit of battleship gray that was perfectly tailored and fitted snugly round his powerful shoulders and over his slim hips. His eyes, too, were gray, singularly clear and determined, and he had a trick of half closing them when he gazed at you that made them seem like two tiny blades of keen and polished steel. Even little Willie Penniman, who hated him, was forced to admit that Harvey was a wonder when it came to looks.

"The package is as good as any that comes," said little Willie, "but the contents are way below par."

Now the chances were that the prospective client wouldn't have the haziest notion as to what a visualizer was. He would look dazed but strugglingly appreciative, and old Hiram Day noting this with the greatest satisfaction would whisper in his most confidential manner:

"Mr. Reid, you know, is the man who pulls our ideas out of the blue sky and puts them down on paper so you can see them. He visualizes them, d'yer see? That's why he's called a visualizer."

Which Harvey Reid would proceed to demonstrate.

Standing before the client in that sumptuous conference room of the Day Agency, which looked as if someone had been trying to reproduce the throne room in a Balkan palace, he would start to do things on an immense pad of paper fastened against the wall. Before his amazed gaze the client would see his can of tomatoes leap forth glorified from a glowing field of rich ripe fruit or his automobile surrounded by a gaping crowd of admirers or his soap box held aloft in the dimpled hand of a most delightful youngster. You've seen a cartoonist on the vaudeville stage drawing rapid sketches on a large block of paper, haven't you? Well, Harvey's performance was something like that.

Of course Harvey could draw. He had that ability too. But he never could complete a sketch. That was left to some benighted and genuine artist who received but a tithe of Reid's salary. He could, however, do vast and magnificently suggestive things with a soft pencil that at the time and on the spur of the moment looked surprisingly enticing.

And Harvey Reid could talk—granting he was provided with the material for his speech. He had a deep voice of sonorous quality that in itself cast a slumberous spell over the auditor and he would hold forth on the place of art in advertising, how little that place was recognized, how people really in their heart of hearts wanted the good and beautiful instead of the cheap and spectacular. It was really always the same speech. Miss Elliott, who had written it originally, made such changes from time to time as the product under consideration required.

She Was His Strange and Lovely Lady Again. Again He Could Not Realize That This Was the Girl He Had Known for Years and Years

After all there was very little hokum in connection with the Day Agency's use of Harvey. Such hokum as existed was harmless. Harvey Reid was there to make a first impression, to create an atmosphere, to bedazzle the client in the preliminary stages of the negotiations. Once Hiram Day had procured the contract to advertise the tomatoes or the automobile or the soap, Harvey Reid was withdrawn and a corps of hard-working artists and copy men were placed on the job and they performed it in a most thorough, conscientious manner.

But the trouble was a great many of the clients never recovered from their first impression of Harvey with his battling jaw and his determined gray eyes. They kept writing, "We would appreciate it if Mr. Reid would give this problem his personal attention," or "Can't Mr. Reid himself furnish the main idea for this campaign?" They also kept inviting Harvey out to lunch and dinner and asking all sorts of embarrassing questions—embarrassing at least to him.

"How would you handle this?" they asked, or "What would be your idea of strengthening our distribution in the Middle West?" And Harvey, who had no idea at all, would sit still, his gray eyes clouded with thought—or so the client imagined—and finally after a profound silence he would answer, "Give me a little time on that, old man. It's too important to pronounce snap judgment. I'll mull it over and write you in a day or two."

And in a day or two he would write—at least the client would receive a letter signed "Harvey Reid." But the letter had actually been prepared by Miss Elliott and the idea the letter contained had been furnished by Miss Elliott after consultation with the real workers who were handling the account.

But in one way or another it was Harvey Reid who received most of the credit, and accordingly the regular artists and writers were in a constant state of furious indignation.

"How does he get away with it—the big stiff!" exclaimed little Will Penniman, who could write copy about potted meat that a vegetarian would read just for the pure joy of its verve and human interest.

Always the answer was "Ida Elliott," and always the gang—as they affectionately termed themselves—muttered darkly and prophesied the dire things that would happen to Harvey if Miss Elliott ever deserted him.

"The worst of it is, Harvey thinks he's got the ability," wailed little Will. "He doesn't realize for one minute that he owes everything to Ida. He thinks he's traveling on his own horse power—the poor fish!"

But in this little Will Penniman, for all his shrewdness, was wrong. Harvey did realize how much he owed to Ida Elliott and that realization was to give him presently one of the most agonizing days he ever spent. He had two shocks, two disturbances, two cataclysmic surprises that day.

The first was a simple one. He had been brooding at his desk, looking very much as if he were mentally grappling with affairs of most serious import—really he was considering whether he'd have lunch at his club or that place where they served such delicious panned oysters—when he glanced up suddenly and through the glass partitions of which his office walls were constructed saw a strange and lovely lady. It was the profile of the strange lady that was presented to him—a little straight nose, a rounded chin, deeply indented, rosy lips—all as clear as a new coin against

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

How they satisfy your hunger!

We select the finest beans that nature grows. We subject them to long, slow cooking—the thorough kind of cooking that produces the most delicious and wholesome beans. Our famous tomato sauce—one of Campbell's great triumphs—flavors the beans through and through. Fine bacon pork adds its relish. It's a privilege to be hungry and have Campbell's Beans!

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

the murky background. And beneath a winged black hat was a shining mass of blond hair. Enchanting! A vision! Harvey Reid's heart was not oversusceptible to beauty, but this time it gave a decided leap. And it was not for a full moment that he realized the strange lady was Ida Elliott with a new hat—Ida Elliott whom he had seen every day for years and years, whose profile, charming though it was, had become a thoroughly dull matter to him because he had seen it so long and so often that he no longer saw it at all.

Harvey Reid forgot the delicious panned oysters and wandered out to lunch in a completely bewildered state. He could not get over that shock of seeing Ida Elliott and mistaking her for a strange and beautiful lady. There was something mysterious, something occult about it. It was as if he had been blind for years and that sight quite abruptly had been restored to him. Somehow he had never thought of Ida Elliott before in just the same way he thought of her during the next hour or two.

He returned from lunch to receive the second shock of the day. There was a rumor going about the office that Ida Elliott was to be married. It is unnecessary to tell in any detail how the rumor reached Harvey's ears. You know in a big office how such whispers travel. They fill the air. Sooner or later everybody hears them. Probably Harvey Reid, who was usually most intent on his own affairs, was the last to hear this rumor, though to him of course it was of more importance than to anyone else. The idea of losing Ida was to him inconceivable, unbelievable. Remember, despite little Will Penniman's assertions, he fully realized Ida's value to him. Why, he couldn't let Ida leave him! Not because of marriage or any other cause.

He was going over his mail with her later that afternoon when he decided to use the most direct of methods to settle his worries—settle them one way or another.

"There is a rumor going about the office, Miss Elliott," he said, "that you are going to be married."

Miss Elliott did not look in the least abashed. Her placid blue gaze continued to rest on him unwaveringly.

"Yes," she said.

Harvey Reid experienced a sinking feeling.

"It's true then?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"You're afraid not? What does that mean?"

"Oh, really, Mr. Reid "

Harvey Reid felt properly squelched at that "Oh, really, Mr. Reid." Yes, squelched is exactly the right word. She had said, just enough to suggest a great deal more. Of course he realized he had no business to question Miss Elliott about her personal affairs. She had told him she was not to be married. That was enough. That, after all, was the only question he had authority as her immediate employer to ask her, for in that question alone were his own interests involved. But why had she said she was afraid she wasn't going to be married? A most peculiar way of putting it. It almost sounded as if she wanted to be married. It suggested a variety of complications behind the simple statement. It suggested that there was someone who wanted to marry Miss Elliott whom she refused to marry or someone she wanted to marry and who didn't want to marry her—no, that last surmise was ungallant and besides being ungallant was preposterous. Or it suggested a quarrel between Miss Elliott and this shadowy someone; a quarrel, a misunderstanding, an obstacle—oh, any number of things!

Two very remarkable changes had taken place that day in Harvey Reid's relations with Miss Elliott—relations which for so long had been entirely on a quiet taking-it-for-granted basis. She had become an enigma to him. And when a woman becomes an enigma to a man—well, it's rather dangerous to the man's peace of mind, isn't it? And he had seen her suddenly for an illuminated moment as a strange and lovely lady. Now never again could he ignore the fact that his secretary was a very alluring sort of creature.

Mr. Ernest Blackmar, advertising manager of the Pandora Hosiery Company, had invited Mr. Harvey Reid to dinner that night at the Hotel Royal. Mr. Blackmar wanted Mr. Reid to give his personal attention to some grave problems that were bothering him in placing on the market a new brand of hosiery for women. Mr. Blackmar must have imagined that night that Mr. Reid's thoughts were more profound than ever, for Mr. Reid seemed quite entirely absorbed. His heavy battling jaw rested on his beautifully manicured hand. His clear gray eyes were clouded. Mr. Blackmar, a diffident and nervous little person, was hugely flattered at the concentration of attention which the great Mr. Reid was giving to the affairs which Mr. Blackmar had placed before him. With an imperious wave of his hand he ordered the waiter to bring more cigars.

"I'll have to think these matters over, Blackmar," Harvey Reid said at last in his deep sonorous voice. "I'll let you know in a day or two." And he made several notes in a small leather-bound book. The notes were to be referred to Miss Elliott later. With a sense of anguish Mr. Reid wondered how much longer he would have Miss Elliott to whom to refer these notes.

After dinner Harvey sauntered to his bachelor apartment in Madison Avenue. But even here in these well-known and luxurious quarters he could not leave his worries behind. He mixed himself a drink consisting of a pale-amber liquid, blocks of ice and vichy, and placing it on a low table flung himself into a deep leather chair beneath the warm glow of a reading lamp. He lighted one of Mr. Blackmar's good cigars. He wanted to think with every appurtenance of comfortable thinking close at hand.

Like all unmarried men, Harvey Reid had every now and then considered seriously the advisability of marrying. He had weighed against the undeniable benefits of the married state the no less undeniable advantages of the single state. Heretofore the single state had always won. He was so comfortable and so independent. He had his friends, his clubs, he had the companionship of exceedingly nice women whenever he wanted it—above everything, he had the right to do exactly as he pleased when he pleased. There was also the economic phase of it. He had plenty of money to support a family, and yet not enough to afford all the luxuries which his income permitted him to lavish on himself alone—undoubtedly a selfish point of view. But there it was!

But never before had he thought so seriously of marriage as he did to-night. And the marriage he contemplated was marriage with Ida Elliott. She would be of invaluable assistance to him. Marriage would make her assistance his for life. And she was charming. He had never realized until to-day how pretty she was—just because of a new hat. Give her the right sort of clothes, such as he could give her, and she'd be a wonder—the sort of wife of whom any man would be proud. Always she would be at home to help him. It was delightful, that thought! He had a satisfying vision of himself at the moment showing Ida the notes he had jotted down in his notebook, getting her advice on the problems of that tiresome little Blackmar chap. What was the good old-fashioned word? Oh, yes! Helpmates! What better basis could there be for marriage than the one expressed in that good old-fashioned word? Of course he would miss her at the office. There were lots of matters that at home she could not arrange for him.

And then an even more daring, an even more triumphant thought came to Harvey. Why couldn't he persuade her to continue with her job at the office even after she married him? It could be done. He was sure it could be done. He had noticed her characteristics sufficiently to be aware that she was an awfully independent little thing, cherishing her independence as much as he did his own. What was all the rot you read about woman's independence to-day anyway? What was the word you ran across everywhere? Feminism! Yes, that was it! There must be any number of books on the subject. There must be hundreds of arguments why a woman should continue with her job even after marriage. He determined to stop at the library the first thing in the morning and find out what he could find out.

Harvey Reid's mind was made up. His worries evaporated. He went to bed and slept with the greatest tranquility.

Reid's courtship of Ida Elliott was a nine days' wonder in the office of the Day Advertising Agency. It would be hard to say how soon the gang was on to it, but once they were on they reveled in it.

"My only fear," said little Will Penniman, "is that Ida will fall for him. Now really, do you think it possible that she could fall for that big stiff?"

"There's the other man," said Bill Stedman, who was little Will's most proficient ally in the discussion of office news.

"What other man?" asked Jack West.

"What other man?" repeated Bill Stedman scornfully. "You heard the rumor that Ida was to be married, didn't you? There must be some other man."

"He must be a pretty weak-kneed sister," said little Will gloomily, "if he continues to let old Harvey rush Ida in this way. My only fear is—well, I said all that before. But Harvey is so darned good-looking. I dare say any number of dames would fall for his looks. Women always judge by appearances. Think how the sales of Tessum's Talcum Powder have jumped since they put it in that fancy new package. It's the same powder, but the box is prettier and now women are gobbling it up like mad. Oh, women!" he concluded indignantly.

"You'd better not express those views before Mrs. Penniman," suggested someone.

"Well, some women!" amended little Will with a rueful smile.

Meanwhile Harvey Reid and Ida Elliott were carrying on their affairs aloof from and apparently indifferent to all this office chatter. Ida had given Harvey a most surprised look when he had invited her to dinner. In the four years she had been his secretary this was the first time it had happened. There was that to be said for Harvey. For all his good looks he did not try to force flirtations with any of the girls in the office.

"Why are you asking me, Mr. Reid?" she said, gazing up at him as he stood beside her desk, with wide

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You've Seen a Cartoonist on the Vaudeville Stage Drawing Rapid Sketches on a Large Block of Paper. Well, Harvey's Performance Was Something Like That

The Verdict—Mild Havana

THE present trend is, obviously, toward cigars of the milder type having *full Havana* fillers, like Robt. Burns. In this connection the rapidly increasing popularity of Robt. Burns is worth a moment's thought.

In achieving mildness, coupled with Havana fragrance, Robt. Burns has steadily upheld the Havana tradition which no true smoker would dispense with willingly.

The natural vigor of his *full Havana filler* is tempered to just the right degree of fragrant mildness.

All hand workmanship goes into Robt. Burns. His leaf is rolled by men who understand how good cigars are made.

Experienced dealers know the futility of offering "just-as-good" for Robt. Burns. But let your own smoke palate be the judge. Mild Robt. Burns is bound to back up good words with good deeds.

General Cigar Co., Inc.
119 West 40th Street, New York City

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY*?

Robt. Burns Cigar

ROBT BURNS
Longfellow
Foil-wrapped
15c
Box of 25—$3.50

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Air Supremacy

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

TWO months after the armistice was signed an airplane service was established in Germany with a single plane operating between two large cities. At the commencement of this year there are more than a hundred airplanes, having a total value in excess of 5,000,000 marks, covering regular passenger and express routes in Germany. This marvelous development in aëronautics by the Teutons is only a part indication of what the German nation is attempting to accomplish in its struggle to regain position and prestige among the leading nations of the earth.

The peace treaty carefully specifies that Germany is to surrender all of her aëronautical war material and must produce nothing in the line of airplanes for six months after the ratification of the treaty. The delay in concluding the peace treaty has given Germany her opportunity and the Teutons have certainly availed themselves of the chance afforded them. They are catching up in advance and are preparing for the six months of inactivity in aircraft construction that will follow the final acceptance of the treaty. Let no one doubt that when the half year of idleness has passed the German aircraft factories will be well prepared to go ahead faster than ever. It is also well that every American should thoroughly understand that a large commercial air fleet can be easily and quickly transformed into a powerful military fleet.

Admiral Scott, of the British Navy, says: "The battleship is dead; the future is with the airplane. The big battleship of to-day costs $35,000,000, carries 1000 shells containing 100,000 pounds of high explosive and has an effective range of about fifteen miles. Such a monster ship is vulnerable to both airplanes and submarines. In building this kind of a battle unit we put all of our eggs into one basket.

"For the sum of $35,000,000 we could build a number of airplane-carrying ships equipped with airplanes carrying over 100,000 pounds of high explosive. These air machines would carry fuel sufficient for five hours and have a range of 150 miles out and 150 miles back. The single battleship in peacetime will cost in the neighborhood of $900,000 a year for upkeep, which includes fuel, provisions and salaries of officers and men. The airplane carrying ships in peacetime could be used as passenger ships and the airplanes could be placed in commercial service; both would produce a revenue for the nation. The officers and men to form the crews of the ships and planes would belong to the merchant navy.

"The object in war is to introduce high explosive material into your enemy's ships or country. When this high explosive is transmitted by guns the container in which it is held must be strong and heavy to withstand the shock of discharge. It takes a battleship weighing 30,000 tons to carry 100,000 pounds of explosive. Ten airplanes weighing three tons each will carry the same amount, so that the relative weights of the carriers is as thirty tons to 30,000 tons. When the battleship commences to run out of coal or ammunition she must waddle home at a speed of about eighteen or twenty miles an hour. When the airplane needs fuel she comes back at a hundred miles an hour and is able to take on her new supplies in from three to five minutes."

Another noted Englishman, Lord Fisher by name, makes these pertinent remarks: "The prodigious aircraft development about to be consummated knocks out the British fleet, makes invasion practicable, cancels our country being an island and transforms the atmosphere into the battle ground of the future. Ships will be about as useful in the next war as bows and arrows would be to-day. As the locusts swarmed over Egypt, so will the aircraft swarm in the heavens carrying inconceivable cargoes of men and bombs, some fast, some slow. A number of these machines will act in the capacity of battle cruisers, others as destroyers. All of these weapons will be comparatively cheap and will require but few men to serve as a crew. The air will control the water. Unless all warships can get under the surface of the ocean they will be blown out of the water. Great Britain is wantonly wasting millions of money in the upkeep of ships that can't be used in war."

The Public Square in Stockholm Photographed From an Air Liner Arriving Over the City on its Maiden Flight. Above—Wagner's Music Hall at Bayreuth

PHOTOS, COPYRIGHT BY INTERNATIONAL, NEW YORK CITY

Palace of the Ex-Kaiser at Berlin

Such statements as the foregoing are direct in their meaning and come from foreign sources that are authoritative. Without any doubt the Germans have foreseen that salvation for them as a nation lies in securing a mastery of the air. During the few months that have passed since the ending of the war they have covered their country with a veritable network of aërial navigation routes. Right now Germany is reaching out for an overseas passenger and freight service through the air that will astonish the world. This is to be her answer to the loss of the German mercantile marine.

Before the middle of this year the Germans expect to have in operation a transatlantic service, provided the proper encouragement is offered on the American side of the ocean. The father of this immense project is the Hamburg-American Line, which corporation operates the vast fleet of German aircraft already in domestic service.

The Germans refer to the Zeppelins of one or two years ago as old junk. It is this junk which they were called upon to surrender to the Allies in accordance with the terms of the armistice. The new German airships are of a model known as the Bodensee type. These ships are equipped with cabins for twenty-five passengers. There are also a kitchen, an up-to-date restaurant and a wireless station on each vessel. These ships have a length of 400 feet and require 700,000 cubic feet of gas, which gives each vessel a carrying capacity of more than ten tons. The Bodensee carries more than five tons of cargo in addition to passengers. Its four engines develop 1100 horse power and give the ship a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. At this rate of travel these vessels will make the trip from Bremen to New York in about forty-two hours.

The Bodensee airship of the Germans was designed and constructed in record time. Its builders ran a race with the Entente statesmen, who were busily engaged in debating the pros and cons of the peace treaty. It has so happened that the Germans won the race and these big Bodensee ships are now sailing through the air over dozens of German routes. But the Teutons have not been satisfied with this one achievement and they are now constructing other airships at the Zeppelin works in Friedrichshafen which will be considerably larger than the ships already in service. From the outlook at the time of this writing these big vessels will also be completed before peace is finally established.

Commercial aviation in Germany, though being conducted as a private enterprise, is receiving the strongest possible encouragement from the present government. All of the large German cities are encouraging the development

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Gainaday Any Day

DAINTY CURTAINS, delicate under-garments, or rag rugs and rough clothes—anything—can be cleansed *any day* with the Gainaday.

This sturdy household helper is always ready. It saves time for other things on wash-day—it saves strength, saves clothes—and at little cost. Without strain, without effort on your part, the Gainaday frees the clothes of all the grease and dirt. What a contrast to the old rub-board way!

And it wrings the clothes as well, from tub to tub and into the basket. For the swinging wringer runs by electric power, too.

An interesting circular, "For an Easier and Shorter Washday" will be sent on request. It's easy for you to get a Gainaday

PITTSBURGH GAGE & SUPPLY COMPANY, *Manufacturers*
3012 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Tires Built "Surgeon Grade"

Why You Hear So Much About Millers

A conspicuous fact in the tire world today is the amount of talk about Millers.

Nearly everybody hears it.

There are countless tales of remarkable mileage, of tire cost cut 25 per cent to 50 per cent, of freedom from trouble, of treads that never wear off.

Some of these tales are misleading. We get them by the thousands, but we never quote them. Tire service, with the best tire, is affected by conditions.

But hundreds of thousands have been won to Millers by other men's experiences. The Miller Tire has become a sensation. And half of Tiredom doubtless wonders how we gained our great advantage.

24 Years in Fine Rubber

Miller is the youngest of the great tires—a little more than 10 years old.

But for 24 years we have specialized in super-grade rubber goods. For long we made them for hospitals and medical men only. And today our finest rubber goods are known as "Surgeon Grade."

There are numerous fine lines, including surgeons' gloves, where Miller holds supreme place.

When we started tires we applied the same high standards there. We built them "Surgeon Grade."

Tread Patented

Center tread smooth with suction cup, for firm hold on wet asphalt. *Geared-to-the-road* side treads, to mesh like cogs in dirt.

Our Exacting Methods

We don't use rubber as it comes — it varies so.

Eight years of factory tire tests have shown us what is best. So we test each batch of rubber. Then the varying types are selected to exactly meet requirements.

That's one great reason why Miller Tires are uniform.

We insist that treads must always outlast balance of tires.

Countless tests have taught us the requirements, but we take no chance. Every lot of tread stock is vulcanized in our laboratory, then tested for endurance, before we make a tread.

Never a tire built under this method has ever come back with the tread gone.

From Los Angeles

The Eldorado Stage Co., one of the largest users of tires in the world, tested 22 leading makes. The tests were made on 12-passenger Packard Busses, running 153 miles daily and weighing 8,600 pounds loaded.

In this supreme test, Miller Tires won by long odds — against 21 rivals — on long-distance uniformity.

Fabric and Cord Tests

We spend $300 daily just for testing our fabrics and our cords.

Cords which meet our requirements cost $2 per pound at this writing. An average-size tire uses 7 pounds. Yet no fabric or cord which fails in these tests ever goes in a Miller Tire.

Each tire is signed. A record is kept of the maker and inspector. If a tire comes back we learn the reason, and those at fault are penalized.

Testing for Mileage

Eight machines in our factory, each carrying two rear tires, are run night and day to show mileage. On these geared-up machines each tire is run 650 miles daily under road conditions until we wear it out.

The average required in these factory tests is 15,000 miles on Cords and 7,000 miles on Fabrics.

We constantly aim to have Millers excel every rival tire. So leading makes are constantly tested against them. Thus a thousand tires yearly are worn out, to certify to us the Miller supremacy.

That's Why Men Talk

There are many other extreme methods. From time to time we'll tell you of them here.

Those are the reasons why Miller Tires have won the place they hold.

That's why users have multiplied so fast. And why men, the country over, talk of Miller Tire performance.

Test one Miller against any tire you like, and you will have a new conception of what modern tires can do.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Uniform *Geared-to-the-Road* Tires—Also Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—Team-Mates of Uniform Tires—Makers also of Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods for Homes as well as Hospitals.

Miller Tires

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

Registered U. S. Patent Office

Cords or Fabrics

(Continued from Page 34)

of this new industry by providing landing fields for the aviators. The leading officials of all of the important towns are keenly alive to the benefits that are likely to accrue from having their home city on the aviation map. Air travel is viewed by the Teutons as a serious business and not a momentary fad. Travelers entering Germany by water from Denmark are met at the ferry landing in Warnemünde by agents who arrange traveling accommodations for all who desire to go to Berlin by the air route. The journey by rail consumes five hours, while the trip through the air is less than one hour. The planes and airships depart and arrive on scheduled time.

As an indication that air transportation is something more than a passing fancy with the German people we have only to examine the elaborate detail which has been applied to the practical conduct of this infant industry. Through the medium of automobiles the air service is extended to the home and the office of the possible patron. If Herr Schmidt receives a telegram at the breakfast table calling him to Dresden he immediately phones the Hamburg-American Line, ordering a ticket for the ten o'clock plane, and if he is a careful traveler it is likely that his order will also include an insurance policy. At nine-thirty an automobile stops at the door of his home, picking him up, and a little later he and other passengers who are booked for this same plane are deposited at the aërodrome, where an agent hands them tickets, insurance policies and aviation suits, the loan of which latter is included in the fare. At the landing place in Dresden another automobile picks up Herr Schmidt and his fellow passengers and conveys them to their various destinations in the city. Those who have brief engagements can arrange to be back in Berlin for dinner on the evening of that same day.

The first regular passenger airship route in the world was established in Germany when a daily service was inaugurated between Berlin and Friedrichshafen. This route has now been extended northward to include Stockholm, Sweden. The second route in Germany covered the distance from Berlin to Weimar and soon became a favorite line of travel for newspaper correspondents, government officials and delegates to the National Assembly. The fare for this journey was 440 marks for an hour's ride. The railroad trip consumed five hours and cost fifty marks. The success of the Weimar line caused the establishment of other routes from Berlin to Leipsic, Munich, Hanover, Gelsenkirchen and Warnemünde. Regular airplane terminals have been constructed at all of these points.

I have it on the authority of one who has just returned from Germany and who has carefully investigated air travel there that the cost of transportation by plane in that country is but little more than railroad travel in the United States. Figuring the average charges as four marks a mile and basing the estimate on the present rate of exchange it is evident that the Teutons travel through the air at a per mile cost which is equivalent to about eight cents in American money. In the matter of aëro express the charge is a flat rate of twenty-five marks a package, which must not exceed ten pounds. First-class mail is carried at a rate of one mark for letters weighing up to one-half ounce and one mark fifty for letters in excess of this weight but not exceeding one-half pound, which is the limit for first-class mail packages. Newspapers are also carried and the big Berlin dailies print special early out-of-town airplane editions prominently marked "Flugzeug-Ausgabe," printed plainly above the name of the paper. At ten o'clock each morning the Weimar newsboys are selling that day's airplane editions of the Berlin morning papers.

Notwithstanding the fact that Germany is a defeated nation and has been passing through the throes of bloody revolutions that country has probably made more rapid advances toward perfecting a practical commercial system of aviation during the past year than any other people on earth. Anyone who is inclined to believe that the Teutons have been eliminated as a factor that no longer should be reckoned with in world affairs had better review such facts as those here presented with the idea of modifying such an erroneous opinion. The Germans may be sadly lacking in certain sentimental qualities and it is probably true that they are a race of cold-blooded humans; however, they seem to possess an ability to transform dreams into commercial facts.

The Coal-Mining Muddle

IT IS nothing more than plain common sense that a man should attempt to capitalize his mistakes. What is good for the individual is usually good for the nation. The Government and the people of the United States have continued to trifle with such a serious thing as the country's coal industry ever since this business of mining fuel became an enterprise of vital importance to national welfare. It is time that the press, the public and the politicians quit fooling with a buzz saw that might easily decapitate them and settled down to the grave task of erecting safeguards that will make our national coal industry a profitable and beneficial piece of industrial machinery rather than a dangerous Juggernaut with a periodical appetite for helpless and innocent victims.

I don't intend to assume that it is necessary to point out how essential is an adequate fuel supply to the nation's life. Coal was the foundation on which Great Britain built its world supremacy. The British people are trembling to-day for fear some force, human or mechanical, will weaken the strength and solidarity of this base on which a great world empire has been built. America would have been helpless in the war if it had not been for her hundreds of millions of tons of coal. If the United States succeeds in holding a dominant position among the nations of the earth her success will result from possession of a superior supply of fuel.

Bird's-eye View at an Anthracite Colliery. These Vast Culm Banks, Created by Past Mining in the Anthracite Field of Pennsylvania, are Now Being Reclaimed and are Helping to Relieve the Scarcity That Exists in the Small Sizes of Hard Coal

A thousand economists may point to remedies for our social ills, but all of this advice must prove futile unless the problem is attacked at its base. The foundation of all industry is power and the greatest producer of power now and in the immediate future will be coal. Not one person in a hundred realizes that here in the United States alone the substitution of mechanical means for doing work is already equal to the total human energy that would be expended by more than three billion workmen. In other words, the mechanical power derived from coal, oil and water in this country affords us a present service which if done by men would require an additional working population one hundred times as great as that which now exists. This calculation, as is evident, is based on the assumption that only thirty million people in the United States expend energy on useful work.

The very best estimates indicate that we have remaining in the territories of the United States less than ninety barrels of oil per inhabitant. If present practices continue we will procure not more than fifteen per cent of the value out of this crude oil. Petroleum, therefore, will not provide us with a solution for our fuel problem. Water power is going to help America in a magnificent way. If all of the water power available in this country were to be harnessed to-day this resource would take care of more than one-half of our total power requirements as they exist at the present time. Out of somewhere between seventy and one hundred million possible hydroelectric horse power we have so far utilized only six or seven million horse power, which though helpful is not a development of great importance when we view it in the light of our total requirements. There is no doubt that the coming years will see a much more rapid multiplication of hydroelectric power stations; but in the meantime let us not deceive ourselves with any idea that coal is soon to be displaced as the absolute monarch ruling our industrial destinies.

There is not one good reason why the United States should be cast into the throes of industrial agony every two or three years because of a dispute between the coal operators and miners. The ownership and operation of coal mines never has been a safe and lucrative business for capital in America to engage in. In making this statement I refer to the bituminous industry and have in mind the operation of coal mines over a period of years. Six or seven years ago the soft-coal business in this country was about as poor an investment as it was possible to select. In certain states the whole coal industry was in a condition bordering on bankruptcy. Then the war came along and an abnormal situation developed, which resulted very favorably to most of the owners of coal mines. Fuel being the greatest of all war necessities, it is not surprising that the colliery owners and the miners succeeded in carrying on a profitable business.

The capacity of the coal mines of the United States is far beyond the normal fuel requirements of the country. Notwithstanding the very material depletion of mine labor, America still has a surplus of miners. These latter men are not such a bad sort as the public have been led to believe by their demands in the matter of hours and wages. It is one of those situations where a body of men have attempted to take things into their own hands and remedy a deplorable situation which could and should have been corrected years ago.

Though I do not hold that the miners are blameless, I wish to convey the thought that there has been a sad deficiency in straight thinking and direct action on the part of those among us who have been invested with power to rectify national ills. The coal miners of America have been engaged in a business that has been more lacking in stability than any other great enterprise common to our daily life. In the summertime, when there are plenty of railroad cars and when all of the physical conditions are propitious for mining and hauling coal, there is only a small market for the product and most of the mines in the country are compelled to curtail their operations. In some fields the mines work two or three days a week during the summer months. In other districts many of the collieries are even obliged to shut down entirely. This means that the coal miners are unable to earn a living wage in the mines for months at a time.

During the cold months of the year, when fuel is a popular commodity, the nation's collieries are called upon to produce a maximum quantity of fuel. This urgent demand for coal comes at a time when transportation conditions are congested because of inclement weather and the result is that unless coal is given preferential treatment, as was the case during the war, the car supply during the winter is insufficient and the mines are frequently compelled to remain idle at a critical time due to a lack of coal cars.

No class of workmen ever has been satisfied with seasonal employment. The miners of the United States have waited for someone to change their business into an occupation that will give them steady employment. The chief reason for the demand for a six-hour day was because the miners are determined to bring about an equalization of the

work. If the men were given six days' employment at their present rate of wages there would be very little discontent among the rank and file of them. Such steady work being out of the question under the present arrangement the miners have put forth demands which if granted would increase the cost of bituminous coal something like two dollars a ton, or more than one billion dollars a year, based on the 1919 requirements.

The situation in America and the situation in the coal industry of Great Britain are hardly parallel cases. There is a market for practically all of the coal that the British mines can produce. The coal seams in England and Scotland are deep beds that are difficult to work. The production of the British miner is far less than the individual output of the miner in the United States. There is a limit beyond which it is impossible to increase the price of coal to the general public. This maximum price was reached in England some time ago. The miners over there realizing that further increases in wages were going to be difficult to obtain proposed nationalization, to the end that the operation of the mines and the sale of coal at less than cost of production may be supported by taxation. The English labor leaders maintained that small consumers would not have to bear a great part of this tax, at least not directly, and it was argued that opposition to nationalization of the collieries could not come from the masses and therefore would not be successful.

I have said that the American situation is unlike that in Great Britain. This is true so far as the physical conditions in the mines are concerned. But whereas the British have high costs largely as a result of difficult mining problems and low production, America has a serious high-cost factor in our seasonal operation. It is therefore likely that unless a remedy is soon applied here in the United States our miners, like the British, will ask for nationalization so that coal can be mined at a loss and the deficit recovered through taxation. Such action in this country is so wholly needless that its consummation is unthinkable.

How, therefore, can we stabilize our coal industry and remedy a serious industrial condition? In the steel industry the products of the mills can easily be stored during a slack season. Furthermore, the steel business is largely in the hands of large companies that are able to finance their operations until demand has caught up with production. The storage possibilities in coal are limited. Lumber improves with storage; shoes and textiles can be easily warehoused. With coal, and particularly the bituminous variety, it is quite different. Though many grades of coal will stand storage, none of them are improved by it and quite a few kinds of coal deteriorate through storage. It would require sixteen times as much space to store the nation's total yearly production of bituminous coal as would be needed to store the nation's supply of iron and steel products. The cost of handling a bulky material like coal from storage is very great. The breakage in rehandling is considerable and, as everyone knows, lump coal is always worth more than the smaller grades. Notwithstanding all of this, however, one of the solutions lies in a wider storage of coal during the so-called slack months of the year.

Since 1890 the bituminous coal mines in the United States have worked only eighty-three per cent of a possible 300 days each year. The lowest averages have occurred since 1910, if we leave out the abnormal years during the war. In 1914 the mines worked only 195 days. In 1919 the average of days worked was about the same as in 1914. It should not be hard, therefore, for anyone to understand how great is the burden on this business with more than 100 idle days each year. A careful investigation of many mining operations will indicate that the cost of mining coal will vary as much as sixty cents a ton from one month to another, depending on the number of hours the mines are idle.

It should not be forgotten that a coal mine is quite a different proposition from a manufacturing plant. The owners may close the doors of a factory and not employ anyone but a watchman to guard the plant. The situation in a mine is wholly different. The forces of Nature work unceasingly. There are roof and floor movements that change the haulways; there are also gas exudations and inflows of water to contend with. If a mine were to remain idle and to be left unattended for a few weeks the property losses would be enormous. In the business of mining the costs go on even if coal is not produced.

An investigation of the records will show that during the summer months the production of bituminous coal in the United States will average from twenty-three to thirty million tons a month. During the height of the rush in the winter season the production of soft coal averages from forty-six to fifty million tons a month. It is not necessary to call in an efficiency expert to explain just what are the ill effects resulting from a seasonal variation of 100 per cent in output. It is also unnecessary to furnish proofs to support the statement that the employees of an industry having such fluctuations cannot be a contented body of workmen.

This failure to equalize the load factor in coal mining has other effects that are far-reaching. The railroads of the country own 974,547 coal-carrying cars. Coal furnishes from thirty-three to thirty-five per cent of the nation's total railroad traffic. On certain roads, however, this fuel transportation business amounts to sixty per cent of the total freight moved. These so-called coal roads are put to quite an expense in their efforts to find storage room for their coal cars during the warm months when the coal markets are stagnant. Cars in storage not only afford no revenue to the owning company but they deteriorate rapidly during the period of disuse. In the fall months, when the coal rush commences, the railroads are compelled to gather together a small army of semiskilled workmen, which force is subjected to expensive training in order that these men may be developed into an efficient working machine. The seasonal rush in coal, therefore, is a costly matter to many of the nation's largest railroad companies.

If what I have already stated is true, and the facts in the case will bear me out, it follows that the chief cause of the high cost of mining and transporting coal is due very largely to the seasonal nature of the business. This situation, which can be remedied, is driving the miners to absurd lengths. The same situation is responsible for a great waste in the handling and transportation of coal and for large excesses in the production methods of the operators. Every penny of these unnecessary charges finally reverts to the consumer, who is paying the bill for his lack of interest in a national problem. I am not one of those who believe in the nationalization of our coal mines, but I am convinced that the production and distribution of coal should be subjected to a policy of fair and just regulation.

There may be a lesson for the bituminous-coal industry in the history of anthracite. In the ten years from 1891 to 1900 the average working time of the mine workers in the anthracite region ranged from 150 days in 1897 to 209 days in 1891, with a mean average of 170 days. The entire anthracite industry was demoralized and a great strike occurred in 1902. President Roosevelt appointed a commission and the hard-coal business emerged from its difficulties plus a Board of Conciliation, which body—composed of representatives of the operators and the miners—has continued in power from that time to the present day. Following the inauguration of this plan of settling all difficulties by conciliation the working time in the hard-coal mines increased gradually to 229 days in 1910. Since 1911 the average number of days worked each year in the anthracite collieries has never fallen below 230 and has averaged 255 days in the decade just ending.

In the seventeen years of its existence the Anthracite Board of Conciliation has settled more than 600 cases, comparatively few of which have had to be referred to the umpire provided for in the award of the 1902 Anthracite Commission. The establishment of the Board of Conciliation has created a new order of things in the anthracite region. Acting purely as a common-sense court it has established its reputation as a just tribunal and has created in the miners a sense of security that certainly never existed in the precarious days prior to 1902. It is further a fact that since the creation of the Conciliation Board, more than seventeen years ago, there has been no general strike of hard-coal miners. There were suspensions in April, 1912, and again in 1916, pending the renewal of the wage agreements, but these were of short duration and peaceful in character. They took place in the spring of the year and were more in the nature of vacations. There's a lot of difference in the intent back of a cessation of coal mining in April and a cessation in November.

There have been a number of purely local strikes in the anthracite field affecting individual mines, but such aggravations will never be eliminated as long as human nature persists. The Board of Conciliation, however, holds fast to the rule that no grievance shall be brought before it for action while the men at the mine in question are on strike. This policy has acted as a restraining influence. The hearings before the Board of Conciliation are informal in character and the proceedings are marked by an absence of legal talent. However, the parties with grievances and their witnesses are carefully cross-examined and the truth is generally revealed. A case is never brought to the board until the employer and the local mine boss have found that it is quite impossible for them to adjust the difference that has risen between them.

It is also interesting to note that the better order of things in the anthracite field since 1902 has not been solely a matter of an increase in the total annual working time. In addition there has been an increase in wages of something like eighty-five per cent. In the first decade following the stabilization of the hard-coal business the production per man per day increased materially, but in the second decade the individual daily tonnage showed a drop due to the reduction of the day from nine to eight hours. This does not bear out the common assertion that due to a higher intensity of effort as much can be produced in a short day as in a day of more hours.

There is no doubt that the present prosperity in the hard-coal regions is due largely to the operation of that splendid body known as the Conciliation Board. The question is, can a similar court be established to administer in case of bituminous disputes? Perhaps on investigation this will be proved to be impossible. The anthracite mines are all situated in a small area of one state. The collieries are all owned by a few large companies, which renders it possible to centralize the control of the hard-coal business in a few men. Bituminous coal is mined in twenty-seven states and various producing districts are in competition for the same markets. Because of this wide distribution of soft coal it has never been possible to bring about unified action. The bituminous operators are always confronted by the nation's antitrust laws whenever they attempt concerted action in the regulation of their industry.

If the bituminous industry cannot adopt measures similar to those now in force in the anthracite field the only other course left open is the immediate enactment of national legislation providing for the creation of a permanent fuel regulatory body of a nonpartisan character and extended tenure of office. This commission should have full authority to collect all necessary information both from the producers and from the officers of organized labor. Its findings and recommendations would become automatically enforceable except in the matter of hours of labor and rate of compensation paid to the miners. In the case of hours and wages the findings of the commission would be made public for the use of employers and employees. Such a Federal body would be able to make public correct information concerning the cost of producing coal, the profits derived by the owners of the mines, the annual earnings of employees and the number of hours and days worked per year.

This body would also be able to coöperate with the railroads in the establishment of seasonal freight rates on coal so as to encourage the transportation of fuel during the summer months, when hauling conditions are most favorable. It would have power to suggest a scale of coal prices that would permit the purchase of coal during the summer months at a lower price. This would be in line with the policy of summer price reductions that is now followed in the sale of anthracite. Such things as the promulgation and enforcement of laws governing the safety of mine employees, the development of methods tending to conservation and the enlargement of our export trade would be a part of the duties of this proposed commission.

One thing is certain: the present conditions surrounding the production and distribution of bituminous coal are antiquated and unsatisfactory. The soft-coal miners in this country are determined to establish a situation that will provide them with larger earnings. These men are thoroughly organized. In many parts of the country the union assessments run from fifteen to forty-three cents a day worked per man. I have before me the record of certain mines in the Middle West and I find that the average daily assessments of all the union men employed at these properties is thirty-one cents a man. This amounts to 4.6 per cent of the total daily wages paid to the miners working at these properties.

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THE PHILIPPINE SITUATION

The Manila Hotel

By Gregorio Nieva

Editor of The Philippine Review

FACTS are loathsome things and extremely difficult for the average person to absorb. I thoroughly agree with those who so affirm, particularly if the facts are uncomfortable, and one is preinclinedly loath to absorb them. But those who are upright sometimes have to swallow steelcold facts.

That may be why the late President McKinley's wonderful instructions were so utterly unknown in America and their letter and spirit followed or ignored here according as it seemed advisable or not so to do.

Under one deeply blue sky, under one gloriously starry firmament, there lived a people—the Filipino people—who in the course of ages dwelt together peacefully, with no racial difficulties. Later, however, they were classified by an intruder into natives and European or Chinese mestizos—half-castes. But fortunately for all, because of advanced social conditions, the classification is now in disuse. I should say, however, that it did not fail—as it was malignly intended—to work evils on us, and indeed fairly divided the people of the country—particularly in Manila—into pure-blooded and half-blooded Filipinos. In fact, some in times gone by, and even recently, felt they could and tried to be of either race—but only to their sorrowful disappointment. It proved a sad lesson to them, but made them good—very good. Half-castes are, therefore, no longer half-castes. They are no more, and are happy to be no more, so to speak. For under their former classification they were neither of one side nor the other.

Distinctions Wiped Out

YES, we are all Filipinos, nothing but Filipinos, as you are all Americans in New York, nothing but Americans—notwithstanding your numberless Jews there; notwithstanding your Italian, Greek, Russian, Irish and other foreign admixtures, which greatly reduce your genuinely American population in that wonderful city and which in the end are the great labor factors there. This besides your foreign bombs, Bolshevist or pro-Russian meetings, and other foreign-element outrages.

Yes, you are all Americans.

We could properly, however, be divided into primitive and present-day Filipinos, if you please—but all Filipinos after all—and under this universal term we would be more in accord with the modern division of peoples by countries or places. On the other hand, it would be improper to follow another classification as it would not be proper to place the population of America under any term other than American.

Don't you see it?

Thus we hope to obliterate hereafter the great possibilities of unpardonable mistakes in Philippine geography, such as the placing—to quote a recent instance—of the Bukidnons, whose corner of the Philippines is far away down south, in Mindanao, as at the northeast of the Tagalogs—that is, on the Pacific Ocean or thereabout; or making Davao, a portion of the large-sized island of Mindanao, as an island by itself, as an American on the Escolta would try authoritatively to impress the readers of a California paper. Such mistakes would be no more hereafter. And this is really important as a step, particularly for army officers, who notwithstanding their professed knowledge inch by inch of one country's topography or geography—as you may prefer to call it—may however find such conglomeration of regional names really confusing.

And I hope this will be highly appreciated by all—not less by the high-pitch-voiced Tagalogs, who bring to my memory the also high-pitch-voiced fellows I met at the St. Francis or the Blackstone or the Congress or the Pennsylvania or the Waldorf-Astoria or the Plaza or the Palais Royal or the Century Grove and other hotels.

Thus we Filipinos, now numbering almost 11,000,000 after our heavy losses through influenza last year—similar to losses through a similar cause elsewhere the world over—we all will come under the only logical classification: Filipinos, instead of Tagalogs, Pampangans, Bukidnons and Ilocanos.

After all in a quite recent opinion of former President Taft to him all Filipinos were alike.

A very prominent journalist in the States told me that one of the great factors of strong nationalities was marriage between men and women of different races. He doubtless meant certain racial intermixtures. This can be clearly seen in purely animal life. Indeed, crossbreeding has been wonderfully practiced in the improvement of, say, horses, cattle and other animals. And as we are subject to the same laws of Nature, marriage, which is man's refined word for breeding, must have—as it has—its proper function in human racial life.

Racial Strength in Intermarriage

WHEN I told him that the Filipino people from time immemorial had been practicing intermarriage, chiefly with Europeans and Orientals; that thousands and thousands of families are the result of offspring of said intermarriage, and that to-day quite a few hundred cases of marriage between Americans and Filipinos are of record in churches or courts either here or in the States. I told him also that most of these marriages are happy and that the percentage of unhappy ones is surprisingly small. But these latter should cause no surprise whatsoever, for such unhappy cases are not unusual even between Americans themselves. On the contrary they are rather an everyday happening in America, as evidenced by the endless cases of divorce resulting from the most varied and trifling causes.

Coming back to this matter of racial intermarriage, the Filipino people, as all know, were from the Malay stock. But to-day they are a stronger mixture that has acquired quite fixed lines, quite definite peculiarities, physically and mentally, chiefly as a result of marital contact with both Westerners and Easterners and of education, religion and other sundry causes. Thus, at least in the matter of racial intermarriage, the country has one of the qualifications for a strong nationality.

As I said elsewhere, the people of the islands should properly be divided into primitive and present-day Filipinos; the people of the more remote mountainous and other districts, whose former isolation prevented their contact with civilization, coming under the first classification; and the people of the plains, so to say, under the second.

I should like extensively to dwell on these primitive people, whose social life in itself is interesting and who are not altogether devoid of organization of their own. The Ifugaos of Northern Luzon, for instance, have their well-organized autonomous clans—sixty-five in number—which have developed an elaborate polytheistic religion similar and not at all inferior to the beliefs of ancient Greece and Rome.

University of the Philippines. Above—Vicente Madrigal, Esquire, a Philippine Millionaire

(Continued on Page 42)

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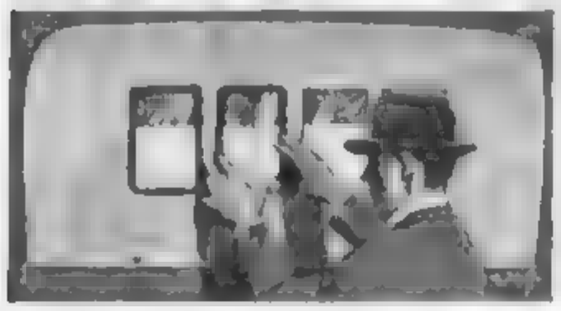

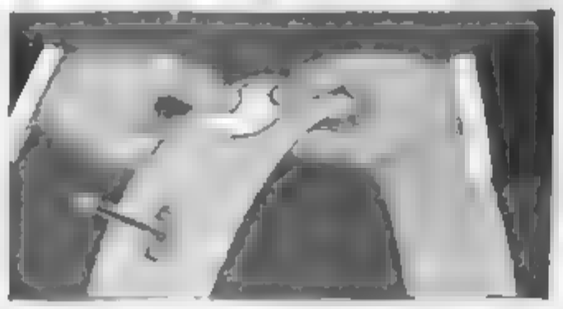

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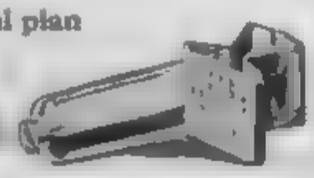

(Continued from Page 40)

And in the south the Sultanate of Sulu, which held that the adherence to the Koran and the Arabic civilization is the equal of that of the Spaniards, succeeded in maintaining itself against the latter through centuries of warfare and has never been conquered to this day. But for the sake of brevity let us take the mountain-province people as an instance. In its present status the mountain province comprises an area of about 6500 square miles, which for the sake of administrative efficiency was recently divided by the legislature, upon the recommendation of the present Secretary of the Interior, into seven subprovinces. The mountain province is properly the territory of the mountain people, or the Igorots, Ifugaos, Bontoks, Apayaos and Kalingas, whose backwardness and social conditions are always featured as a representative type of what the people of the whole islands are; or dwelt upon in talks, lectures or books against our aspirations for the better to an extent that is really becoming a nuisance and nerve-racking and to an extent that shows an utter lack of fairness.

During the Spanish régime and until the taking of the census of 1903 there were in operation not more than fourteen schools, with an average attendance not exceeding 400 children in all, according to the latest report of Governor Calvo of that province, which maximum figures possible were for 1880 or 1900 or 1903, and remained stationary until about 1910, for it was only in or about 1913 that the average attendance reached the mark of about 2000, according to the Bureau of Education—and this for and from a population of about 350,000. This is certainly a revelation of what the so much book or press-agented work in behalf of and for the non-Christian tribes consisted of in years just gone by—prior to 1916. Indeed it was—as it is—not enough to expose the people of the mountain province in books, slides or otherwise as wild people, head-hunters or the like. There is no gain in that, and the only thing to do is to act that actual results may be obtained.

Late in 1915—or on October twenty-sixth of that year—Act 2531, passed by the Philippine Legislature, gave a great impetus to educational work in the non-Christian provinces. This act appropriated the sum of 1,000,000 pesos for expenses of the Bureau of Education necessary for the construction, establishment, organization and operation of additional free insular primary schools in the territory inhabited by Mohammedans or other non-Christian Filipinos and to make the necessary provision for normal training of teachers for these primary schools; and this year there have been inaugurated, says Governor Calvo again, "124 primary schools, with a daily attendance of 9902 children and 241 teachers."

Besides there are five primary farm schools, with from five to ten hectares of experimental land each, and two high schools.

Bishop Brent's Good Work

I indeed can't see any room for comparison between these latter figures, made possible under our administration, and those of fourteen schools and about 400 school children—a little more later—dating back perhaps from the earliest period of the history of education in the mountain province and continuing until almost 1913; nor can I see any real efforts—other than fictionlike talks—or sympathetic action in behalf of the poor mountain people. And yet in a book published in 1914 about the Philippines by an American, formerly in the service of our government—if armed with an inexhaustible amount of patience and without allowing his blood to reach a boiling point, one can read that "In spite of all protestations to the contrary the Filipinos are absolutely without sympathy for the non-Christian peoples and have never voluntarily done anything for them, but on the contrary have shamelessly exploited them whenever opportunity has offered. They have never of themselves originated one single important measure for the benefit of their non-Christian neighbors and their attitude toward the measures which have been originated by Americans has always been one of active or passive opposition. Their real belief as to what should be done with the wild people is that they should be used if they can be made useful, but should be exterminated if they become troublesome."

Just compare this statement with facts and you will find its true sense or meaning. But forget it! Yes, forget it—that you may not come under the libel law of the old Philippine Commission by which you may go to jail for telling the truth but which never was applied to the author of the book quoted above, notwithstanding its awful contents.

Coming back to the matter of educational work, I must add that at the same time the Episcopal Church chiefly, of which Bishop Brent—now in New York, I understand—was formerly the head here, and the Belgian missionaries are efficiently coöperating in this educational work by giving instruction in lace making, weaving, silk production and other industries. Bishop Brent's missions also have printing and lithographic plants and a sawmill in connection with their several schools in the mountain province; a hospital, a settlement house, an agricultural school and a printing plant in Mindanao and Sulu. These missionaries are indeed doing splendid work and go even to the extent of defraying the expenses of some of the most brilliant boys of their schools for further education in the States.

The mountain public schools have already turned out about eighty census enumerators and quite a few young men for the late National Guard—all pure-blooded Igorots. And for several years both the constabulary and the scouts have found excellent recruits in large numbers among the primitive peoples of the mountain province. To quote another instance: There went to the States an Igorote boy under the name of J. M. Carino, who now signs himself as J. M. Carino, M. D. He is a graduate of the University of Chicago, B. S. and M. D., Rush Medical College, and already has spent a year as a resident physician in one of the largest hospitals of Pittsburgh. This would seem conclusively to show that there is no difference whatsoever between the substratum of an Igorote and that of any other man, be he from Europe or America—a matter of chance only.

The Spanish Classification

Farming—now becoming scientific—is also progressing under the most trying conditions, for our lands are not suited to an easy or very profitable cultivation; and coffee, cacao—or cocoa—potatoes, vegetable, kapok, maguey, tobacco, and so on, are now bringing into their homes a very substantial income, that runs high into many hundred of thousands of solid pesos. A peso is half a dollar, by the way.

One will thus see at once under what conditions the mountain people were forced to live—or perpetuated or neglected or forgotten, whatsoever you may please to call it—from the seizure of the islands until about 1916 and under what conditions they are working their way to-day. And as the latter will be given as much impetus as may be necessary or possible every year, it is easy to imagine what changes for the better will be brought about each time in social, educational, trade, business and other local conditions, as well as in the intercourse between them and the rest of the country. So there is no need to worry either about our so-called mountain and other primitive peoples or our common future. Futile so to worry! It is coming already. They are properly and devotedly being taken care of to-day. And as we have taken them as a representative type for discussion and as a similar work is being undertaken everywhere in the mountain province and in the department of Mindanao and Sulu I really don't see any further need of taking other types for review. We have enough with this.

For a thorough understanding of the word Moro, I should say—though I am not going to be very particular about this—that the Spaniards classified everybody who was not a Roman Catholic as a Moro or (infiel) non-Christian, though this word was particularly applied to Mohammedans or any person resembling in any way the Moors who invaded Spain for a little over or about 800 years. So in the Philippines the pagans or mountain people were termed Igorotes or Aetas or Ifugaos or otherwise, according to their abode; and the Mohammedans of Mindanao and Sulu, Moros.

Man was born naked both in body and spirit and remained so during the long, long trail of Biblical time. Progress, however, which is the final aim of all human pursuits, opened his eyes, made him look ahead, enabled him to see his nakedness and encouraged him to do his best to reach—though slowly—his present condition and

(Continued on Page 44)

MANHATTAN–where gold endures and dross is burned away

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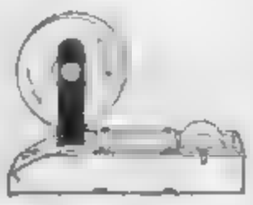

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Model VIII

(Continued from Page 42)

environment. And man is as he is to-day, after going through age after age, indefatigably following the always-on-the-go, unending process of civilization, which to the regret of humanity—unfortunately for the East, fortunately for the West—has not evenly reached all nooks and corners of the earth. Thus we see China, Korea, Tibet, Siberia, Java, India, Afghanistan, Africa, a major portion of Europe itself, and a good portion of both Americas still under the darkness of uncivilization. In this misfortune, however, the selfishness of man and the egotism of Europe's more-advanced countries are not altogether without a substantial bit of responsibility. I hope this will be thoroughly understood and will need no further detailed explanation, for students who have followed the trend of human record in all ages and places should be familiar with it.

Now They Pay Taxes

Our Moros and mountain people did not escape this sad fate. They, in fact, are still under its brunt. However, time and human efforts did not altogether fail to accomplish something for them, particularly in recent times, and it is not altogether backwardness that they are laboring under to-day. For the last four years they certainly have made wonderful strides forward because of new leadership, and to-day they are not the Moros of yesterday.

Yesterday they were paying no taxes, because they would not. To-day they are, because they are willing.

Yesterday they were altogether opposed to modern medication. To-day they are not. They have a fair sanitation system—with hospitals, dispensaries, doctors, trained personnel and nurses coming from what we might call—though improperly—their own people.

With the exception of a few schools—schools that were far behind the times, most of them run by religious institutions—they didn't know really and truly what modern education was. To-day they have graduate nurses, girls and boys in the Philippine Normal School, in the Manila High School, in many colleges of the Philippine University and in the United States. And in the department of Mindanao and Sulu—the Moroland proper—they have a complete educational system, with a primary school in almost every barrio or village or township and with intermediate, trade, normal and high schools in appropriate places. And a considerable portion of their children of school age are in schools to-day, taking to it at heart, assimilating themselves the blessing of civilization and making wonders in their new task and singing Philippines, My Philippines, with patriotic enthusiasm, with high spirit. It is indeed thrilling to see them making so good in their new life, as evidenced by the illustrations under this chapter, who as the first returns of our public schools are a veritable credit to the latter—and as school products—still unfinished—would certainly honor any school system, no matter where, not only in their physical and social development but chiefly from the standpoint of culture. Of course it will take some time to bring about entirely new conditions, but the latter will come surely. Run-amucks have, in fact, been practically unknown or unheard of during the last decade and this already means a great step forward. But for sure they will be a matter of the dead past pretty soon. In this connection the following letter is indeed charming:

"MANILA, August 18, 1919.

"*Dear Mr. Nieva:* You ask me about present conditions in the South—I mean to say, Mindanao and Sulu, so far as I personally know them to be. At first I thought I would have no end of news for you, but now I find I have none, if what you want to know is about our Moro troubles. Even Jolo, which is considered to be the worst place in Mindanao, is extraordinarily quiet now. In a word, the place is becoming very uninteresting. The *juramentados*, the specialty of Jolo and the dreaded feature of the life down South, are now entrust, the last occurrence having passed into history. Of course murder for personal vengeance and robberies occur everywhere and Jolo is not the least in this case.

"As to our economic and social conditions, the development during the last few years has been incredible. Jolo, for example, is actually swarming with schools. The roads cutting across the island facilitate the intercourse between the Moros and the Christians. Indeed progress, I think, has been too rapid, and commerce and civilization seem to be taking away the natural and picturesque beauty of Jolo.

"I am afraid you will have to get your information from somewhere else if I continue lamenting our progress instead of being grateful. Blame me if you will, but please remember I love the South as it is in all its wild beauty.

"I assure you we will yet make the South the promised land flowing with milk and honey—if it is not already one.

"Sincerely yours,

"JULPA."

Hopes for the Future

Isn't it wonderful?

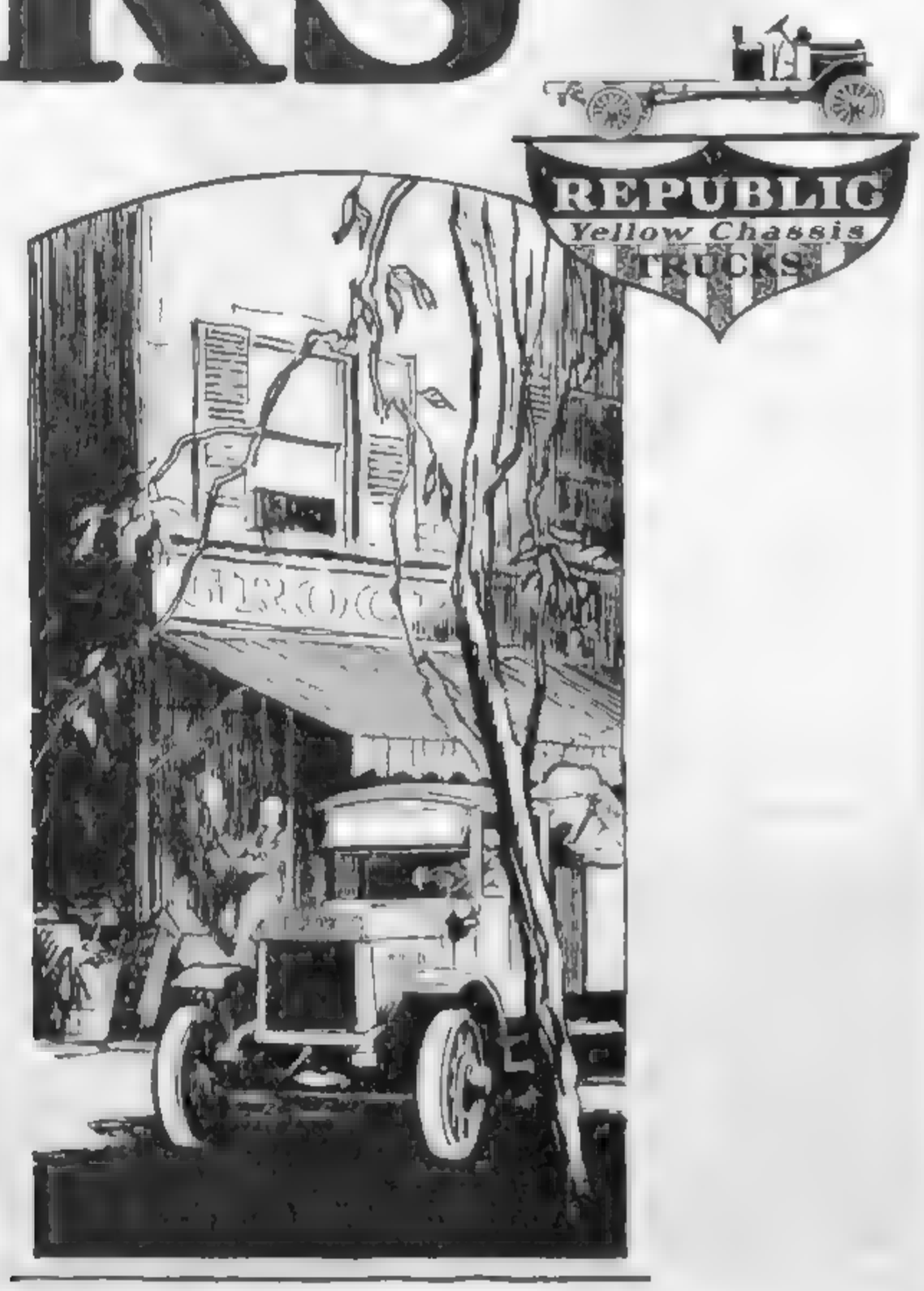
Indeed it is, and it is so both to ourselves and to foreigners who love human progress and who are not too selfish to see for themselves and acknowledge others' progress. And he who predicted about five years ago that the creation of the new province of Zamboanga would lead to bloodshed between Moros and Filipinos must have a fine disappointment—or consolation, if you please—in the above letter, for not only the province of Zamboanga but the whole of Mindanao and Sulu is now a department which together with the non-Christian tribes comes under the control of the Bureau of Non-Christian Tribes in the Department of the Interior, proving a gratifying success and an inspiration for the present workers as a valuable homogeneous portion of the great mass of Filipinos, constituting a people in the same sense in which that word is understood in the United States, ready to be reached as a whole and to respond as a whole. If we don't relax, if we don't weaken, as I hope we will not, it can be taken right now as a splendid omen of a bright future, for the nation—soon to come.

Moro Girls From Jolo, Graduate Nurses From the Philippine General Hospital

One has said that after due investigation he found enough ground for the conclusion that while it is true that the leaders of the Filipino people are highly qualified the

(Continued on Page 46)

REPUBLIC TRUCKS



The ruggedness of the Republic is amazing. Its reputation in this respect is so remarkable that it undoubtedly is regarded as the most dependable truck in America. It stands up, and keeps on standing up—for years! More business men use the Republic than any other truck—over 60,000 of them. The point is, they keep on adding new units to their Republic fleets. Proof of Republic economy, in other words, is overwhelming.

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GILBERT TOYS

(Continued from Page 44)

masses are not. Leaders and masses are similar in most countries on the face of the earth—in America, Europe, Great Britain, the Philippines and elsewhere. And it is now as easy for John as for Peter to have the same chance for education. And yet in Great Britain there is but one Lloyd George—who, I understand, does not boast of having a university education—one Clemenceau in France, one Wilson in the United States, neither of whom after all did have any better educational chances than most of their respective countrymen.

It is, of course, unfortunate that there must always be leaders and masses and that masses must always be followers even in the worst condition of Bolshevism. But this is an absolute necessity. Somebody must lead, others must follow—that an organization may exist. It would be after all a much greater misfortune still for us to be all leaders or for us to be all masses. Unthinkable! Chaotic, I should say.

Doctor Masujima's Remarks

Thousand and thousand times certainly I would prefer poorly prepared masses with honest, energetic leaders who have the welfare of their people deeply at heart to better-prepared masses with crazy leaders who have but their own personal interests at heart. For leaders are almost always strong—able enough to convince and lead their masses, right or wrong. And leaders are that way anywhere, as masses are that way everywhere.

Is not Europe suffering from this? Was not the late war rich in evidence of this?

It was her leadership that for forty years enabled Germany to build up an unrivaled empire and a world business that was silently eating up that of Great Britain. And it was her leadership itself that forty-four years later doomed her brilliant, hard-earned superpower position to utter destruction. Highly educated, highly disciplined, highly prepared, one could hardly think of better masses than the German masses—for their purposes of course.

And yet the Germans would have been much better off if they had had better leaders, just as the whole world would be better off to-day if it had better leaders. For indeed it is its leaders that shape its fate, wisely or blindly, happily or unhappily.

For an American or a Filipino to speak of success in the establishment of a popular government here would sound rather conceited. Let us, therefore, listen to a foreigner who besides being a foreigner comes from a nation supposedly antagonistic to America and only anxious to gobble the Philippines.

I am referring myself to Dr. Rokuichiro Masujima, one of the most prominent lawyers in the Japanese Empire, who received his brilliant education in Great Britain and who represented the Bar Association of Japan at the annual meeting—which this year was given an international character—of the Philippine Bar Association, held in Manila, January 24–26, 1919, and who was extended the courtesy of addressing our House of Representatives the afternoon of January twenty-fourth. He said in part:

"I understand that this house has been in operation for a period of eleven years and that it has brought invaluable blessings to the people of these islands. Permit me to congratulate this government for having established a popular system of government in these islands. If the history I read does not err, this country had for three centuries labored under a very oppressive system of government.

"I would like to take advantage of this opportunity to congratulate the people of the Philippines for having this system of popular government implanted here and in realizing the ends of this government under the protection of a people so generous as are those of the United States. For more than one hundred and forty years the people of the United States have governed themselves, and according to my best knowledge and belief they now have a form of government which guarantees and protects the interests of all the people. With a similar form of government here with you I am certain that this popular system which you have implanted in your country will reach its culmination in a short time.

"In Japan we have implanted the popular régime of government under an imperial constitution and it has been at work for thirty years. But if we compare the results of thirty years' operation with that accomplished by this popular system of government in eleven years I doubt if our government can stand the test favorably. In my opinion, we should look upon you as our model.

"Mr. Speaker, I feel highly honored by the opportunity which you have given me in permitting me to address this house; and I believe that appearing as I do appear before men on whom devolve the affairs of a popular government I shall be more than justified in impressing my country favorably upon my return."

The Idea of Democracy

"To some politicians the words liberty and democracy have a very limited meaning, but he who comprehends the true essence of the democratic system of government will acknowledge that this form of government may be established with success in whatsoever country or people, inasmuch as it is the system which best protects the interests of the people. The idea of democracy is embodied in that famous document, the Declaration of Independence of the United States, and the doctrines therein enunciated take body and form in the work performed by the Government of the United States, not only in the United States but all over the world.

"Looking at the subject, therefore, from this point of view, we, the Japanese, should look upon you as a model for a popular system of government. For example, Great Britain is a democratic country, though

(Continued on Page 49)

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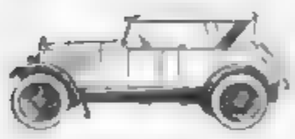

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(Continued from Page 46)

ruled by a king. Great Britain has been in possession of India for about one hundred and fifty years now, and yet after so long a period of English régime in India the results attained by that government can illy be compared with those accomplished in the Philippines by the United States in eleven years. For this reason I declare and maintain that the United States of America understands better and is better imbued with the spirit of true democracy.

"Gentlemen, excuse me for speaking in this manner, but being a lawyer I cannot but speak from a legal standpoint. With these few words I would like to conclude my manifestations to this house. It only remains for me to extend the most fervent wishes that your popular government may soon reach the summit of your desires and aspirations."

The preceding paragraphs are self-commenting and speak volumes to the credit of the United States and of the Filipino people as well. They also give proper credit for the success of the always-difficult problem—difficult anywhere—involved in the implantation of a popular government, volumes and credit that should never be ignored, and are rather too bulky and tangible everywhere to be ignored in any way.

The Training of Leaders

But as there must be some cause for this success of popular government in the Philippines it should be traced out and known, that Doctor Masujima's statement may not be taken as hanging in the air or as mere flattery to gain our good will or enthusiasm in behalf of Japan.

The real power that made this success possible was the higher educational preparation for it of the leaders of the people. There is no means to get away from this. And this comes to support my contention as to leaders and masses.

Popular education during the Spanish régime was not very good, but not very bad either. In fact, it was the best that could have been hoped for under the then existing conditions and conflicting influences in civil and religious matters.

Among other things it extensively developed excellent Western penmanship instead of our own, which could have been developed and perfected as any other human writing—more easily than the Chinese or Japanese or Indian or Russian; Western reading ability instead of our own, which in return reduced our illiteracy in the eyes of Westerners, for we were not altogether illiterate so far as our own literature was concerned; Christian principles or sacred history—a mere brochure of the Bible as then it was seen fit to give, which, however, gave us in return the title of Westerners of the East; some knowledge of arithmetic and Spanish and Philippine geography, in most cases just by heart. And during the last one or two Spanish decades in the Philippines school outfit was not entirely too poor. There were the following schools: in 1866, primary, 1674; 1892, all classes, 2137.

This, aside from many private schools, which were more in favor with the well-to-do families than the public schools. Therefore, for purposes of a brief general statement, nothing better could have been expected from the Spanish point of view and under such conflicting interests.

As to our higher education, the College of San José, of the Jesuit Fathers, opened its doors about a quarter of a century ahead of the Santo Tomas University, and until about April 2, 1767, had been granting academic degrees whose possessors distinguished themselves very prominently in public and religious service, not only here but elsewhere—in Mexico, as an instance, if I don't misrecall the case.

Early Educational Efforts

On April 28, 1611, the College of Santo Tomas was founded, which was confirmed and authorized by Pope Paul V, through his apostolic brief of March 11, 1619, to confer the degrees of bachelor, licentiate, master and doctor, which authority was confirmed by King Philip IV in his royal cedula of November 27, 1623. At that time grammar, arts, theology and morals were taught. In 1644 the college was converted into the University of Santo Tomas by Pope Innocent X through the latter's Ad Futuram Rey Memoriam. Then grammar, rhetoric, arts, philosophy, morals, theology, canon law and civil law were taught; and in 1736, courses in law at the expense of the Real Audiencia, with two chairs of Spanish law at the expense of the university itself shortly thereafter. Then in 1871 the faculties of medicine and pharmacy were started; in 1895, that of philosophy and letters; and in 1907, that of civil engineering. And from its inauguration until 1917 the university had turned out—in arts, 949; philosophy, 552; canon law, 306; theology, 264; law, 942; medicine, 668; pharmacy, 329, and engineering, 20—graduates. A total of 4020 graduates.

Of course one can see at once that more attention was concentrated on the teaching of theology, canon law, medicine, pharmacy, philosophy and letters than on that of engineering and kindred sciences—or none on the latter prior to 1907. But this was fully in accord with the Spanish spirit or plans of the time. Thus the University of Santo Tomas did its duty to the best of its ability under the circumstances then prevailing. And defective as our popular and higher education were during the Spanish age—particularly in national purposes of our own and practical training and scientific results—they, however, served some end, and doubtless paved the way for the inauguration of true democratic institutions in the islands, which are not yet a success in Japan or Spain and are still impossible in Russia, Turkey, Austria and other places of Europe itself. Sorry to say, the University of Santo Tomas could not, however, favorably compare in great men and achievements with its contemporary universities of free nations, founded avowedly to serve and meet national purposes in the most efficient way. The University of Santo Tomas

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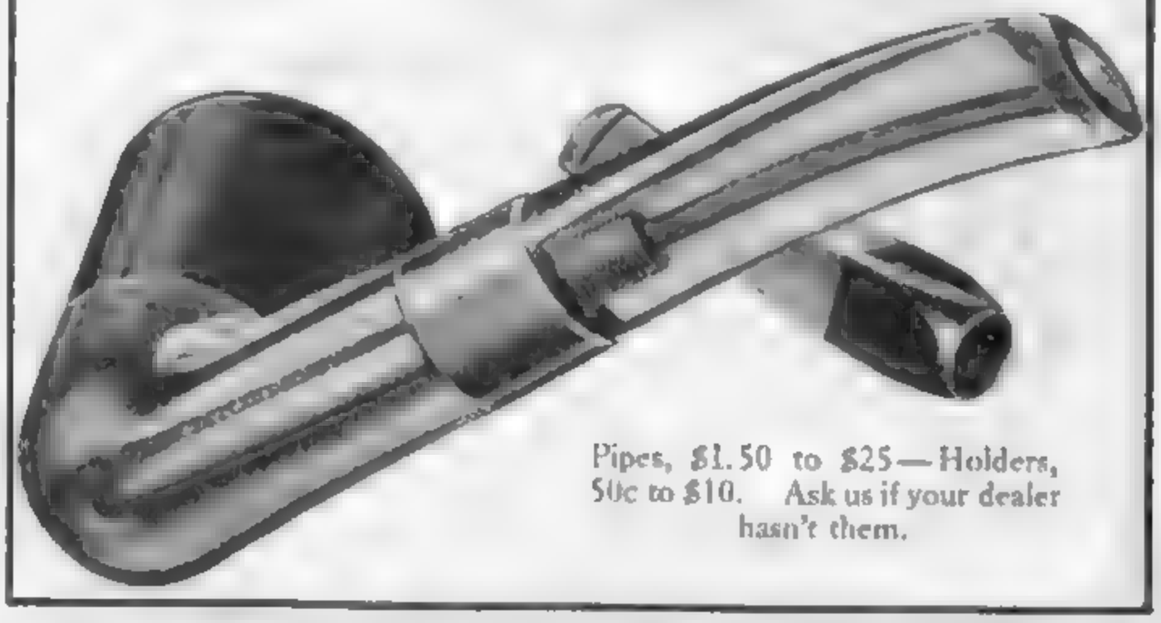

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was serving those of a nation in a dependency which was radically different. However, it did not fail us utterly.

Our present educational system is an altogether different thing from the former one—in purpose and spirit. Outlined and equipped eventually to meet our national aims and to promote both the spiritual and physical welfare of the nation, it must respond to the ends it has been designed for. It is really popular and without being compulsory at all, for it is unnecessary to make it compulsory as our children are only anxious to get room in the schools. It includes every child—rich and poor—of school age in the country.

In this system the school-teacher is no longer the poor despicable creature of yore. In it he has a higher public function. He must continually enter into the purpose of the state and understand the plan and framework of the government. He must know the proud story of national life and be familiar with its literature; he must be able to tell the achievements of its great men who have borne the burdens of its councils or offered their lives for its life.

It is interesting to see in the following tables the growth of our schoolhouses, teachers and corresponding appropriations during the last five years:

NUMBER OF SCHOOLS

	PRIMARY	INTERMEDIATE	SECONDARY	TOTAL
1915	3,938	311	42	4,291
1916	4,143	351	44	4,538
1917	4,288	368	46	4,702
1918	4,276	423	48	4,747
1919	4,412	509	50	4,971

NUMBER OF TEACHERS

	AMERICAN	FILIPINO INSULAR	MUNICIPAL	APPRENTICE	TOTAL
1915	548	1,159	8,084	64	9,845
1916	506	1,279	9,138	40	10,963
1917	477	1,301	10,336	99	12,363
1918	406	1,370	11,338	113	13,227
1919	.	.	.	.	.

AMOUNT OF CURRENT APPROPRIATIONS

	PESOS	ACT
1915	4,251,365	2431
1916	4,201,520	2546
1917	4,100,520	2672
1918	5,420,150	2727
1919	7,842,528	2785

Plus 30,000,000 pesos was appropriated to provide accommodations for all our children of school age in the schools, which task, according to the director of education, will take about five years fully to accomplish.

Such is the hope of the nation—our fundamental hope for democracy—the real factor of peace, prosperity and happiness of my people. Professor Monroe, of Columbia University, one of America's highest authorities to-day on the history of education, who visited the islands not long ago, speaks of it in most complimentary terms as the farthest step recorded in the history of education during the last decade.

As to the University of the Philippines, it was inaugurated on June 8, 1910, and some of its colleges are members of the American Association of Professional Colleges. It had now a student body of about 3500 and already has turned out 1434 graduates as follows:

DEGREE	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	TOTAL
Bachelor of arts	..	..	4	16	12	40	83	102	123	106	160	657
High-school teacher's certificate	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	10	15	29	36	91
Bachelor of agriculture	..	..	2	4	7	9	15	12	11	16	30	106
Master farmer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	1	...	...	1
Graduate in pharmacy	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	19	12	22	13	78
Bachelor of science	..	..	1	1	2	4	12	12	23	18	35	108
Bachelor of laws	..	..	..	..	19	13	34	20	26	27	23	167
Master of science in civil engineering	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	5	1	2	8
Master of arts	..	..	..	..	4	..	2	...	2	...	1	9
Master of arts in education						..	..	...	...	1	...	1
Master of science	.		.	.	1	..	..	3	2	3	1	10
Master of laws	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	2	2	4
Civil engineer	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	5	...	...	8
Doctor of dental surgery	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	...	3	3
Doctor of veterinary medicine	..	..	..	..	..	5	2	4	5	7	3	26
Doctor of medicine	a8	a12	3	9	8	9	16	5	22	23	24	139
Doctor of tropical medicine		.	..		.	..	2	5	2	2	1	12
Doctor of public health					.	..	..	...	1	...	...	1
Doctor of science—honorary			.	1	..	..	..	..	...	...	...	1
Doctor of laws—honorary			1	..	1	1	..	...	1	...	...	4
Total	8	12	11	31	54	103	173	193	256	259	334	1434

Degrees conferred upon women by the University of the Philippines:

DEGREE	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	TOTAL
Doctor of medicine	..	1	..	2	1	2	3	6	1	16
Doctor of tropical medicine	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	1
Bachelor of laws	.	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	1
Master of arts	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	1	4
Bachelor of science	..	..	..	..	4	3	4	1	2	14
Graduate in pharmacy	..	..	..	5	3	11	10	9	9	47
Bachelor of arts	1	2	4	1	13	13	16	19	31	100
High-school teacher's certificate	..	..	..	..	..	5	2	12	10	29
Grand total	1	3	4	8	22	35	37	48	54	212

Most of the professors and deans are today Filipinos educated in the States or European universities.

In 1611 the University of Santo Tomas was founded without governmental opposition and exactly three centuries later, in 1910, the University of the Philippines was inaugurated after overcoming much opposition on the ground that there were not enough students conversant in English to warrant it, notwithstanding the fact that before that time we already had students by the hundred, if I don't misrecall their number, in leading state universities—and also graduates. Thus the longings of the people, whose representatives at all times, even during the short-lived Philippine Republic, when a university of our own was founded in Malolos, have given attention to educational matters, were gratified. A people who love and crave for education certainly are a deserving people.

Such is the fundamental—not incidental—key to the successful inauguration of popular government and other democratic institutions in the Islands—perhaps the stepping stone of a new democracy in the East.

Here as elsewhere men come and go—I mean outsiders—according to more or less accommodating circumstances. The natives, or insiders, are the only ones that hold on in most cases—not always, though. Nothing, however, to wonder in this. For from this rule of Nature it is hard for anyone to escape, particularly for Americans who come to the Islands for government service and who, desiring to return home after a stay of five or more years or having something better in sight, leave the Government, in some or many cases irrespective of whether or not they have yet any qualified successors. I would not blame them.

(Continued on Page 53)

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(Continued from Page 50)

On the other hand, with the change in administration in Washington, D. C., there came the retirement of many American officials and employees, or their resignation for good. To be accurate, I personally went to interview Mr. Angell, director of civil service, to know what he had to say about this puzzling matter of retirement, and he authoritatively, unreservedly said: "It is true that Governor-General Harrison retired a great many Americans during the past year—153 to be exact. But he did not retire a single person who did not want to retire and who did not ask to be retired and who did not, unsolicited, fix the date of his own retirement; and in each case each retiring employee received anywhere from sixty to 100 per cent of his current yearly salary as a parting gift to speed him on his way and help him to tide over the period required to reëstablish himself in a new position. The kindly spirit that prompted the legislature to help out its old employees in this manner cost the Philippine Government—not the American, mind you—the tidy sum of 642,432 pesos for those 153 retiring employees alone."

Thus the new policy has been justified by Americans themselves. It is in no way a matter of systematic supplantation or job grabbing, but of safety first for the Philippine administration. And the matter involves no secret policy whatsoever nothing but the plainest matter of course in the advance of our national ideals; nothing at all that in any manner would speak against our civil service, which will continue to be a credit to any country and to any people.

I myself have been in politics for quite a few years, first as secretary of the first Philippine Assembly, 1907–09, and later as a member of said Assembly, 1909–12, and then as a member of the House of Representatives, 1916–19—two legislative terms of four and three years respectively—during which terms I held the chairmanship of the committee on civil service.

Mr. Angell's Testimony

You know, or everybody knows, the relations between constituents and politicians, the influence that the former would expect the latter to exert in their behalf to secure this or that—position, promotion or something else for them—or to see that civil service rules and requirements are more or less waived for them. You also know how difficult the position of politicians is thus rendered. But I can assure you that not a single attempt ever crossed my mind or that of others to try to influence our civil service officials to violate, infringe or in any way ignore their rules to please us. No, sir, never! In this connection as in others the following affirmation by Mr. Angell is decisive:

"It is the legitimate and natural hope of the Filipinos ultimately to replace the Americans in the service by their own compatriots and no person with a grain of sense will now deny them the right to do so. Their education has gone forward to such a degree that they are now filling almost all clerical positions in the service and the majority of technical ones.

"But it is difficult to see why these changing conditions should ruin the service. The service can only be ruined by legislative action or by maladministration; but the law stands as firmly as ever it did and it is administered fairly and impartially. And to show the respect in which the system is held I should like to say that never during my incumbency in the office of director has any person in authority approached me with the object of securing an unwarranted favor for a member of the service. Its rules are observed and respected by officials of all degrees; and incidentally the question of a man's birthplace is given no more consideration than his religious or political affiliations."

Thus what has been built up in years of careful and conscientious labor is and will be preserved with the same care, with the same conscientiousness, as in years past. And our civil service will continue to be a lasting credit to America and to those hard-working honest American toilers who have shouldered the burden and who have put their best for the lasting success of this living monument.

Funds for Ampler Training

Then was it not wise that the country, for obvious reasons, devised some means permanently and efficiently to meet such sudden vacancies? Then was not the policy of preparedness wisely and timely adopted, particularly in view of the fact that the utilization of such trained Filipino personnel as was available—trained in most instances directly under the guidance of American bureau chiefs or in American or European universities—began to show at once a really gratifying success? And it is no wonder that they are a success, for no one could claim to understand us better and see and meet our real needs better than our own men. Hence our more consistent progress since 1916.

This is not a criticism, but a plain matter of course. And this constitutes Governor-General Harrison's characteristic wisdom in his administration—in practically turning over to us the reins of government, subject only to such veto supervision as public interests—here and in the States—may dictate, thus giving us an almost unqualified chance to show what we can do if left alone in the management of our national affairs. Thus consistency in our government personnel has been made possible, logically to result—as it is resulting—in a correspondingly more consistent progress.

In this connection I should say that the appropriation of 300,000 pesos recently made for the ampler training abroad of men and women of degrees or who have shown efficiency in governmental positions or in science, art or other branches of public activities is only a step toward the climax of substantial Filipinization, not a clumsy one. And as I said earlier, I would not blame them. Should I not ask you in turn, "Would you blame us?" If you are fair to us you would say, no, I am positive.

The following list of men now manning the ship of state, with a statement of their respective qualifications, is self-explanatory as to whether or not their masters' certificates can be held as a warrant to sail the ship in absolute safety.

When in 1896 the revolution tried to sail, as it did quite successfully, the ship of state I doubt if its men then were better prepared than to-day's sailors, who to their training in American modern state seamanship for about twenty years add the invaluable teaching and experience of all

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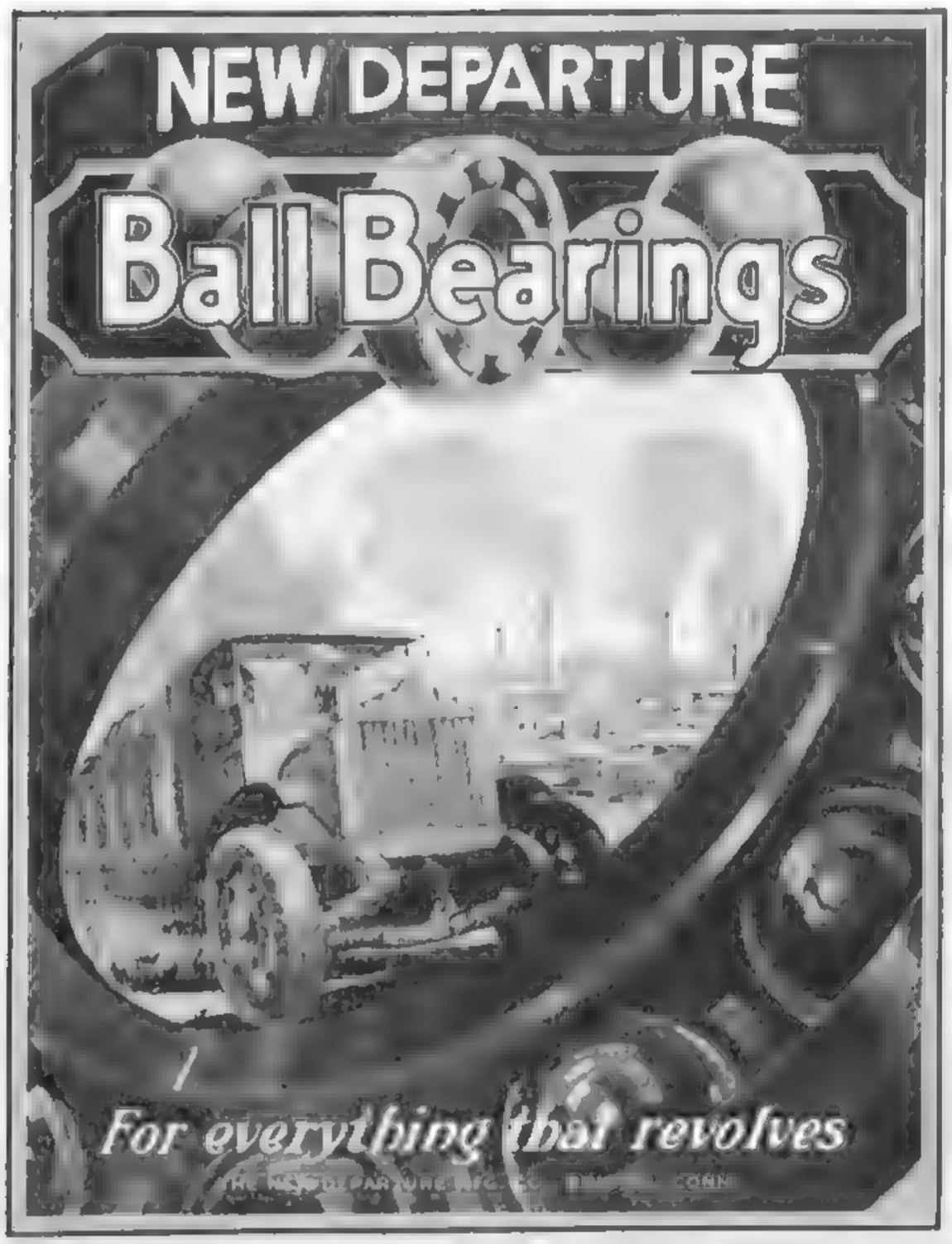

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our past. Let us read the list and let the reader judge for himself:

GOVERNOR-GENERAL: The Honorable Francis Burton Harrison, from New York.

PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE: The Honorable Manuel L. Quezon, from Baler—2000 inhabitants—Tayabas Tagalog.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: The Honorable Sergio Osmena, from Cebu, Cebu, Visayan.

VICE GOVERNOR AND SECRETARY OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION: The Honorable Charles E. Yeater, from Missouri.

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR: The Honorable Rafael Palma, from Tondo, Manila, Tagalog.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND COMMUNICATIONS: The Honorable Dionisio Jakosalem, from Cebu, Cebu, Visayan.

SECRETARY OF FINANCE: The Honorable Alberto Barretto, Zambales, Tagalog.

SECRETARY OF JUSTICE: The Honorable Victoriano Mapa, Cabiz Visayan.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE AND NATURAL RESOURCES: The Honorable Galicano Apacible, from Batanagas, Tagalog.

Then comes the Council of State: The governor-general, appointed by the President of the United States, presiding; the president of the Senate, the speaker of the House, the vice governor, appointed also by the President of the United States; and other members of the cabinet: the cabinet, consisting of the secretaries, appointed—as well as the under secretaries—with the advice and consent of the Senate and presided over by the governor-general; the Senate, elected in general elections; House of Representatives, elected in general elections; insular administration, appointive; provincial administration, elective; municipal administration, elective; and the department of Mindanao and Sulu, appointive and elective in part; the Non-Christian Tribes, appointive and elective in part.

The Personnel of the Government

For all these positions appointments and elections are based upon the education of the men and their experience in public service. Of course partisanship—and I should say personal reasons—even—still have their rôle in it as in the States and elsewhere, but the day is coming when responsibility in administration will be—as must be—duly apportioned to parties as in coalition cases.

It may be said, therefore, that the ship's officers and crew—either elective or appointive—are always selected from the best elements there are in the country, and in this the people are getting wiser each time. As to the heads of the people's representation in Congress, it can positively be affirmed that Senate President Quezon and Speaker Osmena would do credit to the cabinet or council of state of any nation on earth. Attorney-General Parades and President Villamor of the university are brilliant pure-blooded specimens of Ilocano mentality.

Could we not then say that the ship of state is safely manned and that its officers and crews are in condition to make, as they are making, as brilliant a showing as sailors, even on troublous seas, as those of any other ships of state elsewhere?

An Ifugao Mother With Her Son

One of the decidedly wise steps taken by the Filipino people through their duly authorized representatives—the legislature—toward bringing about a closer and more cordial relationship between the United States and the Philippines was indeed the sending of a mission to the United States. Highly representative—not, however, so because they belonged to any social class, for they were drawn as average men from all walks of our national life to represent the whole Philippines—the Philippine Mission really accomplished its objectives and under the circumstances exceeded our expectations. The very fact that work to countercheck our own—the mission's—has been started in the States comes to show this. And I am glad of it—really enthused—for light and truth will emerge from it to the full benefit of both the contending parties and public opinion in the United States, which latter eventually will step in to decide. We are ready—we are happy for this strife for the better. It is a real chance for the worthy.

The Philippine Mission

In San Francisco, Washington and New York, which cities the mission visited officially, the people—the cream of the great American people—showed the best they had at heart to make the mission feel at home.

Talks were made freely heart to heart, with no grievances whatsoever, for we had and have none against America, and with only one idea both in their and our side—the idea of serving the best interests of the Filipino people. In this sense alone the mission was a success—an exceedingly good one, positively!

However, somebody has said that the representative Filipinos on the Philippine Independence Mission are not representatives.

This brings fresh to my mind what was said about Secretary of State Lansing, Colonel House and others of the United States delegation to the Paris Peace Conference as nonrepresentatives of the United States solely because they were designated by President Wilson instead of somebody else. I would not care even to mention the authority of President Wilson to have designated himself and others as United States delegates to said conference by virtue of his authority as President and in behalf of the United States. I would only care to say that no one could charge President Wilson with having acted in his personal capacity as Woodrow Wilson, but as President Wilson, so elected to represent American democracy and embody the whose people and ideals of the United States. And it is this undeniable fact that counts.

The members of the Philippine Mission were appointed by the Philippine Legislature, the highest representative body of the people of the Philippine Islands, whose authority and qualifications as such are beyond the reach of question. And they were as follows:

Chairman: MANUEL L. QUEZON, President of the Philippine Senate.

Vice Chairman: RAFAEL PALMA, Secretary of the Interior and Senator, Fourth District, Manila.

(Continued on Page 57)

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(Continued from Page 54)

Members: DIONISIO JAKOSALEM, Secretary of Commerce and Communications—from Cebu, Visayas, for the cabinet—lawyer and property owner.

PEDRO M. SISON, senator, second district, Pangasinan, Luzon, for the Senate—lawyer and property owner.

V. SINGSON ENCARNACION, senator, first district, Ilocos Sur, Luzon, for the Senate—lawyer, extensive landed property and city real-estate owner, business man, insurance man and oil manufacturer

RAFAEL ALUNAN, representative—Occidental Negros, Visayas—majority floor leader, for the House and majority party—lawyer and sugar planter.

Putik Tarhata Kiram, Daughter of the Sultan of Sulu

EMILIANO TRIA TIRONA, representative, Cavite, Luzon, minority floor leader for the House and opposition party—lawyer and law lecturer.

GREGORIO NIEVA, representative, Tayabas, Luzon, the House, property owner, business man, publisher and journalist.

MARIANO ESCUETA, representative, Bulacan, Luzon, for the House—lawyer, property owner and business man.

MANUEL ESCUDERO, representative, Sorsogon, Luzon, for the House—lawyer and hemp farm owner.

PEDRO AUNARIO, representative, mountain province, for the House—journalist.

PABLO OCAMPO, former resident commissioner from the Philippines to the United States—lawyer and city property owner, Manila.

FILEMON PEREZ, former representative, Tayabas, Luzon—coconut grove owner, lawyer.

JOSÉ REYES, former governor of Misamis, Visayas—property owner and farmer.

DELFIN MAHINAY, former representative, Occidental Negros, Visayas—lawyer, property owner and sugar planter.

CEVERINO DE LEÓN, former representative, Bulacan, Luzon—property owner and rice planter.

JORGE BOCOBO, B. LL., dean College of Law, University of the Philippines.

TOMAS EARNSHAW, property owner, shipbuilder, slipways owner, Manila.

PEDRO GIL, opposition man, coconut oil manufacturer, property owner and journalist.

JUAN B. ALEGRE, hemp planter, ship owner, business man.

CARLOS B. CUYUGAN, property owner and business man.

MARCOS ROCES, property owner and business man.

GREGORIO SICIAN, surgeon.

GABRIEL LA O, lawyer and property owner, Manila.

CRISANTO EVANGELISTA, labor representative.

Members ex officio: JAIME C. DE VEYRA, resident commissioner from the Philippines to the United States; journalist, former provincial governor of Leyte; former member Philippine Assembly and later of the Philippine Commission; Acting Secretary of Commerce and Police and former Executive Secretary of the Philippine Islands.

TEODORO R. YANGCO, resident commissioner from the Philippines to the United States, property owner, ship owner, millionaire, Manila.

Technical advisers: QUINTIN PAREDES, Attorney-General of the Philippine Islands.

CONRADO BENITES, dean, College of Liberal Arts, University of the Philippines.

ENRIQUE ALTAVAS, chief of Land Registration Office.

CAMILO OSIAS, Assistant Director of Education.

JOSÉ A. SANTOS, Assistant Attorney-General.

Secretary: MAXIMO M. KALAW, assistant professor, University of the Philippines.

Secretary to the chairman: JULIAN LA O.

Aide-de-camp to the chairman: JORGE B. VARGAS, major, Philippine National Guard.

Disbursing officer: DR. BERNABE BUSTAMANTE, captain Philippine National Guard.

Physicians of the mission: FRANCISCO OÑATE, M. D., chief medical division, Philippine Constabulary.

FELICETO GUTIERREZ, M. D., assistant professor, College of Medicine and Surgery, University of the Philippines.

Representatives of the press: ARSENIO N. LUZ, editor, El Ideal.

FRANCISCO VARONA, associate editor, El Debate.

Senator Hadji Butu, for the department of Mindanao and Sulu, could not join the mission for reasons of health and advanced age. Otherwise the representation of the whole islands was complete and covered all sides of our life.

Then and unless the theory of representation as we learned to know it from United States constitutional writers is thrown down to pieces or trodden down as meaningless or made meaningless for us and meaningful for them alone, which would be ridiculous, I will say that because of its origin and because of its make-up and the power that created and selected it this mission was beyond question fully and highly representative.

Sometimes it is charged—or at least the fear is entertained—that the good work so well done by the United States in the islands would be nullified or already is being nullified.

"Is that so?" I would ask.

We should remember, however, that men and nations in the pursuit of progress and happiness move forward, not backward, unless they are in decadence because of age—in the case more particularly of individuals—maladministration or lack of will or stamina or disqualification. The Filipinos are moving likewise in the pursuit of their aspirations—onward. For we want to grow properly, safely, wholesomely. This is our common desire and we are prepared for it, and mean it and are determined to do it and have the stamina for it and are actually growing that way and providing for it, knowing, of course, what we can and what we cannot do.

If this is true, then could any one fairly charge us with any desire to nullify the good work begun by the United States? No, positively no, one and one thousand times! For it would be illogical.

That we are marching forward any one can see it, not in papers or records alone but chiefly in deeds. Our trade, our population, our public works, our sanitation, our public education, all are steadily growing. And men of qualifications—Americans with the coöperation of Filipinos as of yore, or Filipinos educated and trained in American or European universities as to-day, with the coöperation of Americans, are couching our growth.

The following tables will show such a growth:

OUR TRADE FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS

	IMPORTS PESOS	EXPORTS PESOS	TOTAL PESOS
1916	90,992,675	139,874,365	230,867,040
1917	131,304,061	191,298,613	322,802,674
1918	197,198,423	270,388,964	467,587,387

TWO CHIEF ITEMS OF OUR BUDGET

GENERAL WELFARE SERVICE	PESOS
1917	20[illegible],[illegible]00.24
1918	34,764,539.11
OUTLAYS AND INVESTMENTS	**PESOS**
1917	3,992,291.45
1918	6,641,943.05

Figures in pesos or dollars and cents have been selected as the most accurate means to determine how we go along.

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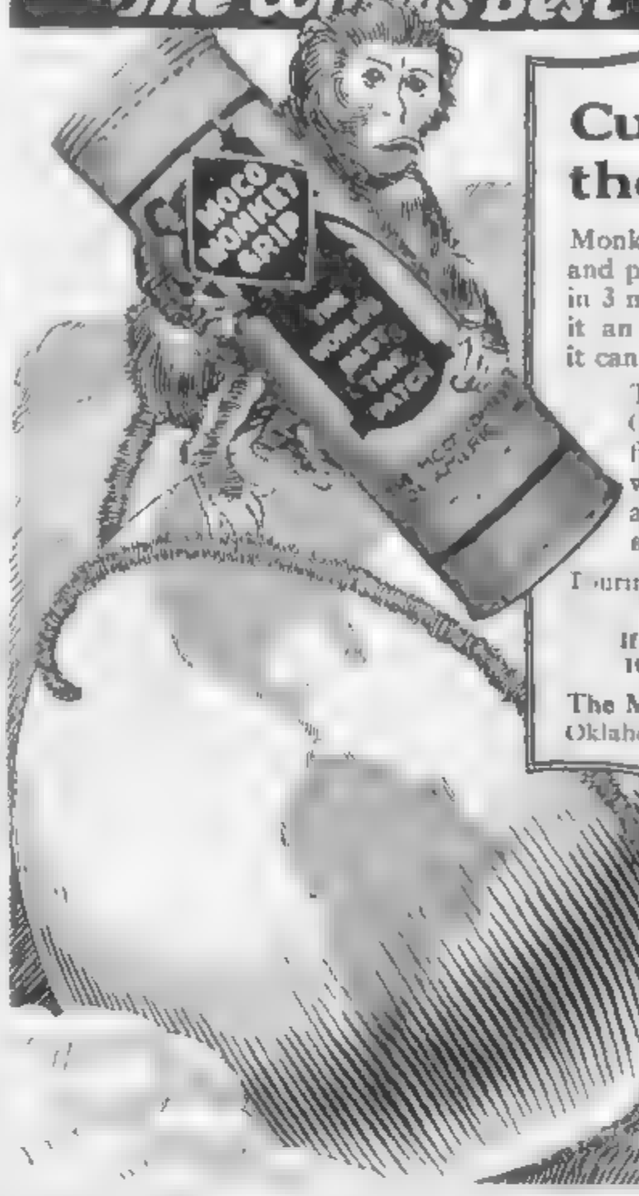

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Mr. Hilding Anderson

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Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
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Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Some of the 57

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After going over the preceding figures, with millions and millions yearly appropriated to promote modern highways, sanitation, education, trade, and so on, one will readily see that we are on the go all the time in the Philippines and that we are getting the most out of America's labors here. We are a young country, with absolutely no desire to spare either effort or expense to qualify ourselves both as a nation and as factors of human progress in the Orient. For we know that here as in America and elsewhere the unfit to go are left behind. And we don't want to be left behind. It would, therefore, be unfair to give us no credit for all that we patiently, earnestly have been doing within our possibilities—however small.

It is in one's sense of justice that one must give us whatever recognition is due us and in this way one will be fair to us as per God's will and we will be happy as is God's purpose.

Back Numbers of History

Elsewhere in this article I made some mention of back numbers of American history. By it I wanted to mean American history in the islands. One afternoon, almost right after lunch, I was with General McIntyre at the Ways and Means Committee room, House of Representatives at Washington, on the occasion of the hearing of the Philippine Mission jointly by the committees of both the Senate and the House on the Philippines and Insular Affairs respectively. While commenting, dwelling otherwise or talking on Philippine matters I told the general how amazing it was to see many Americans after so lengthily residing in the islands, so unusually unfamiliar with—or not believing or trying to ignore—the great strides forward Americans and Filipinos have been making during the last two decades, particularly during the last three years, and that it was still more amazing to see them living with events of 1898—or earlier years still. This, however, did not sound as entirely new to him, for in turn he said: "Well, they are simply the back numbers of American history in the Philippines. Sorry, but we can't help it."

So apt a description! For indeed these Americans are still living with the first instead of the twentieth volume of the history of achievements of the United States in the Philippine Islands. No wonder to see them so much behind the times! To them progress ceased to move forward in the islands in 1899 or 1900 or 1901. And to them the Filipino people of today are the same people of 1898—not a single step ahead ever since! They do not realize—far less appreciate—the wholesale changes effected in the ideology of the people—from Spanish or Latin ways to Anglo-Saxon or American ways—of course not in what is basically Filipino. They fail to see that we already have assimilated American ways and institutions—business, educational, political, democratic—subject of course to such modifications as have been or are required by our peculiar local conditions but without losing any of what is essentially or otherwise good in us. They can't understand that this is but the logical sequel of the efforts of a race craving for advancement, striving hard for it.

I recently met Mr. Klass, of New York, who a few weeks ago came to Manila with his charming wife for the second time since four or five years ago, and he assured me that he could hardly recognize the city with so much improvement done in so short a time and that, with such a handsome field of chances, he felt crazy with it, instead of Shanghai, both for business and as a place.

Whose Face is Slapped?

Like him are many incoming tourists, Americans and others. And like Manila, the provinces have also made great headway.

In trying to belittle the efforts and results so positively attained by the Filipino people during their association with America, many or most American writers overlook the fact that in attempting to deface our progress or slight the efforts of my people rather than at our own attainments, they deface the work so successfully undertaken by their own people. It should be borne in mind, however, that it is not at our face that they slap—at their own.

The work of America and the Philippines has been a joint one during the last two decades and as the success of one is naturally the success of the other—of both of them, not of any one of them—it would be simply ridiculous for any one of them to claim it alone for herself. America's genius would have been absolutely of no avail if it had not found a ready ground and a still readier people, both confiding in her word and confident of their own possibilities efficiently to coöperate. Thus one could not properly slight or minimize the merits of any one of them without minimizing or slighting those of the other. To America's accomplishments here, which cannot yet properly be estimated, the whole-hearted praise of both my people and the rest of the Orient and of all other still dependent peoples surely goes.

Unfortunately the knowledge of such a work is kept back from the great majority of the American people by no other than some malicious or misinformed writers, sometimes of their own nationality and sometimes—and this latter case is still worse—by aliens of the most undesirable type, who finding no room in their own land come to our shores with an empty hand and an empty heart and empty morals, coldbloodedly to assume the wonderful poise of a teacher but with no principle to teach, with no morals for guide—and all for a living.

Putlih Intan, a Moro Princess

There should be a rigid law for the deportation of such nuisances. The old belief that it was enough to be a European for anyone to hold a domineering position in a non-European community can no longer fool us. One must be really qualified to win the respect and friendship of a community, and this anywhere without regard to nationality. It is indeed unfortunate to see certain Americans behaving themselves this way. I would not care, however, to dwell on their possible reasons. I would only say that they should not forget that their country's flag gloriously waves way

(Continued on Page 60)

GULBRANSEN Player-Piano

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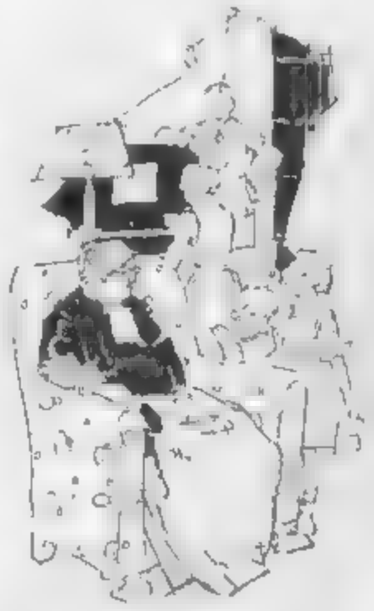

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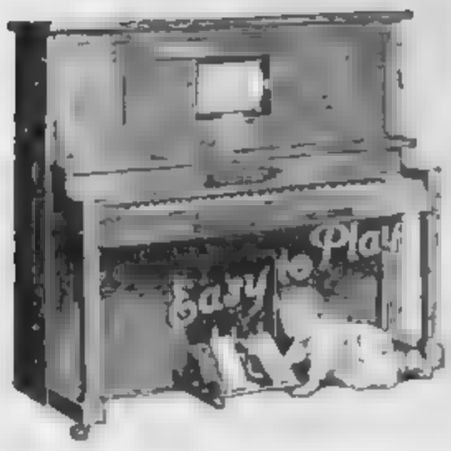

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(Continued from Page 58)

out here, not for any ill purposes but as an honest trustee of the final destiny of the land.

It is for this that all of us should do our respective bit in the common duty of enlightening public opinion in the States about America's success here, as well as that of the Filipino people themselves, of both of which every true American should feel proud before the world and the rest of humankind, now and throughout the ages to come.

While coming from the States via Vancouver, British Columbia, on the steamship Empress of Asia, I happened to meet First Lieutenant Lory, of the British Army, who gave me the news that he saw two battalions of Filipinos in France. M. H. Bourrier, officer aviateur, Mission Militaire Française en Siberie, also told me that he also heard of Filipino battalions in France.

As I myself did not know of the existence of said battalions I simply repeat the authoritative statements of these two officers, who are now in Siberia. But considering that there are about 20,000 Filipinos in San Francisco, as there estimated, about 3000 in Brooklyn and other places in New York, quite a few thousand in Washington, District of Columbia, in Portland, Seattle, Alaska and other places of the United States, I take it safe to admit that number as possible, just as it is possible for us to have to-day about 12,000 or more Filipinos in the United States Army and Navy. Remember that there are about 200,000 Filipinos abroad—a good portion of them in the United States.

It was indeed to be regretted that our National Guard did not have a chance to go to France and join the United States Army with the Filipino battalions already said to have been there. A larger number than 15,000 could have been recruited if they had only had the assurance of an early occasion to serve in France. Mexico was not the place for them, for we have nothing against the Mexicans and you could have neither reason nor pep to fight your friends; nor was Mesopotamia, for the Turks were no inducement to them. They felt that way—and they were right—when the news about their going to Mexico was widely spread here.

Santa Maria Church, Santa Maria

Not a Military Country

However, training proceeded, notwithstanding their very poor equipment—with almost no uniforms, with hardly 5000 guns for 15,000 boys, almost no ammunitions, in many cases with the barren ground for bed, and the like. Of course you know that this is not a military country and military supplies must be scarce or come from the United States Army. They could not be improvised or manufactured here without due preparation for it. On the other hand, the United States Army itself needed most anything at home. And you can imagine that under such disappointing conditions and privations it was rather trying to keep the fire of enthusiasm very high, and yet they went to it enthusiastically, longing all the time for the moment's notice to go. And such was their disappointment when they knew they could not go that after their disbandment many of them enlisted themselves in the United States Army and Navy. While going on board the United States Transport Sherman to the United States last February I met on board 612 of the boys, all of them products of our public schools, intermediate, high and normal, and even college, I was assured by the boys themselves. They were good boys, with the looks of education on them. The Y. M. C. A. worker on board the Sherman said one Sunday morning in closing his sermon that he had never seen such a brilliant set of young men. It was a real piece of uninvited statement. The rest of the guard were more or less of the same quality. Of course there were exceptions in the guard—just as there are in most anything in human life or organization.

It would be therefore unfair to say, as somebody did, that the National Guard boys were of the poorest and most ignorant types. In the United States or elsewhere a high-school student is never an ignorant type.

But these battalions in France, the organization of the National Guard and the enlistment in the United States Army and Navy to me are of much less significance than the Red Cross work done in our public schools. Red Cross work was started in 1917, but was taken up on a much larger scale in 1918, when thousands of bandages for the wounded and many garments for the suffering people of France and Belgium weremade. Theamount of money subscribed by the school was: Senior Auxiliary 48,966 pesos and Junior Auxiliary 85 817 42 pesos, totaling 134,783 42 pesos, over 100,000 pesos of this having been given directly to the Philippine Chapter of the Red Cross for Military and Foreign War Relief. Practically all pupils and teachers became members of the Red Cross Society and helped widely in Liberty Loan drives, the members of the Bureau of Education alone subscribing over 120,000 pesos to the third loan. Knowing what sacrifices these efforts have very often entailed, the results are particularly noteworthy. To my mind this is still more significant than all Liberty Bond drives, three-quarters of the proceeds of which—as maliciously given out by somebody—came from banks and business men and one-quarter from the people, just the same as in America, where three-quarters of all Liberty and Victory Loan proceeds, the papers say, came from banks and business men and one-quarter from the people—exactly the same.

Red Cross in the Schools

But coming back to this Red Cross work of our public schools, don't you find it really touching as a beautiful omen of what the attitude and sentiment of the country's children is and will be toward America and mankind? Is it not a charming step by our children toward the brotherhood of men?

Let us hope that we also may call on France and Belgium when the day comes. I hope they will not fail us.

(Concluded on Page 63)

Governor-General Harrison (in White), Reviewing the National Guard Officers in Their Training Camp

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(Concluded from Page 60)

One of the greatest monuments the United States is solidly building in the Philippines will be our future official and universal language—the American language. Contrary to Spain's failure to spread Spanish the country over, English—or American rather, for some Britishers despisingly speak of the American English and, if I were an American I would flatly reject the nonuse of what is my own, and feel proud to be able to show Lowell's, Emerson's, Longfellow's, and others' writings in opposition to those of Arnold's, Carlyle's, or Tennyson's or others' from the other side of the Atlantic. English—and book English, mind you—is spreading so soundly in the Philippines, and so steadily, that America's efforts or the efforts of those Americans who have striven with might and main to give the Filipinos a common language will be in full fruit-bearing season in about ten or fifteen years from now. Twenty is rather too long to-day. This does not mean, however, that we never had or have no means of understanding of our own between ourselves. Tagalog, for obvious reasons of origin, is quite easily understood all over the country, though of course very few foreigners got it yet. The revolution of 1896–98 conclusively proved this.

Of course, it would be idle to ignore Spanish as one of the efficient means of linguistic connection in the past as to-day between Tagalogs, Visayans, Pampangans and others—the Moros even. But I should say no fear, for English is coming—and a good one, to the full credit of America's might and main.

No need whatsoever for any lion and lamb childish stories.

No other two peoples of so different races as the American and Filipino people ever met together to find—or try to find—a merging test in that fortunate and timely meeting and to learn how to love each other so sincerely, so earnestly, not for any selfish design but for the sake of man—a high motive indeed—at a time and under such circumstances as would not easily foster any such task on earth.

The Reconstruction Period

In 1898 conditions in the Far East were very far from being favorable to weaker peoples and Europe was the inflexible ruler of the destinies of both Easts. Japan was not what she is to-day. America was rather a purely business nation. No idea of self-determination ever yet crossed the sanctuary of human rights, and theories on superior and inferior races continued to obtain until Japan, to the great rejoicing of Americans and Orientals, landed her fatal knock-out on the enormous bear of the North—Russia, the invincible Russia—which shook the foundation of such racial theories and opened the eyes of the subjugated Far East.

Shortly before that time Americans and Filipinos met together for the successful prosecution of the war against Spain, which ended as we all know—Americans and Filipinos first fighting together against Spaniards, then Filipinos against Americans, then final victory on the side of the Americans and then peace and reconstruction work. Not as victors and vanquished, Americans and Filipinos though they were. The past was buried deep and treated accordingly and the reconstruction task was jointly shouldered by them gracefully, cheerfully.

Of course there were occasions in which faith on the part of the Filipinos seemed fundamentally to shiver; in which Americans of the undesirable type did their utmost to make true friendship between the two peoples rather difficult and to shock it almost to a break; and in which the horizon of our aspirations looked, indeed, very gloomy to us. Indeed, there were instances in which we were really afraid that American investments in the Philippines were considered as of higher import than our nation's interests and that the latter were dependent on the former. However, as the men in Washington, District of Columbia, never deviated from their true course, the soreheads lost their place in the Philippines, faith revived and a true spirit of coöperation for the supreme ideal to-day prevails among Americans—not all of them possibly—and Filipinos, and American business men, as others, at last realize that trade here is in Filipino hands; that they are here to do business with the Filipinos and that they must proceed accordingly.

In fact, Americans and Filipinos have something in common in the East—a free East—and this is being accomplished wonderfully, once and for all. The beauty of their work consists of its influence for the better on other peoples in the East and for the West to realize that its policies in the Orient must undergo wholesale changes. Of course, some would seem rather slow or too proud to grasp this, but it is coming. Such is the sterling glory of Americans in the Philippines. Such are the motives of gratitude of Filipinos to Americans—their connecting link forever.

America in the Far East

America's contribution to human progress in the Far East will certainly hold a very prominent place in world history and fill a voluminous chapter of achievements. It is she who made such gigantic strides forward possible and it is her determination to carry her work to a successful finish that is forcefully attracting the attention of other world powers and compelling them to follow her. She surely will eventually make man's betterment the common slogan of humanity.

America has thus brought to an end the hateful age of domination of the weaker by the stronger and opened the door of a new world for mankind, where both the stronger and the weaker may dwell together in harmonious association and where, like individuals, nations may face each other as equals and friends. It is true that we are just at the beginning of this new age. Let us hope, however, that blood in the recent war has not been so richly shed in vain.

The Filipinos are legitimately proud of having furnished the occasion for such a noble undertaking in the Far East, as well as of her share therein, however small and humble, and gratitude and love and respect for America fill its heart. America can be justly proud of her task, the grandeur and magnitude of which can only be fully appreciated upon the completion of the weaker's redemption.

Nothing in this article, however, should be construed as in any way to mean that both the American and Filipino sides of the Philippine case are free from founded criticism, or that we are rather inclined to avoid it. By all means, no! We love criticism—we invite it. But we want it in a constructive way, in a manner that we may profit by it; that may be helpful to us in bringing about a remedial action, particularly for those who are officially situated to take it. For without it criticism would be cheap and just a mere commonplace. And if made by one who could have done something in our behalf but failed to, then cheaper still and more ridiculous. For he was not paid merely to criticize and ridicule us; he was expected to bring about a better condition, to show his ability in that sense and that was what he was paid for, if he was a public servant. If he failed to do it, then what was he—a failure, paid for being a failure? It is not enough simply to be telling us that we are this and that way, to be jumping on us left and right and to be nervous and grouchy with us—allow me the use of a slang word just for this—for none would gain, and no one is fit to do any constructive work in that mood.

Earnestly we are looking forward for Americans, particularly those staying with us in trade or otherwise, to be just to us and to themselves. Many of our American critics would seem to act under the quite irresistible influence of old-fashioned European theories on colonialism. Possibly because they mistake the Philippines for a spoil, for a loot, to do with as they pleased, as someone said some time in 1913, which perhaps makes them feel themselves and act as a proud knight in armor or a Roman conqueror. But by acting in this wise they are getting away from the spirit of the new age and are not doing any justice to themselves. We sincerely regret it. We are by no means a colony of America, much to any one's regret, and with us there is no room for knights or conquerors, save perhaps the Knights of Columbus or of Pythias or Templar. To entertain the idea that America bought us from Spain as a piece of salable property should make every true American feel ashamed of himself. It is utterly un-American so to think, for whatever money the United States paid to Spain for any Philippine consideration was paid only to expedite Spain's relinquishing her sovereignty over the islands so that America's purpose to liberate the Filipino people might also be expedited. Not otherwise. It was not a purchase price. Show me where Congress provided for it as such a price and I will follow you right there to show you in turn that you are making a sad mistake. Congress could never have fostered any slavery ideas or any deals in human beings after your Civil War. It would simply put it to shame before the world.

At this juncture I should make it clear that it is not the purpose of this article to criticize. Of course there is plenty of ground to bitterly criticize both Americans and Filipinos here. But this article is not intended for it nor its illustrations, which have been selected to be true representatives of their respective types. I only would assert that actual progress since 1916 can favorably face all predictions made against us before that time and that it would seem that these predictions were the result of listening to hearsay and of inability to understand our language and ourselves rather than of a careful digest of facts. To quote an instance, when former War Secretary Dickinson in his report to the President, November 23, 1910, said that "It is a delusion to encourage the Filipino people in the hope that the administration of the islands will be turned over to them within the time of the present generation" he betrayed himself as having approached the Philippine problem when he visited the islands in a manner that was not befitting himself in his high capacity as Secretary of War, then, nor the case, and this perhaps under the influence of informers *(sicofantes)*.

Mr. Taft's Utterance

On the other hand, former Secretary of War Taft showed real statesmanship and foresight when speaking here, October 16, 1907, on the inauguration of the Philippine Assembly he said: "The avowed policy of the National Administration—under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt—to prepare the Filipinos for popular self-government must logically reduce and finally end the sovereignty of the United States in these Islands, unless it shall seem wise to the American and the Filipino people, on account of mutually beneficial trade relations and possible advantage to the Islands in their foreign relations that the bond shall not be completely severed." This is exactly the case to-day, and the mood of public opinion is most favorable for both people to meet halfway, as they ought to.

Hereafter, not within the term of five years from the day Philippine independence starts, the following things will happen:

All that the United States has done for the people will be unfailingly continued and improved upon wherever and whenever necessary, with the people's rights and privileges jealously preserved and safeguarded. The humiliating classification of taos, as still used by some non-Filipinos, will be but little more than a memory then or merely a fairy tale for our children.

Within fifteen years from now, not from the day Philippine independence starts, English will be almost the universal official language of the Philippines and within possibly ten years it is likely to be the language of both Houses of Congress. Our English may not then be so absolutely pure as the old English of Shakspere, but it will be as perfectly correct and intelligible as any English spoken or written on earth. It will not be confined to commercial centers. But local dialects at the same time will be more intensely cultivated. For it would be in vain to try to suppress the natural means of communication of the race, as it would be futile to hope that English will be our chief language in the sanctity of our homes.

Epidemics and bodily ills and infirmities will be rigorously guarded against as to-day as a serious menace to the vigorous existence of the nation and growth of the race.

As in the United States, justice will be maintained as the people's highest prerogative.

Public works, roads, markets, artesian wells, telegraphs and posts and telegraph routes, transportation and all those other agencies which have been installed by the United States will be taken care of, continued and improved upon to form a system of public commodities, complete fully to meet the needs of the sound and rapid growth of the nation.

The system of sporadic appropriations, so effectively brought to an end two years ago through the inauguration of our budget system, is a healthy indication of the quasi-impossibility for the pork-barrel system to have room hereafter in our legislation.

A Dying Race

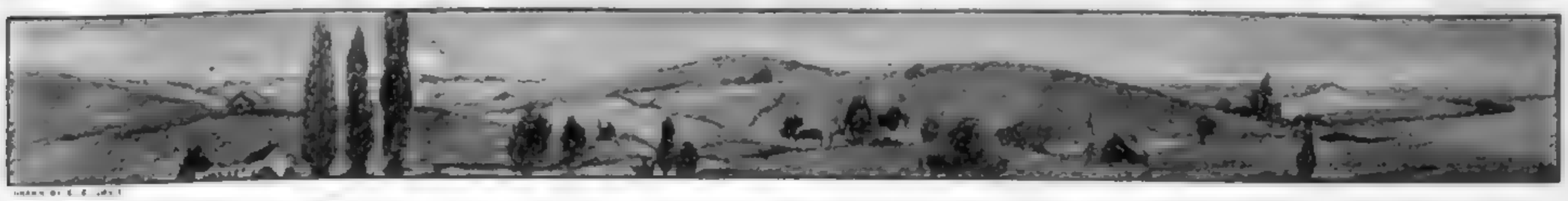
Public education will be as popular as can be desired, following the present steps, but will be reshaped efficiently to couch a high national spirit—the spirit of the race—and to respond to the calls of our land. In closing this paragraph I must emphasize the fact that the first act originated in the first Philippine Assembly in 1907 appropriated 1,000,000 pesos for central and country schools, besides the regular educational appropriations, to make education actually popular.

I saw Hawaiians in Honolulu—pure Hawaiians, big-sized vigorous fellows who numbered two or three hundred thousand, according to historians, when foreigners—Americans, Europeans—first trodded over the country, and who have been appallingly decreasing ever since, there being only about 16,000 pure-blooded and 20,000 or a little more of mixed blood to-day. They are rather, or "in fact," I should say, a dying race, and their fate is realistically suggested in their music—sad, penetratingly sad; heart-racking as the hopeless plight of their former kingdom. It makes me feel doubtful, indeed, as to whether as a race worth speaking of they would live any longer than fifty years.

I also saw in Omaha and other stations of the West, Indians—men and women and children—in ragged dirty clothing, looking miserable, all in utterly pitiful conditions; an awful sight indeed amid the wealth, prosperity and civilization of that great country. Their number is also decreasing, I was assured—or not increasing at least. I hope, however, that both Hawaiians and Indians can still be saved through rigorous sanitation and better medical attendance and that the United States will determinedly save them.

I stayed ten hours only in Honolulu, and about four months in the States—a time, however, longer than that employed in coming to Manila from Vladivostok, listening here and there for a week or so, then parting, and then writing about the whole Philippines. I wish I could have remained longer in both countries, to know the life of these two races better, and then write about them. But under the circumstances would it be proper for me to judge the United States through the miserable-looking Indians and the rapidly disappearing Hawaiians? No, a thousand times no! It would be unfair, wholly unjust.

When I come again I might—if I stay longer. But not before then. For I feel I owe my readers something substantial, truthful, up to date, not back-yard stories, not back numbers of American history, good only as a reference for the past, not as a record of the on-going present.



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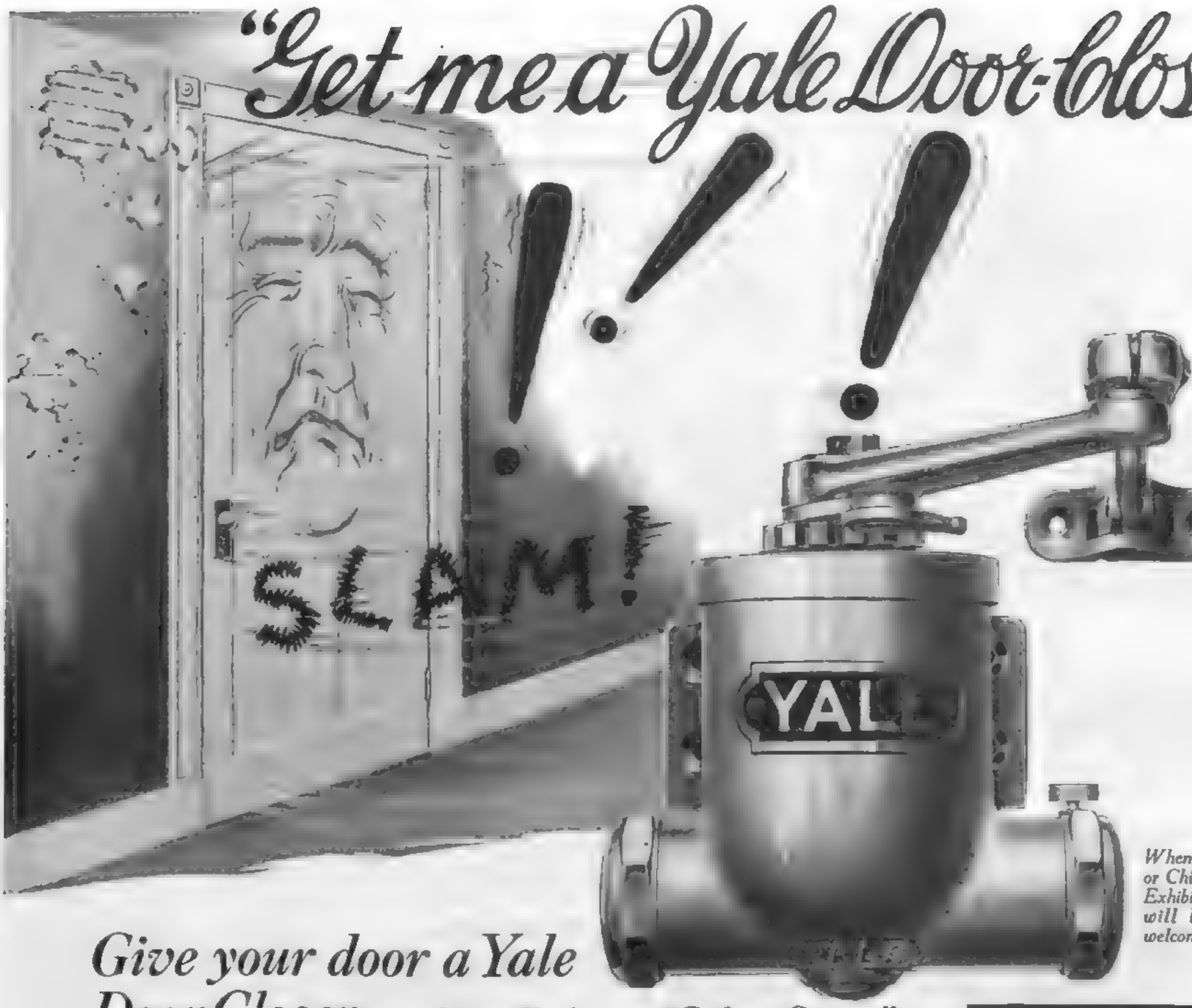

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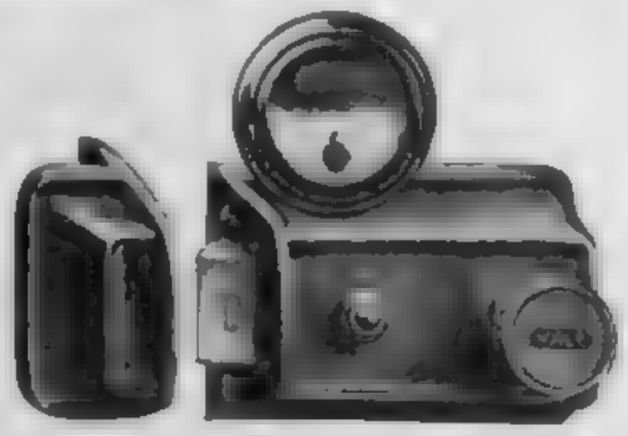

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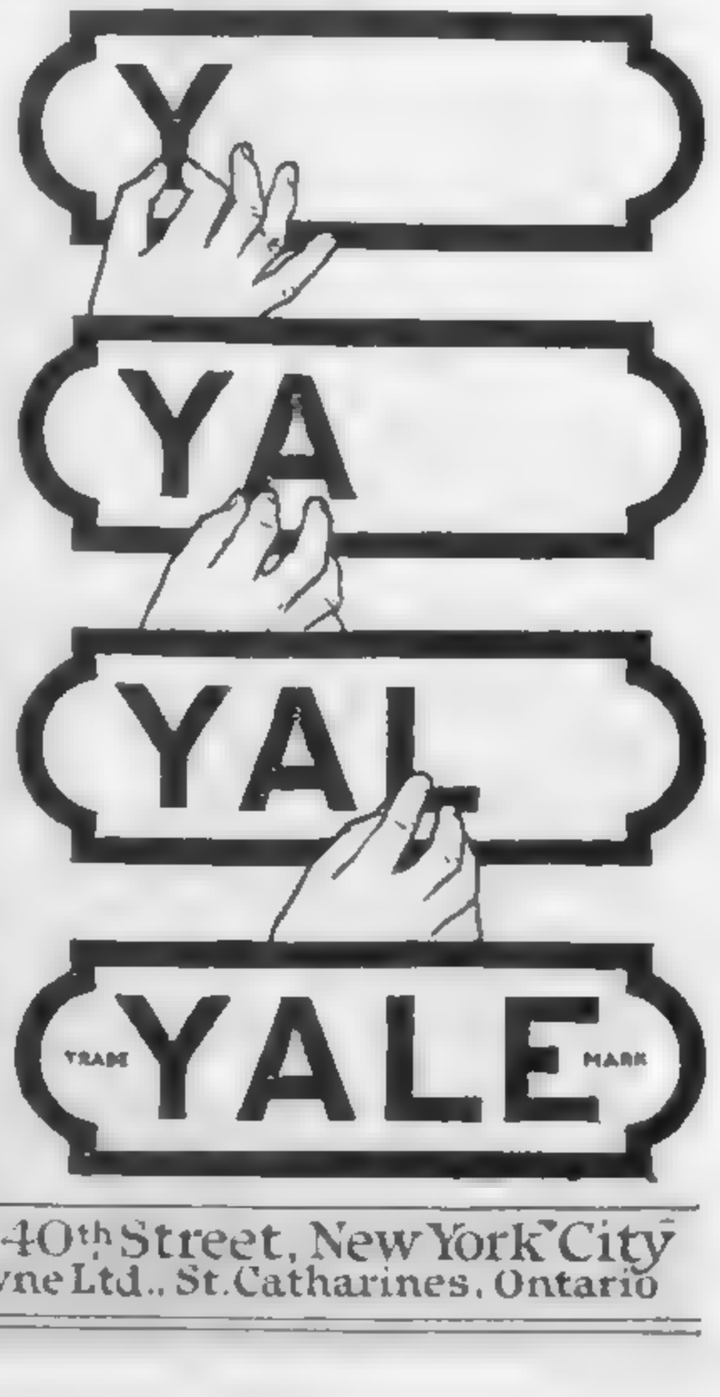

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THE HAWKEN RIFLE

THERE seem to be signs of the development herein of some considerable grab bag of all-round sporting information past and present. If there is anything you want all you have to do is to cross your fingers and wish for it and it comes along. To-day's mail brings a letter from my old friend Horace Kephart, many years ago librarian of the Mercantile Library of St. Louis and, as I have always thought, the best-posted man in America on early Americana. Here we have all the needed information about the late Mr. Hawken, who he was and what he did:

"You ask 'Who was Old Man Hawken? What were his initials? When did he live and when did he die?'

"About twenty-four years ago, when I was living in St. Louis, I bought from William Albright a Hawken rifle that had remained in stock and had never been fired. For confirmation of its make I took it to one of Hawken's surviving workmen, Charles Siever, who was still practicing the gunsmith's trade, though nearly eighty years old. The rifle had no maker's brand and Siever would pass no judgment until he removed the lock and examined it. Then he exclaimed: 'Ja, dot iss shenuine Hawken rifle. I make dot lock, py golly, mineself, more as forty year ago.' This is the rifle that I afterward presented to the Missouri Historical Society, as mentioned in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Certain tests that I made with this ancient piece and articles that I wrote about it drew out a long discussion of the qualities of old-time American rifles, in the course of which I took pains to investigate the history of the Hawkens and to determine just what it was that made them the premier rifle makers of the old West. For that is what they were in the half century preceding the Civil War. Among the fur traders, trappers, explorers, sportsmen and Indian fighters of that period, from General Ashley's first fort on the Yellowstone to the last days of Kit Carson at Taos, the name Hawken on a firearm was one to swear by. Often it was mispronounced Hawkins and you may find it so spelled in various books, but I give it in proper form.

"Jacob Hawken, the elder and more celebrated of two brothers who made Hawken rifles for the old mountain men, was born in Hagerstown, Maryland, in 1786, of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. It is not known just when he moved to the territory of Missouri; but in the first St. Louis directory, published in 1821, there is this entry: 'Hawken, Jacob, gunsmith, 214 North Main Street.'

"His brother Samuel—born in Hagerstown, October 26, 1792—joined Jacob in St. Louis and went into partnership with him in 1822. Some time before 1832 the gunshop was moved to Number 33 Washington Avenue, near Main."

The Last Genuine Hawken

"Jacob died during the cholera epidemic in St. Louis, May 9, 1849. Samuel continued the business until 1859, when he sold out and made a trip to Colorado with his son, Samuel William S. Hawken, a trapper, better known to his fellows as Jake Hawken's nephew. Samuel returned to St. Louis in 1861 and spent his last days at his country place near the city.

"The Hawken shop was bought in 1862 by my old friend, John P. Gemmer, who conducted it at Number 700 North Third Street, near the Eads Bridge. Gemmer had been one of the Hawken workmen and knew more about the old rifles than any other man living in my time. He had several of them in stock left over from the original lot. Some were branded 'Hawken,' others were not. Old Samuel, he told me, was a regular habitué of the shop as long as he lived and could scarcely keep his hands off the tools. Once Gemmer let him don the apron and make a rifle complete, as he had done in years gone by. This the old man sold to Charles F. Filley, who afterward presented it to the Missouri Historical Society. It was the last genuine Hawken rifle ever made. Gemmer himself operated the business for fifty-three years. He retired in 1915 and died recently at his home in St. Louis, aged eighty-one years. His collection of rare old firearms is now with the Missouri Historical Society.

"A Hawken rifle that belonged to Kit Carson was left by him to the Montezuma Lodge, F. & A. M., of Santa Fé, New Mexico, where it is now preserved. It bears Samuel Hawken's stamp. From a description and photograph in my possession I can see that it resembles the one I used to own, though shorter in the barrel.

"Some of the Hawken rifles, particularly those of early pattern, were stocked to the muzzle; but the fashion changed to half stock. They were made to order for men who knew exactly what they wanted, and of any size that might be preferred; but there was a certain standard proved by experience that most Western hunters found satisfactory—a thirty-four-inch heavy octagon barrel, about .53 caliber, taking a half-ounce ball, with low sights, double-set triggers and a light stock with hollowed butt. The total weight was usually from ten and a half to twelve pounds, most of it being in the barrel. Occasionally a long-range piece would be made that weighed eighteen to twenty pounds."

Daniel Boone's Rifle

"In testing my own Hawken I found that it would shoot straight with any powder charge up to a one-to-one load—equal weights of powder and ball. With a round ball of pure lead weighing 217 grains, patched with fine linen so that it fitted tight, and 205 grains of powder it gave a very low trajectory and great smashing power, and yet the recoil was no more severe than that of a .45-caliber breechloader charged with seventy grains of powder and a 500-grain service bullet. This rather surprising result was due to the slow twist of rifling—all that a round ball requires—the slight bearing in the grooves, the greased patch and the fact that the ball was ready-seated in the grooves before firing. For ordinary shooting the customary charge of powder was only half the weight of the bullet and the recoil then was almost unnoticeable. With this load it would shoot practically flat up to 150 yards and with extreme accuracy. By adding more powder it would still shoot straight and would kill at 200 to 250 yards with common round ball. With sugar-loaf bullet, seated with a false muzzle, I would back it to hit a standard bull's-eye nineteen times out of twenty or better at 500 yards.

"Some time ago I saw an article about rifles formerly owned by Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett. There is another one of Boone's that has a well-authenticated record. It is mentioned in Roosevelt's Winning of the West. In 1898 I got a photograph and description of this piece from its owner, Col. Reuben T. Durrett, of Louisville, Kentucky, and published them in a sportsmen's paper. This rifle was made by Michael Humble, of Louisville, in 1782, expressly for Boone, who gave or sold it to Capt. James Patton. Colonel Durrett purchased it in 1852 from William Marshall, who had married the Widow Patton.

"This rifle weighs eleven pounds. It has a 48¾-inch barrel and is of .44 caliber, taking fifty-four round balls to the pound. The relatively small caliber as compared to that of the Hawken rifles was owing to the different kind of service demanded of the weapon. Boone's hunting and Indian fighting was in a heavily forested country, where the shooting nearly always was at short range, and he had no grizzly bears to kill.

"I do not know whether Colonel Durrett is still living or not, but one could learn where the rifle is now preserved by applying to the secretary of the Filson Club, Louisville, Kentucky."

I have seen the Kit Carson rifle in Santa Fé, but did not know it was a Hawken—I did not find any name on it as I now recall the facts. Now since we have got started, there are more Hawken letters. Isn't it fine to make alive again an honest artist who once took pride in good work? Mr. William Streeter of St. Louis—a man eighty-two years old—says: "I knew Uncle Sammy Hawken, as he was called. His grandson is an acquaintance of mine. Do you care to know anything more about Mr. Hawken's history?"

Sure we do; and that answer goes also for Mr. J. S. McMichael, of Litchfield, Illinois, who writes that he can tell about Old Man Hawken too.

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THE RAVELIN' WOLF

(Continued from Page 13)

There was a dead weight of finality in her words. She rose heavily. As Sister Menifee departed Aunt Dilsey became aware of the presence of Jeff Poindexter. He was emerging from behind the door.

"Been hidin' inside dat kitchen lis'enin', I s'pose?" demanded Aunt Dilsey.

"Couldn't help frum hearin'," admitted Jeff. It was evident that he was not deeply grieved over the failure of Sister Menifee to make headway against Aunt Dilsey's opposition. "At de last you suttinly give dat woman her marchin' orders, didn't you, Aunt Dilsey?"

"An' sech wuz my intention frum de start off," she confided. "Minute she come th'ough dat back gate yonder I knowed whut she wuz comin' fur an' I wuz set an' ready wid de words waitin' on de tip of my tongue."

"Me, I don't fancy dat Duvall neither," stated Jeff. "I ain't been sayin' much 'bout him one way or 'nother but I been doin' a heap o' steddyin'."

"Yas, I knows all 'bout dat too," snapped Aunt Dilsey. "I got eyes in my haid. You los' yore taste fur dis yere big-talkin', fine-lookin' man jes ez soon ez he started sparkin' round dat tore-down limb of a 'Phelia Stubblefield. Whut ails you is you is jealous; hadn't been fur dat I lay you'd be runnin' round wid yore tongue hangin' out suckin' in ever'thing he sez ez de gospil truth same ez a lot of dese other weak-minded ones is doin'. Oh, I knows you, boy, frum ze ground up! An' furthermo' I knows dis Doct' Duvall likewise also, even if I ain't never seen him but oncet or twicet sence fust he come yere to dis town all dress' up lak a persidin' elder. I don't lak his looks an' I don't lak his ways, jedgin' by whut I hears of 'em frum dis one an' dat one, an' most in special I don't lak his color. He ain't clear black lak whut I is, an' he ain't muddy brown lak whut you is, neither he ain't high yaller lak some is. To me he looks most of all lak de ground side of a nickel wahtermelon. An' in all de goin' on sixty-two yeahs of my life I ain't never seen no pussun callin' theyselves Affikins dat had dat kind of a sickly greenish-yaller-whitish complexion but what trouble come pourin' frum 'em sooner or later, an' most gin'rally sooner, lak manna pourin' from de gourd of de Prophet Jonah. Dat man is a ravelin' wolf ef ever I seen one."

"Whut kind of a wolf did you say, Aunt Dilsey?" asked Jeff.

"Consult de Scriptures an' you won't be so ignunt," she answered crushingly. "Consult de Scriptures an' you'll read whar de ravelin' wolf come down on de fold, an' whut he done to de fold after he'd done come down on it wuz more'n aplenty. An' now, boy, you git on out of my kitchen an' go on 'bout yore business—ef you's got any business, which I doubts. I ain't got no mo' time to waste on you den whut I is on dat flighty-haided Eldora Menifee, a-traipsin' round frum one back do' to 'nother with her talk 'bout ladies' auxiliaries an' gittin' yo rights fur a dollah down an' twenty cents a week."

Jeff faded away. It was comforting in a way to find Aunt Dilsey on his side, even though her manner rather indicated she resented the fact that he was on hers. A few evenings later he found out something else. He was made to know that in another and entirely unsuspected quarter the endeavors of the diligently crusading and organizing Duvall person had roused more than a passing curiosity.

One evening, supper being over, Judge Priest lingered on in his low-ceiled dining room smoking his corncob pipe while Jeff cleared away the supper dishes. It was the same high-voiced deliberately ungrammatical Judge Priest that the kindly reader may recall—somewhat older than at last accounts, somewhat slower in his step—but then he never had been given to fast movements—and perhaps just a trifle balder.

"Wuz dey anythin' else you wanted, jedge, 'fore I locks up de back of de house an' lights out?" Jeff inquired when the table had been reset for breakfast.

"Yes, I think mebbe there was," drawled the old man. He hesitated a moment almost as though at a loss for a proper phrasing of the thing he meant to say next. Then: "Jeff, what's come over your race in this town here lately?"

"Meanin' w'ich, suh?" countered Jeff. "Me, I ain't notice nothin' out of de way—nothin' particular."

"Haven't you? Well, I think I have, Jeff, I don't want to be put in the position of pryin' into the private and the personal affairs of other folks, regardless of color. I have to do enough of that sort of thing in my official capacity when I'm settin' in judgment up at the big courthouse. But unless I can get some confidential information frum you I don't know where else I'm likely to get it, and at the same time I sort of feel as if I should try to get hold of it somewheres or other ef it's humanly possible."

"Yas, suh."

"Now heretofore in this community the two races—white and black—have got along purty tolerably well together. We managed to put up with your shortcomings and you managed to put up with ours, which at times may have been considerable of a strain on both sides. Still we've done it. But it seems to me here of late there's been a kind of an undercurrent of discontent stirrin' amongst you people—and no logical reason fur it either, so fur as I kin see. Yet there it is.

"There was that rumpus two-three weeks ago down in Market Square. A little more and that affair could have growed into a first-class race riot. And here last Saturday night followed that mix-up out by the Union Depot when Policeman Gip Futtrell got all carved up and two darkies got purty extensively shot. And night before last the trouble that occurred on that Belt Line car out in Hollandville; that looked mighty threatenin', too, fur a while. And in between all these more serious things a lot of little unpleasantnesses keep croppin' up—always takin' the form of friction between whites and blacks.

"One of these here occurrences might be what you'd call an accident and two of them in rapid succession a coincidence, but it looks to me like now it's gettin' to be a habit. It's leadin' to bad blood and what's worse it's leadin' to a lot of spilt blood and our city gettin' a bad name and all that.

"And I know the respectable black folks in this town don't want that to happen any more than the respectable white people do.

"Now then, Jeff, what's at the bottom of all this—I mean on your side of the color line? Who's stirrin' up old grudges and kindlin' new ones? I've sort of got my own private suspicions, but I'd like to see if your idees run along with mine. Got any suggestions as to the underlying causes of this ill feelin' that's sprung up so lately and without any good reason for it either so fur ez I kin see?"

Now ordinarily Jeff would have held firmly to the doctrine that white folks should tend to their business and let black folks tend to theirs. For all his loyalty to his master, a certain race consciousness in him would have bade him keep hands off and tongue locked. But here a strong personal prejudice operated to steer Jeff away from what otherwise would have been his customary course.

"Jedge," he said, drawing a pace or two nearer his employer, "did you ever hear tell of a pale-yaller party w'ich calls hisse'f Doct' J. Talbott Duvall dat come here few weeks ago?"

"Ah, hah!" said the judge as though satisfied of the correctness of a prior conclusion. "I thought possibly my mind might be on the right track. Yes, I've heard of him and I've seen him. Whut of him?"

"Jedge, I trusts you won't tell nobody else whut I'm tellin' you, but dat's sho' de one dat's at de bottom of de whole mess. He's de one dat's plantin' de pizen. Me, I ain't had no truck wid him myse'f, but dat ain't sayin' I don't know whut he's doin', case I do. He calls hisse'f a organizer."

"Ah, hah! And what is he organizin'?"

"Trouble, jedge. Dat's whut—trouble fur a lot of folks. Jedge, fo' we goes any further lemme ast you a coupler questions, please, suh. Is it true dat over dere in some of dem Youropean countries black folks is jes' de same ez white folks, ef not more so?"

Choosing his words, the old man elucidated his understanding of the social order as it prevailed in certain geographical divisions and subdivisions of the continent of Europe.

"Yas, suh, thanky, suh," said Jeff when the judge had hushed. "I reckin' mebbe one main trouble over dere is, jedge, dat dem folks ain't been raised de way you an' me is."

"Jeff," said the judge, "I'm inclined to think probably you're right."

"Yas, suh. Now den, jedge, here's one mo' thing. Is it true dat in all dem furrin countries—Russia an' Germany an' Bombay an' all—dat de po' people, w'ite or black or whutever dey color is, is fixin' to rise up in dere might an' tek de money an' de gover'mint an' de fine houses an' de cream of ever'thing away frum dem dat's had it all 'long?"

Again the judge expounded at length, touching both upon upheavals abroad and on discords nearer home. Next it was Jeff's turn to make disclosures having a purely local application and he made them. Listening intently, Judge Priest puckered his bald brow into furrows of perplexity.

"Jeff," he said finally, "I'm much obliged to you fur tellin' me all this. It backs up what I'd sort of figgered out all by myself. The whole world appears to be engaged in standin' on its esteemed head at this writin'. I reckin when old Mister Kaiser turned loose the war he didn't stop to think that mebbe the war was only one of a whole crop of evils he was lettin' out of his box of tricks. Or mebbe he didn't care—bein' the kind of a person he was. And I'm prone to believe also that when the Germans stopped fightin' us with guns they begun fightin' us with other weapons almost as dangersome to our peace of mind and future well-bein'. Different parts of this country are in quite a swivet—agitators preachin' bad doctrine—some of 'em drawin' pay from secret enemies across the sea fur preachin' it, too, I figger—and a lot of highly disagreeable disturbances croppin' up here and there. But I was hopin' that mebbe our little corner of the world wouldn't be pestered. But now it looks ez ef we weren't goin' to escape our share of the trouble."

"Jedge," asked Jeff, "ain't dere some way dis Duvall pusson could be fetched up in cote? I suttinly would admire to see dat yaller man wearin' a striped suit of clothes."

"Well, Jeff," said the judge, "I doubt either the legality or the propriety of such a step, ef you get what I mean. From what you tell me I don't see where he's really broken any laws. He's got a right to come here and organize his societies and lodges and things so long as he don't actually come out in the open and preach violence. He's got a perfect right under the law to organize this here new drill company you speak about. I sometimes think that if all the young men in this country had been required to do a little more drillin' in years gone by we'd be feelin' somewhat safer today. Anyway, it's a mighty great mistake sometimes to make a martyr out of a rascal. Puttin' him in jail, unless you're absolutely certain that a jail is where he properly belongs, gives him a chance to raise the cry of persecution and gives his followers an excuse to cut loose and smash up things. You get my drift, don't you?"

"Yas, suh, think I do. Well den, suh, ef I wuz runnin' dis town seems to me I'd git a crowd of strong-minded gen'lemen together some evenin' in de dark of de moon an' let 'em call on dis yere slick-haided half-strainer an' invite him to tek his foot in his hand an' marvil further. Ef one of 'em wuz totin' a rope in his hand sorter keerless lak it might help. Ropes is powerful influential. An' de sight of tar an' feathers mess a mighty strong argument, too, Ise heared tell."

"Jeff," said the judge, "I'm astonished that you'd even suggest such a thing! Mob law is worse even than no law at all. Besides," he added—and now there was a small twinkle in his eye to offset to a degree the severity in his tones—"besides, the feller that was hen' called on by the committee might decline to take the hint and then purty soon you might have another self-made martyr on your hands. But if he ran away on his own hook now—if something came up that made him go of his own accord and go fast and cut a sort of a cheap figure in the eyes of his deluded followers whilst he was goin'—that'd be a different thing altogether. Start a crowd of folks, w'ite or black or brown, to laughin' at a feller and they'll quit believin' in him. Worshipin' a false god and laughin' at him at the same time never has been successfully done yet."

He sucked his pipe. "Jeff," he resumed, "what do you know, ef anything, about the past career and movements of this here J. Talbott Et Cetery?"

Jeff knew a good deal—at second hand. Didn't the object of his deepest aversions persist in almost nightly calls upon the object of his deepest affections? Paying such calls, didn't the enemy spend hours—hours upon hours doubtless—pouring into Ophelia's ear accounts of his recent triumphs as an uplifter in other towns and other states? Didn't the fascinated and flattered Ophelia in turn recount these tales to one whose opportunities for traveling and seeing the great world had been more circumscribed? Had not Jeff writhed in jealous misery the while he heard the annals of a rival's successes? So Jeff made prompt answer.

"Yas, suh, I suttinly does. Ise heared a right smart 'bout dis yere Duvall's past life frum—frum somebody. 'Cordin' to de way he narrates it, he wuz in Nashville, Tennessee, 'fore he come yere; an' 'fore dat in Mobile, Alabama; an' 'fore dat in Little Rock, Arkansas. Seem lak w'en he ain't organizin' or speechifyin' he ain't got nothin' better to do den run round amongst young cullid gals braggin' 'bout de places he's been an' de things he done whilst in 'em."

Jeff spoke with an enhanced bitterness.

"I see. Then I take it ef he spends so much time in seekin' out female society that he's not a married man?"

"So he say—so he say! But, Jedge Priest, ef ever I looked on de spittin-image of a natchel-born marryin' nigger, dat ver' same Duvall is de one."

Judge Priest seemed not to have heard this last. He sat for a bit apparently studying the tips of his square-toed, low-quarter shoes.

"Jeff," he said when he had given his feet a long half minute of seeming consideration, "I would like to know some facts about the previous life and general history of the individual we've been discussin'—I really would. In fact my curiosity is such that I might even be willin' to spend a little money out of my own pocket, ef needs be, in order to find out. So I was jest wonderin' whether you wouldn't like to take a little trip, with all expenses paid, and tour round through some of our sister states and make a few private inquiries. It occurs to me that everything considered you might make a better job of it as an amateur investigator than a regular professional detective of a different color might. Do you know where by any chance you could get hold of a good photograph of this here individual—I mean without lettin' him know anything about it?"

"Yas, suh, dat I does," stated Jeff briskly.

The conference between master and man lasted perhaps fifteen minutes longer before Jeff was dismissed for the night. Mainly it dealt with ways, means and purposes. Upon the heels of it, within forty-eight hours two events—seemingly nowise related or bearing one upon the other—occurred. An ornately framed photograph lately bestowed as a gift and treasured as a trophy of sentimental value mysteriously vanished from the mantelpiece of the front room of Ophelia Stubblefield's pa's house, and Jefferson Poindexter, carrying a new and very shiny suitcase, unostentatiously left town late at night on a southbound train.

Darktown in Nashville knew him for a brief spare as a visiting nobleman with money in all his pockets and apparently nothing of importance to do except to spend it in divertisements suitable to the social instincts of a capitalist of leisure. In Mobile at the Elite Colored Beauty Parlors for the first time in his life he tendered his finger nails for ministrations at the hands of a dashing chocolate-to-cream-colored manicurist and spent the remainder of that same afternoon in a sunny spot, glistening pleasantly.

If in both these cities and likewise in Little Rock, which next he favored with his presence, he made himself known to brothers of his particular lodge (the Afro-American Order of Supreme Kings of the Universe has a large and a widely distributed membership) and if under the sacred pledge of secrecy what he says may be known, or think of next after death by lethargy, he told the real of these fraternal aims of his order (and certain deeper

Concluded on Page 69

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For every automobile owner or dealer who appreciates the importance of the piston ring, and *particularly* for those who *do not*, there's a world of real information in "The Story of the Piston Ring."

In this timely booklet, piston rings are stripped of their fancy paper cartons and viewed only from the angle that shows how well they perform the compression duty that is the piston ring's reason for existence.

"The Story of the Piston Ring" also shows why the Splitdorf Peened Piston Ring—a one-piece ring that shares the reputation for DEPENDABILITY that characterizes ALL Splitdorf products—is peculiarly fitted for duty in *your* engine and *every* engine.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY
Newark, N. J.

Your dealer can supply you with type of plug best suited to your engine

Splitdorf Armored Magneto with Impulse Starter.

MICHELIN
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The small car is moderately priced because it is a small car—not because poor materials are used in its construction. Maintain its efficiency and economy by using Michelin Tires.

Small size Michelins are made of the same quality materials, by the same careful workmen, in the same modern factory that have made Michelin Ring-shaped Tubes and other Michelin products famous.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY

Milltown, New Jersey

Dealers in all parts of the world

(Concluded from Page 66)

inquiries, why, that was his own private business. Assuredly, so far as surface indications counted, he appeared to have no business other than pleasurable pursuits. From Little Rock he turned his face southeastward, landing at Macon, Georgia, where he lingered on for upward of a week, breaking his visit only by a day's side trip to a smaller town south of Macon. Altogether Jeff was an absentee from his favorite haunts back home for the greater part of a month.

He reached town on a Monday. Betimes Tuesday morning, inspired outwardly by the zeal of one just won over from skepticism to the immediate advisability of following a sapient course, he sought opportunity to become a member in good standing of the Shining Star Colored Uplift and Progress League, a simple ceremony and a brief, since it involved merely the signing of one's name on Dotted Line A of a printed form card and the paying of a dollar into the hand of Dr. J. Talbott Duvall. On Tuesday evening the league met in stated session at Hillman's Hall on Yazoo Street and Jeff was early on hand, visibly enthusiastic and professedly ready to do all within his power to further the aims and intents of the organization. As a brand snatched from the burning he was elevated before the eyes of the assemblage so that all might see him and mark his mien of newborn fervor, for Doctor Duvall, following his custom, called to places upon the platform the proselytes enrolled since the previous meeting, to the end that older members might observe the physical proof of a steady and a healthful growth.

So there sat Jefferson in the very front row of wooden chairs, where all might behold him and he might behold all and sundry. About him were his recent fellow converts. Almost directly behind him was a door giving upon a side entrance; there was another door serving similar purposes upon the opposite side of the stage. Beyond him to the left in the center of the stage were grouped the honorary officers of the league, flanking and supporting their chief.

Being an honorary officer carried with it, as the title might imply, honor and prominence second only to that enjoyed by the president-organizer, but it entailed no great weight of responsibility, since practically all the actual work of the league had from the very outset been generously assumed by Doctor Duvall. It was he who cared for the funds, he who handled disbursements, he who conducted the proceedings, he who made the principal addresses on meeting nights, he who between meetings labored without cessation to spread educational propaganda. That he found time for all these purposeful endeavors and yet crowded in such frequent opportunity for mingling socially among the lambs of his flock—notably the ewe lambs—was but evidence, accumulating daily, of his genius for leadership and direction.

This night the session opened with a prayer—by Doctor Duvall; an eloquent and a moving prayer indeed, its sonorous periods set off and adorned with noble big words and quotations in foreign tongues. The prayer would be followed, it had been announced, by the reading of the minutes of the previous session, after which Doctor Duvall would speak at length with particular reference to things lately accomplished and the even more important things in contemplation for the near future.

Standing for the prayer, Jeff could look out over what a master of words before now has fitly described as a sea of upturned faces—faces black, brown and yellow. Had he been minded to give thought to details he might have noted how at every polysyllabic outburst from the inspired invocationist old Uncle Isom Fauntleroy, himself accounted a powerful hand at wrestling with sinners in prayer, was visibly jolted by admiration; might, if he had had a head for figures, have kept count of the hearty amens with which Sister Eldora Menifee punctuated each pause when Doctor Duvall was taking a fresh breath; might have cast a side glance upon Ophelia Stubblefield in a new and most becoming hat with ostrich plumage grandly surmounting it. But under the hand which he held reverently cupped over his brow Jeff's eyes were fixed upon a certain focal point—to wit, the door of the main entrance at the length of the hall from him. It was as though Jeff waited for something or somebody he was expecting.

Nor did he have so very long to wait. The prayer was done and well done. In its wake, so to speak, there spouted up from every side veritable geysers of hallelujahs and amens. The honorary secretary, Brother Lemuel Diuguid, smelling grandly of expensive hair ointments—Brother Diuguid being by calling a head barber—stood up to read the minutes of the preceding regular session, and having read them sat down again. A friendly and flattering bustle of anticipation filled the body of the hall as Doctor Duvall rose and moved one pace forward and—raising a hand for silence—began to speak. But he had no more than begun, had progressed no farther than part way of his first smoothly launched sentence, when he was made to break off by an unseemly interruption at the rear. The honorary grand inner guard on duty at the far street door, after a brief and unsuccessful struggle with unseen forces, was observed to be shoved violently aside from his post. Bursting in together there entered two strangers—a tall yellow woman and a short black man, and both of them of a most grim and determined aspect. He moved fast, this man, but even so his companion moved faster still. She was three paces ahead of him when bulging impetuously past those who sprang into the center aisle as though to halt her onward rush—all others present being likewise up on their feet—she came to a halt near the middle of the hall and, glaring about her defiantly, just double-dog-dared any present to lay so much as the weight of one detaining finger upon her. There was something about her calculated to daunt the most willing of volunteer opponents, and so while those at a safe distance demanded the ejection of the intruders those nearer her hesitated.

"Th'ow me out?" she whooped, echoing the words of outraged and startled members of the Shining Star. "I'd lak to see de one dat's gwine try it! An' 'fo' anybody talk 'bout th'owin' out lettum heah me whilst I sez my say!"

Towering until she seemed to increase in stature by inches, she aimed a long and bony finger dead ahead.

"Ax dat slinky yaller man up yonder on dat flatfo'm ef he gwine give de order to th'ow me out!" she clarioned in a voice which rose to a compelling shriek. "But fust off ax him whut he meant—marryin' me in Mobile, Alabama, an' den runnin' 'way frum his lawful wedded wife under cover of de night! Ax him—dat's all, ax him!"

"An' ax him one thing mo'!" It was the voice of her short companion rising above the tumult. "Ax him whut he done wid de funds of de s'ciety he 'stablished at Little Rock, Arkansas, all of w'ich he absconded wid dis last spring!"

As though the same set of muscles controlled every neck the heads of all swung about, their eyes following where the accusers pointed, their ears twitching for the expected blast of denial and denunciation which would wither these mad and scandalous detractors in their tracks.

Alas and alackaday! With his splendid figure suddenly all diminished and shrunken, with distress writ large and plain upon his features, the popular idol was step by step flinching backward from the edge of the platform—was step by step inching, edging toward the side door in the right-hand wall.

And in this same instant the stunned assemblage realized that Jeff Poindexter, by nimble maneuvering, had thrust himself between the retreating figure and the exit, and Jeff was crying out: "Not dis way out, Doct' Duvall. Not dis way! De one you married down below Macon is waitin' fur you behin' dis do'!"

The doctor stopped in midflight and swung about and his eye fell upon the right-hand door and he moved a yard or two in that direction; but no more than a yard or two, for again Jeff spoke in warning, halting him short:

"Not dat way neither! De one frum dat other town whar you uster live is waitin' outside dat do'—wid a pistil! Seems lak you's entirely s'rounded by wives dis evenin'!"

To the verge of the footlights the beset man darted, and like a desperate swimmer plunging from a foundering bark into a stormy sea he leaped far out and projected himself, a living catapult, along the middle aisle. He struck the tall yellow woman as the irresistible force strikes the supposedly immovable object of the scientists' age-old riddle, but on his side was impetus and on hers surprise. She was bowled over flat and her hands, clutching as she went down, closed but on empty and unresisting air. Literally he hurdled over the stocky form of the little black man behind her, but as the other flitted by him the fists of the stranger knotted firmly into the skirts of its wearer's long black frock coat and held on. There was a rending, tearing sound and as the back breadth of the garment ripped bodily away from the waistband there flew forth from the capsized tail pockets a veritable cloudburst of currency—floating, fluttering green and yellow bills and with them pattering showers of dollars and halves and dimes and quarters and nickels.

That canny instinct which had led the fugitive apostle of the uplift to hide the collected funds of the league upon his person rather than trust to banks and strong boxes was to prove his ruination financially but his salvation physically. While those who had believed in him, now forgetting all else, scrambled for the scattered money—their money—he fled out of the unguarded door and was instantly gone into the shielding night—a sorry shape in a bobtailed garment.

At a somewhat later hour Judge Priest in his living room was receiving from Jefferson Poindexter a much lengthier and more elaborated account of the main occurrences of the evening at Hillman's Hall than has here been presented. Speaking as he did in the dual rôle of spectator and of an actuating force in the events of that crowded and exciting night, Jeff spared no details. He had come to the big scene of his narrative when his master interrupted him:

"Hold on a minute, Jeff! I don't know ez I get the straight of it all yit. I rather gathered frum what you told me yesterday when you landed back home and made your report that you'd only been able to dig up one certain-sure wife of this feller's—the one that came along with you and that little Arkansaw darky. You didn't say anything then about bein' able to prove he was a bigamist."

"Huh, jedge, I didn't have to prove it! Dat man wuz more'n jes' a plain bigamist. He sho' wuz a trigamist, an' ef de full truth wuz knowed I 'spects he wuz a quadrupler at de very least. He proved it hisself—way he act' w'en de big 'splosion come."

"But the two women you told him were waitin' behind those side doors for him—how about them?"

"Law, jedge, dey wuzn't dere—neither one of 'em wuzn't. Jes' lak I told you yistiddy, I couldn't find only jest one woman dat nigger'd married an' run off frum, an' her I fetched 'long wid me. But lak I also told you, I got kind of traces of one dat uster live below Macon but w'ich has now vanished, an' ever'whar else I went whar he'd lived befo' he come yere de signs wuz manifold dat he wuz a natchel-born marryin' fool, jes' lak I 'spicioned fust time ever I see him. So w'en he started fur dat fust do' I taken a chancet on him an' w'en I seen how he cringed an' ducked back I taken another chancet on him, an' de subsequent evidences offers testimony dat both times I reckined right. Jedge, de late Doct' Duvall muster married some powerful rough-actin' gals in his time ef he thought de Mobile one wuz de gentlest out of three. Well, anyway, suh, de ravelin' wolf is gone frum us, an' fur one I ain't 'spectin' him back never no mo'. An' I reckin dat's de main pint wid you an' me both."

"The ravelin' what?"

"Dat's whut Aunt Dilsey called him oncet, speechifyin' to me 'bout him—de ravelin' wolf. Only he suttinly did look he wuz comin' unraveled mighty fast de last time I seen of him."

These Trade Marks Your Guarantee of Genuine New Bearings

THE trade mark of the Bearings Service Company embodies, as a component part of its design, a reproduction of the three leading makes of anti-friction bearings—TIMKEN, HYATT, NEW DEPARTURE—and is here shown fortified on all sides by the trade marks of the three manufacturers of these bearings.

Through the 27 Direct Branches and approximately 1,000 Authorized Distributors of this Company you may obtain genuine, new Timken, Hyatt and New Departure Bearings for repairs or replacements.

Our service is official. It is nation-wide.

Branches in the Following 27 Cities

Atlanta	Indianapolis
Boston	Rochester
Chicago	Oakland, Cal.
Detroit	Philadelphia
Los Angeles	St. Louis
Minneapolis	New Orleans
San Francisco	Pittsburgh
New York	Omaha
Seattle	Fresno
Kansas City	Portland, Ore.
Dallas	Toronto
Cleveland	Brooklyn
Denver	Milwaukee

Salt Lake City

BEARINGS SERVICE COMPANY

General Offices:

Detroit, Michigan

The CROSSETT Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

Model No. 140

Dark Brown Calf
Reduced to
Goodyear W[illegible]
ber.

Proper Fit

You cannot be too careful about the fit of your shoes. Thereon depends both ease and style that endures.

The dealer in your locality who handles CROSSETT SHOES has a line of lasts and patterns that are based on sound fitting quality. He gives particular attention to the fitting of each individual customer.

Look him up and be convinced that shoes can be both stylish and comfortable.

Wear in a shoe is hidden. Hence the necessity of a brand that means something to you when selecting a shoe. The name CROSSETT on our shoes is a definite guarantee of full value and longer wear.

The CROSSETT Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

TRADE MARK

Ask Crossett Shoe Dealer for Booklet:
"SHOES—THEIR CARE"

LEWIS A. CROSSETT CO.
North Abington, Mass.

The Poets' Corner

Who Gets the Money?

Who Gets All the Money?

"NOT I," says the Farmer. "I tell you my profit
On things is so small I can barely live off it;
I don't get the money."

"Not I," says the Worker. "My wage is quite meager
For four growing children, all hungry and eager;
I don't get the money."

"Not I," says the Rancher. "There really no sense is
In trying to ranch with these increased expenses;
I don't get the money."

"Not I," says the Poulterer. "Indeed I am losing.
I pay twice as much for the feed I am using;
I don't get the money."

"Not I," says the Miller. "With wheat such a figger
My profits grow smaller and smaller, not bigger;
I don't get the money."

"Not I," says the Dairyman. "Poured in the gutter
My milk would make me as much profit as butter;
I don't get the money."

"Not I," says the Packer. "With hogs, sheep and cattle
Sky high, to keep solvent is my constant battle;
I don't get the money."

"Not I," says the Landlord. "I'd better take axes
And wreck all my houses than try to pay taxes;
I don't get the money."

"Not I," says the Dealer. "With rent, goods and clerking
Gone up out of sight I'd far better be working;
I don't get the money."

"Not I," says the Tailor. "My poor profit page is
In red, it all goes out for rent, cloth and wages,
I don't get the money."

"Not I," says the Cobbler. "And I don't know whether
I'm solvent. The Tanner takes all mine for leather;
I don't get the money."

Who Gets All the Money?

I'm sure I don't know, and a hard thing to prove is
Who does—but perhaps it's all gone to the Movies;
They may get the money.

—James W. Foley.

Dreams

I WONDER if the dead leaves dream
Of summer days, the golden gleam
Of April sunlight on a stream
They danced above;
Of glad June mornings' meadowsweet,
When dryads passed on flying feet;
Of still starlighted nights replete
With life and love?

I wonder if their spirits learn
To fold meek hands, or do they yearn
For hot delicious days that burn
In ardor sweet?
Pale summer ghosts, they drift to-day
Where autumn skies are cold and gray
And chill winds heap them ceaselessly
'Neath passing feet.

Perhaps beneath the slim young moon,
With all the glad young world atune,
Their shadows kissed the scarlet shoon
When fairies played;
And all their ecstasy unspent
Thrilled in the notes the wood god sent
To weave a spell of soft content
Bound man and maid.

They lived and danced, were gay or grave,
They freely loved and madly gave,
Too spirit-free to stint or save.
The golden gleams
Of joy they knew and passion's range,
Bewilderment of stress and change,
Now in a gray world, cold and strange,
They dream their dreams.

—May Stanley.

Rebuke

OFTEN at dinner, when the talk
Is very tiptoe wit, and gay,
And silver glints and servants walk
With muted steps, and flowers sway
Above the damask and the glass,
And laughter rings, though no one hears
The door swing back for her to pass,
Our grandmother appears.

Elaine's white shoulders catch the light;
The light pools in her splendid hair;
Hugh lounges like a lazy knight
In his deep-carved Italian chair.
Our mother smiles, her prettiness
Is vague and frail; and there she stands
In her hard-textured ugly dress
With her big-jointed hands.

Then with self-conscious awkward gait
Crosses the stately room, to find
A slat-backed rocker, gibbet straight,
Existent only to the mind,
Sinks down, but first folds back her dress,
Watches with eyes that never tire,
And warms her worn-out meagerness
At our well-being as a fire.

We seldom notice she is there,
Not one of us has heard her speak,
Once only did she leave her chair.
Elaine, who fancies saying chic,
Enraging, superficial things,
Has recently discovered it
Annoys us all to twang the strings
Of communistic benefit.

That night, in accents that implied
A pride of ruinous blood not ours,
She parroted: "Why not divide
All wealth? Give shorter working hours?
What reason can there be that those
Like us should ride weighed down with furs
While ——"
Trembling that old woman rose,
Held out those hands of hers.

She got us everything we have
By claiming nothing, going West,
Wearing her fingers raw to save,
Making the grim earth yield its best;
Forcing each inch to give its share,
Plowing her being in the yield,
Dying and being left out there,
Buried as beasts are in the field.

Perhaps she stands an argument
For all Elaine's destructive creed;
Perhaps strong hearts were better bent
From such destructive mother greed,
And taught an easier way to live,
With kinder, lazier laws to stem
Such energies to build, and give ——
But once the country needed them.

I took my glass of wine that held
The toil of some rich-fruited year,
Whereby our winters are dispelled.
And said: "Elaine, the fruit is here;
They might have eaten or let rot
The grapes, the generous-hearted dead."
Hugh raised his glass, he'd not forgot—
"Our grandmother!" he said.

—Charles Brackett.

CONFIDENCE

BEFORE the golden age of Greece, before the Empire of Egypt, before ancient China was, Phoenicia thrived. Thirty-six centuries she endured; a longer supremacy than may be credited to any other nation.

Her strength came from world commerce; her endurance from world confidence.

History proves a nation's constructive efforts are not interrupted until there has been a denial of the value and power of confidence.

Confidence is the guarantee of permanence; the bond between employer and employee; the open road from seller to consumer; the creator of credit; the heart and soul of finance; the architect and builder of good will; the life of trade.

Of all the wonders of modern commerce one of the first is the distribution of confidence through advertising. Despite the war, industry has made its greatest advance during the last fifty years, or since advertising impressed the importance of confidence to commerce.

Significantly, this important period represents the life of the house of N. W. AYER & SON. During all these years we have been developing methods for the establishment of confidence in the minds of the public.

And today, for businesses with qualities making for greatness, either in fact or in spirit; greatness founded on a determination to deserve confidence, we offer this developed advertising service.

For such houses we can "Make advertising pay the advertiser"—and the public. Only for such houses would we build confidence, the greatest need of today.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

MATTERS OF OPINION

Unprotected Americans

CONSUL JENKINS' recent experiences in Mexico opened up afresh the whole subject of the treatment of American citizens abroad and the scant protection afforded them by their home government. There is too much basis for the world-wide impression that Americans abroad are left pretty much to shift for themselves and that if they are robbed, unlawfully imprisoned or even murdered, the results will be no more serious than the exchange of a few diplomatic notes. It is well understood that nothing conclusive is likely to happen and that no really adequate redress will be exacted.

In distant quarters of the globe it sometimes happens that the lot of venturesome Americans is not so hard in practice as in theory, for times without number it has been proved that a humiliating sacrifice of self-respect will secure immunity from native aggression.

If one of our missionaries of trade finds himself captured and held for ransom by a wandering band of robbers he knows precisely what to do. The procedure has been standardized. The captive manages to get word to the nearest British resident that he is a prisoner and that he is a British subject, being a Canadian and a native of Akron, Province of Ohio. Without loss of time the resident summons a budding diplomatist from the polo field or the tennis courts and desires him to pass the word in the proper quarters that if the British subject from Akron is not returned unharmed to the residency within the next twenty-four hours highly disagreeable consequences will immediately ensue.

The natives know by experience that this is no idle threat. And so it comes to pass that the agent of the oil company or the harvester concern duly appears at the residency the next evening; and when he comes to reflect upon his adventure he concludes that the most trying phases of it were the renunciation of his American citizenship and the embarrassment of dining in a sack suit with his dinner-coated rescuers. Humorous enough on the surface, such episodes are gall and wormwood to every thoroughgoing American outside of Washington.

Granting that it is worth while to attempt the reëstablishment of our prestige in foreign countries, what are the simplest and most practicable means of doing it? A program beginning and ending with a big stick is not one that judicious counsel would propose. Force alone excepted, the greatest creator of prestige is an unbroken series of well-calculated favorable impressions.

In business the skillful making of such impressions is called advertising.

The resources of advertising, using the word in its larger sense, are not so meager and barren that we need create good opinion of ourselves as a nation by means that ape those employed in merchandising a household necessity, though if one-tenth of the mentality and sound judgment required to put a new cereal preparation on every breakfast table in the land or a new brand of soap in every kitchen in the country had been devoted to the advancement of our national honor and dignity in other lands, we should not be cutting the figure we cut to-day.

There is nothing spectacular or even original in the national advertising campaign upon which we should embark. First and foremost, the United States should buy and own its embassy and legation buildings in every capital to which it accredits diplomatic representatives. These buildings, with their ample grounds, should be mute but significant testimony of the esteem in which we hold ourselves. They should be centrally located in the finest quarters of their respective cities. They should be local landmarks pointed out to every chance visitor for their striking beauty or impressiveness.

Whenever proposals of this sort are made in Congress some bush-league statesman is certain to rise in his place to protest against the vain pomps of European courts and to denounce Continental usage as unworthy of the traditional simplicity of our republic. Yet it is hard to believe that these apostles of the sanctity of shirt sleeves are so ignorant as to be unaware that well-bred Americans who lived in the time of Washington and Jefferson were bound by a code of etiquette so precise and formal as to appear absurd. In that day a woman addressed her husband in public as Mister. To him she was always Madam except in the privacy of the family circle.

Long before our first President reached his highest eminence his lofty manner had so impressed those about him that his Virginia neighbors invariably rose as one man when he entered a room in which they were seated. Washington's sense of discipline was so deeply ingrained that not even the famine and smallpox that ravaged his camp at Valley Forge restrained him from court-martialing a commissioned officer who ate with a private soldier and sold him a pair of shoes.

He who runs may read in scores of books of the ceremony and decorum that characterized the men with whom Washington surrounded himself, but we never lack congressmen who would have us believe that they copied the manners of the stable boys who held their horses. They forget that the minuet was the dance of the day and that jazz had not yet been transplanted from the banks of the Congo to those of the Potomac.

At home we may be as simple and unostentatious as we choose, but when we run up the Stars and Stripes over an embassy or legation the chances are that most of the passers-by who see our flag will be persons who cherish a deep-rooted conviction that though fine feathers may not make fine birds, fine birds never lack fine feathers. The foreigner who holds this article of faith may be intellectually aware that our population is well over one hundred millions; that we are the richest nation in the world and are said to be the most idealistic; but somehow he cannot persuade himself of the reality of our might and of our resources if he finds our diplomatic representative housed in mean rented quarters in some dingy side street. He jumps at the conclusion that we are either too ignorant or too careless of the fitness of things to be worthy of his notice or that we are too niggardly to merit his respect.

Even before we have finished the task of making our embassies and legations what they should be, more should be done for our consulates. These American rallying points of foreign trade leave much to be desired. They are often inadequately quartered and in many instances our consuls and commercial agents are woefully lacking in proper facilities for the proper performance of their duties. Knowing the conditions that exist, one cannot survey the work of our consular service without feelings of surprise that it is as good as it is. Moderate expenditures judiciously made for better housing and more ample clerical assistance would pay for themselves twentyfold.

Since 1914 American tonnage in foreign waters has increased more than three and one-half times. The nations of Europe owe us billions of dollars. Proper safeguarding of our foreign interests necessitates a material increase of our diplomatic and consular personnel.

We are just entering upon a most critical period in the history of our foreign trade. These are times in which it should be our policy to put none but Americans on guard.

There is an exceedingly close connection between dignified and adequate representation in foreign countries and the prestige and consequent safety of Americans who travel or do business in those countries, but these material manifestations of our national importance will never prevail very powerfully until there is an habitually stiff upper lip in Washington.

The Federal Government owes to all its loyal citizens a foreign office whose firm and resolute policy is to protect their persons and property wherever they may be and to redress their wrongs whenever possible. No foreign secretary can respectably plead as an excuse for inaction the fact that not infrequently persons who get into hot water abroad would very likely be in jail if they had stayed at home. Every chancellery is subject to the annoyance of cries of distress from its wastrel nationals and it is part and parcel of the business of diplomacy to investigate requests for official intervention and to act in accordance with its findings.

Any comprehensive program for the upbuilding of American prestige abroad would necessarily scrutinize the efficiency of the Department of State with a view to ascertaining whether or not it is too good to be improved. More than once this department has laid itself open to charges of office laxity and of casualness in the transaction of weighty diplomatic business. Within the memory of men who are still very young our foreign office was adorned by a chief who was fortunate enough to possess two overcoats at the same time. Common rumor asserted during his incumbency that he mislaid a state paper of high import and that as a consequence a great and somewhat irritable power was kept upon the anxious seat for weeks waiting for a response to its lost and unopened inquiry. In course of time a sudden cold snap again brought Mister Secretary's heavy overcoat into service and incidentally revealed the resting place of the missing document.

Then, too, there were certain years when congressional cloakrooms chuckled over numerous undenied stories of the Honorable the Secretary of State's appalling ignorance of political geography and the who's who of the diplomatic world, resulting in affronts and indiscretions that left everyone stupefied or enraged except the bland cabinet minister himself.

Mr. Lansing's announced intention of reorganizing his department as soon as the Peace Treaty is disposed of is interesting and significant.

The Department of State might be open to more specific and frequent criticism if it did not forestall by the simple expedient of keeping the details of many of its acts as much in the dark as possible. Other chancelleries publish voluminous installments of diplomatic correspondence in the form of white books, blue books and what not; but despite Mr. Wilson's advocacy of open diplomacy our own foreign office not infrequently adheres to its ancient custom and indorses by its practice the old adage that what the people do not know will not worry them.

There are persons not unfamiliar with this branch of the Government who incline to the belief that since the death of John Hay the gravest deficiencies in our State Department have been found in its higher levels rather than lower down in the scale. The pressure brought to bear for squeezing into this department young men of influential connections for the sake of the social distinction such employment is supposed to confer is tremendous; and the appointing powers have sometimes forgotten that the ability to feel at ease in a morning coat and a tall hat, plus agreeable drawing-room manners, are not the be-all and end-all of effective diplomacy.

No other nation appears to experience as much difficulty as we do in striking a happy medium in the selection of its diplomatic representatives. An extreme type of ambassador is the variety who makes friends at foreign courts by entertainments of unrivaled lavishness and allows it to be understood that no visiting American who is below the rank of United States senator or who is not many times a millionaire need expect to be allowed to cross the embassy doormat. The warm-handed other extreme is the rough diamond who is so exceedingly rough that he adds to the gayety of nations in ways not desirable and who keeps the court to which he is accredited in transports of delight, not by his wit, but by his blunders. Neither of these types creates that series of favorable impressions that can fairly be characterized as judicious national advertising.

Some day, if we are wise enough, we shall be sending abroad young men qualified for their duties by special training in a National Diplomatic and Consular Service School, a Government academy offering solid courses in natural resources, commerce, history, economics, international law, the languages of Europe and the East and diplomatic usage and procedure. Diplomacy should be a profession, not a hobby.

Some honest efforts have already been made to introduce the merit system into the diplomatic service, but the system appears to begin at the bottom and work part way up instead of starting at the top and working all the way down. There is little incentive to a young man with his own way to make to be told that thirty years of faithful work may land him in a ministry to one of the smaller powers if he knows that his official pay would only half suffice to keep him in a state befitting the coveted position. The nickel-wise, dollar-foolish policy of underpaying professional diplomatists must inevitably result in advancing rich men over the heads of able men.

Mr. Lansing's recognition of this fact is evidenced by his recent efforts to have the House Committee on Foreign Affairs bring in an appropriation bill that would make it possible to pay ambassadors a minimum of $35,000 a year instead of the $17,500 they now receive.

Ill-equipped foreign representatives are dear at any price; but diplomatists who have a genius for their calling, fortified by years of varied experience and an inborn ineradicable Americanism, can scarcely be overpaid.

It is to be regretted that the Navy is not more frequently called upon to stiffen our diplomacy, for it would be difficult—if not impossible—to cite a single instance in which an American naval or marine officer has not known how to act when the dignity of the nation whose commission he held was at stake. The Navy is never averse to taking on protective missions. When it has seemed to fall short of a perfect score in its dealings with foreign powers its handicap has always been civilian interference. So long as an American naval officer has a deck under his feet or a file of gobs or marines at his back, unhampered by restraining orders, no one need have the remotest fear for the honor of the flag or for the safety of those who claim it as their own.

Since a certain day in April, 1917, the flag has come to mean to millions of Americans far more than it ever meant to them before. Events have hallowed it to them in new and heartfelt ways. More deeply than ever in the past the flag is the symbol of our nationality, the emblem of that power which may send its children hither and yon; may call upon them at will for routine service or supreme sacrifice. As such a symbol, youth and age are taught to love and to honor it; yet how can the flag exhaust the depths of love and honor and devotion if it is not more than a mere focus of loyalty, if it is not also a shield and a buckler, a protecting ægis that will surely keep harm from its sons and daughters, wherever their lawful occasions may take them?

Borden's EAGLE BRAND
(CONDENSED MILK)

Trade Mark of THE BORDEN COMPANY
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE BRAND
by which their PRESERVED MILK will hereafter be designated; and for additional protection against imposition, each label will bear the signature,
Gail Borden
THE BORDEN COMPANY
NEW YORK, U. S. A.
BOOK of RECIPES

You can *regulate* the richness of your rice pudding

"Be sure the Eagle is on the Label"

No need to bake THIS rice pudding hour after hour in order to reduce fluid milk to a creamy consistency. No need to bake it until the kernels of rice break up and form a starchy mass. For Eagle Brand gives it the right consistency *without* overcooking —makes your pudding creamy, rich and appetizing.

Another thing: with Eagle Brand the pure milk and sugar go into the pudding *together* —exactly the same proportions all the time. That is why it's so easy to *regulate the richness* of your desserts.

Use Eagle Brand always where the recipe calls for milk and sugar. It's pure, uniform, economical, with a flavor all its own.

Sixty new recipes free if you'll write

The Borden Company

Established 1857

Borden Building New York

Elaine Hammerstein Eugene O'Brien Olive Thomas Owen Moore Elsie Janis

SELZNICK PICTURES

Create Happy Hours

All America Loves The Beautiful

QUALITY impresses you on every hand in the stately mansion of George Washington at Mount Vernon.

Americans are quick to recognize quality, now as in the days of Washington.

To gain the respect of the American public through quality alone has always been the single aim of Selznick Pictures.

That is why they are to be found at theatres of highest standards.

That is why you feel as if you had been associating with a charming and intelligent friend, as you leave the theatre where Selznick Pictures create happy hours.

Lewis J. Selznick

AT THEATRES WHERE QUALITY RULES

THE CEDAR RAPIDS BLUES

Continued from Page 21

forgotten for the nonce. The Big Idea had just loomed up in the offing and was heading straight for port.

III

THE Rev. Billy Williams at that particular moment occupied the center of the stage in Boston, and there was no immediate prospect of anyone else usurping that place inasmuch as his local engagement had six weeks more to run. He was a sensational evangelist whose campaigns on behalf of old-fashioned religion and of old-fashioned morals had stirred up the profoundest depths of human feeling in dozens of communities in all parts of the country and had brought tens of thousands of men and women in all stations of life to an emotional crisis in which they pledged themselves anew or for the first time to a faithful adherence to the fundamental tenets of Christianity.

His methods were so bizarre and so baroque and he was such a past master of the art of publicity that he always afforded first-page copy whenever he arrived in a city. His meetings were held in great specially constructed tabernacles seating ten thousand or more persons and were conducted with a splendid sense of dramatic values, for he was a keen psychologist and he knew the things best calculated to move and sway great groups of people. The judicious and the ultra-dignified, who came to grieve or to sneer, were usually carried away in a tumult of emotional excitement and literally swept off their feet by the cumulative appeal of all his cunningly devised plans to "get to their innards," as Billy himself was wont to phrase it in his own inelegant but singularly effective style.

Not even Jimmy Martin himself had such a vocabulary of arresting and original slang as Billy Williams. His sermons reeked with it when he felt that the occasion warranted its use and even the most conservative of clergymen, who at first frowned at such language in the pulpit, were eventually obliged to admit that it had its place in a white-hot appeal made to a vast miscellaneous audience seated in an auditorium as long as a city block—an audience which would unquestionably remain unmoved if preached to in the chaste and austere phrases of the conventional pulpit orator. The downright sincerity of the man and the compelling force of his powerful personality turned scoffers into ardent followers and made him indeed a mighty power in any city which he honored with a visit.

Early on the Sunday evening following the events hitherto chronicled a great crowd surged about the entrances to the huge wooden auditorium which sprawled over a lot in the environs of the city. It was a heterogeneous crowd, not dissimilar in its composition to the other crowds which flocked in the summer to the great white tents which the circus pitched on this very spot. Most of those comprising it were quiet and orderly—apparently a little self-conscious of the necessity for decorum—but there were here and there a group of noisy and irrepressible spirits, all of them young, who seemed to regard the occasion as one affording unequaled opportunities for a lark.

The doors had not yet been opened for the evening service and the throng grew to enormous proportions with each passing minute.

An acute observer in an aëroplane circling over the particular group which awaited entrance on the north side of the tabernacle would have noticed in the front ranks a little cluster of femininity which stood out vividly from the rather dull and neutral tone of the rest of the crowd like some brilliant pattern woven into a field of gruyish tinge.

There were rich purples, bright reds and gay greens in this little oasis of color, and from it there rose light laughter and frivolous chatter, the echoes of which carried to the shocked ears of those more serious-minded persons who patiently waited on its edges for the onrush which always followed the opening of the doors. Jimmy Martin stood in the direct center of the oasis in his capacity as Personal Custodian of the Big Idea and tried to soothe those turbulent spirits among the members of the chorus of the Keep Moving company who were beginning to chafe at the delay.

"Say, young fellow," drawled a *svelte* creature, whose tawny hair glowed like an aureole as the last rays from the setting sun caught and kindled it, "I haven't stood as long as this since I quit cloak-and-suit modeling to decorate the drama. Where do you get this stuff anyway? What do you think we are—a troupe of trained seals?"

"That's what I say," broke in a young person with the soft eyes of a Rubens seraph. "I called off a perfectly good dinner date with a dandy little Harvard rah-rah just because Bartlett made a personal matter out of this thing, and here we are standing round with the other hicks waiting for the side show to begin and wasting perfectly good and valuable time. Press agents always did get my goat."

"Mine too," remarked a languid houri, whose pallid face was set off by a pair of enormous green earrings. "In New York I wouldn't think of standing in line for a chance to see the signing of the Declaration of Independence with the original cast, and here I am getting corns on my tootsies waiting to listen to a fellow that anyone can hear any time for nothing at all. Really, girls, I don't think any of us are in our right minds."

"I know it's a nuisance, ladies," said Jimmy urbanely, "but when you see the smear that I think we're goin' to land in to-morrow's papers you'll be thankful that you stuck along. I want you all to sit in a group by yourselves and don't any of you try to be too shrinkin'. I want the newspaper bunch to find out that you're there without my tellin' 'em. Then it'll look as if your bein' there is more on the level than otherwise. When it comes to the singin' I want all of you, please, to cut in for all it's worth, just as if Bartlett was sittin' down front at a dress rehearsal.

"When the trail hittin' begins just sit tight and register intense interest in the proceedings. If any of you laugh it'll spoil the whole arrangement. I was at one of these meetin's out in Denver a couple of years ago and when these folks start comin' down the aisles believe me it ain't anything to get funny about. If any of the newspaper crowd get to you when it's all over I want whoever does any talkin' to say that you're all profoundly impressed with everything and all that, and that you're all comin' again to-morrow afternoon and whenever else you get a chance."

Jimmy didn't heed the sarcastic reception with which his final words of instruction were greeted. His eyes were fixed admiringly for the moment on Lolita Murphy, who stood near him talking earnestly to one of the ponies. To him she never looked prettier than she did in the simple little tailor-made suit and the trim black-velvet toque which she had worn on the automobile ride they had taken together that afternoon, an excursion which seemed to have wiped out all traces of the Cedar Rapids blues and had left her smiling and happy again. She had protested a little against participating in the staging of Jimmy's big idea, but had finally yielded to his persuasive arguments, and here she was now, shining and radiant in contrast with her more elaborately attired and highly artificial sisters.

Just then a murmur swept through the crowd. Attendants at the entrance shouted "Easy, please, everyone," and Jimmy and his group of more or less merry chorus maidens were caught in a whirling current of humanity which shot them through the door, rumpled and almost panic-stricken, and landed them at the head of one of the long aisles dividing the huge empty auditorium, which yawned before them ablaze with lights and festooned with flags. The press agent was the first to collect his thoughts.

"Everybody make a dive for the front seats!" he shouted. "Follow me!"

The Keep Moving girls couldn't do anything else. The surging crowd pressed them forward and they took the aisle on the run to avoid being knocked down. They all managed to get seats in the front rows, where hand mirrors, powder puffs and lip sticks soon came into play, to the horror and stupefaction of many in the great choir of a thousand, which occupied places on the platform directly in front of them.

Jimmy having successfully performed his function as counselor and cicerone, was careful to seat himself a considerable distance away on the other side of the aisle, where he effaced himself as much as possible by betraying an intense interest in the hymn book proffered him by an usher. He knew that it wouldn't do for him to be seen in close proximity to his charges by any of the keen-eyed reporters, who were even now gathering at the press table underneath the reading desk in the center of the platform.

One of these reporters—a curly-headed youngster with laughing eyes—turned his chair round to get a comprehensive view of the thousands of persons who were jostling each other in the center and side aisles as the vast building rapidly filled up. He caught a glimpse of the numerous facial toilettes in progress in the front rows, ran an appraising eye over the entire group, smothered an unchurchly chuckle and nudged his nearest companion. Presently the entire press table was abuzz with whispered comment as the identity of the visitors was established.

While the crowd was still noisily filing into the rear rows Billy Williams' principal assistant put in an appearance on the platform and was loudly applauded by scattered groups that were promptly quieted by the ushers, who moved quickly up and down the aisles, ready at a moment's notice to insist upon the preservation of the dignities. The assistant was a jovial-looking man with an infectious smile. He held a cornet in one hand and raised the other to command the attention of the great throng.

A hush fell over the assemblage and presently the strains of Onward, Christian Soldiers cut through the silence with penetrating incisiveness. The effect was electric. When the cornetist had finished he turned swiftly, and at precisely the same instant the thousand singers on the platform rose to their feet and burst into song. Another signal and the audience stood up. In response to a pleading gesture from the man with the smile, a voice was raised here and there in unison with the chorus. He pleaded pantomimically once more, and as if by the exercise of sheer hypnotic control he presently cajoled the great crowd into singing.

From that moment he held the audience in the hollow of his hand and played with it. Now he would have everyone on one side of the auditorium singing. Then he would be challenging those on the other side to outdo their competitors. Now it was the women who would be asked to sing alone. Next it would be the men. The choir would be asked to sing a verse. Then the entire audience would be called upon to follow them. By the time he had finished with these preliminaries he had the throats of everyone present in such thorough working order and the feeling of self-consciousness had been so dissipated that when he eventually demanded "a combined effort that will shake the gates of glory" the result was inspiring to the last degree.

As the final words of the final chorus were shaken out by ten thousand throats in one last concentrated burst of glad song the Rev. Billy Williams stepped through a door on the side of the platform and quickly crossed to the reading desk. No playwright craftily scheming for a good entrance for a stage star could ever have contrived a situation or a moment more pregnant with dramatic effectiveness or more tense with emotion.

The last word of the hymn had died down and the air seemed still to throb with the dying echoes as the evangelist reached the center of the platform and held up his hands in a gesture which was an invitation to prayer. Ten thousand heads were bowed in humble submission to his implied command and in a voice which breathed sincerity and fine feeling he offered up a simple supplication beseeching the blessing of Divine Providence upon all assembled and upon himself, an unworthy instrument of a higher power.

He was a stockily built man with a rugged and rather rough-hewn face. Blue eyes were set in it below bushy brows that gave him in moods of intense earnestness a somewhat ferocious aspect. They were eyes that now glowed with tender warmth, that grew hard or relentlessly cold next moment or that would ever and anon gleam and glint with merriment. They were the most expressive of his features. They mirrored his moods with uncanny accuracy. The movements of his squat and chunky frame were quick and darting when he was in action, and even when he was in repose—which was seldom—he seemed to be literally seething with energy beneath the surface. When he permitted himself the luxury of letting down the inhibitive barriers which ordinarily held this energy in check he became a dynamic force that was almost irresistible in its onslaught on the emotions.

The prayer over, another hymn was sung under the magnetic leadership of the assistant, while Billy Williams pulled his chair over to the edge of the platform and fraternized with the reporters, as was his custom. Jimmy Martin, who was watching the proceedings circumspectly over the shoulder of a prim-looking maiden lady who stood next him and whose hymn book he was sharing in a pretense of devotional interest, noticed that the curly-headed news gatherer was whispering to the evangelist and directing the latter's attention to his charges in the front rows.

He saw Billy Williams look interestedly at the young women and then smile. It was such a healthy, wholesome, frank smile that it was instantly returned by the Keep Moving girls, and Jimmy found himself taking note of the fact that even the most utterly blasé members of the group seemed to drop their affected air of supreme world-weariness for a moment and become human once more. He noticed the evangelist turn away from the press table as the final chorus of the hymn was sung by everyone in the auditorium and look up toward the flag-bedecked rafters for a half minute or so as if pondering on an idea that had occurred to him. As the great audience seated itself he sprang to his feet with an air of decision.

"My friends," he began in a voice which swept to the farthest corners of the vast building, "I have an announcement to make that may disappoint some of you. I regret this, but my duty is as clear to me as the unclouded noonday sky. A divine opportunity for service presents itself to me to-night and I would be recreant to my ideals if I did not embrace it. I had intended to preach to you on some of the lessons which I draw from the disgusting exhibition of prize fighting which was tolerated in this city during the past week and I had announced that I would tan the hides of some of the city officials responsible for its sanction and that I would nail those hides on the door of the house wherein abideth decency and honor.

"I have changed my plan, my friends, not because of any fear of the skulking swine whom I had intended to attack. Their turn on the griddle will come to-morrow night. Instead of preaching on that theme I have decided to devote this evening's discourse to an attack upon the pernicious evils of the modern theater—that hell hole, that cesspool, that slimy sink of iniquity and despair. Bear with me, my friends, for to-night I may be the humble medium by means of which the truth may be brought not only into your own lives but into the lives and into the hearts of those more directly connected with this unholy institution for the degradation of mankind."

He paused for a moment while a whispered buzz of comment spread through the auditorium. Jimmy Martin, who had sat fascinated throughout these introductory remarks and who could hardly credit the validity of his own auditory sensations, darted an apprehensive glance at the chorus girls. A few were registering haughty and contemptuous disdain and were sniffing the circumambient air. The majority, however, seemed gifted with a saving sense of humor and were smiling good-naturedly. Jimmy sighed with relief. It was pleasant to think that the Rev. Billy Williams was unconsciously playing into his hand so successfully that the story which was now certain to develop would take on an added value and would unquestionably be featured in the headlines.

There was another hymn, and then the evangelist plunged into the body of his discourse. It was a sermon that he had already delivered with sensational success in no less than twenty-three states. It was a fine example of unrestrained denunciatory oratory and it ranked with his other internationally famous sermons such as Dancing—the Devil's Device for Drugging

(Continued on Page 77)

A traveling sun-parlor that upon occasion becomes a welcome retreat from the elements. This comfortable, economically operated, five passenger, four door Sedan—$2145 f. o. b. factory.

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Allen Four Door Sedan

A Worthy Companion of The Allen Touring Car

Resting on the same capable chassis of generous power

Those who know the quickness, the very unusual hill climbing ability and the dogged persistence of the new Allen engine are agreed that it is ideal for a sedan.

A sedan body considerably outweighs a touring body, for which reason a power plant of just passable performance on a touring model, is seriously deficient when it must pull the closed car load.

The Allen Sedan gives exceptional service, because it is amply supplied with power by the Allen four cylinder engine, which won Allen instant recognition as one of 1920's really great automobiles of moderate size.

Also, you find in the sedan, as in the touring car, the same riding ease, due to extremely long springs and fine balance.

The body is tastefully appointed and staunchly built on an unusually substantial coach foundation. Hinges and door locks of rattle-proof construction—45-inch rear seat—interior in dark gray velour—41-inch front seat in Spanish leather to harmonize—platinum-toned nickel trimmings—mechanically operated window lifts—Perfection heater—rain-tight, adjustable windshield with opaque storm or sun visor—these and many other niceties go to make the Allen Sedan a highly desirable vehicle.

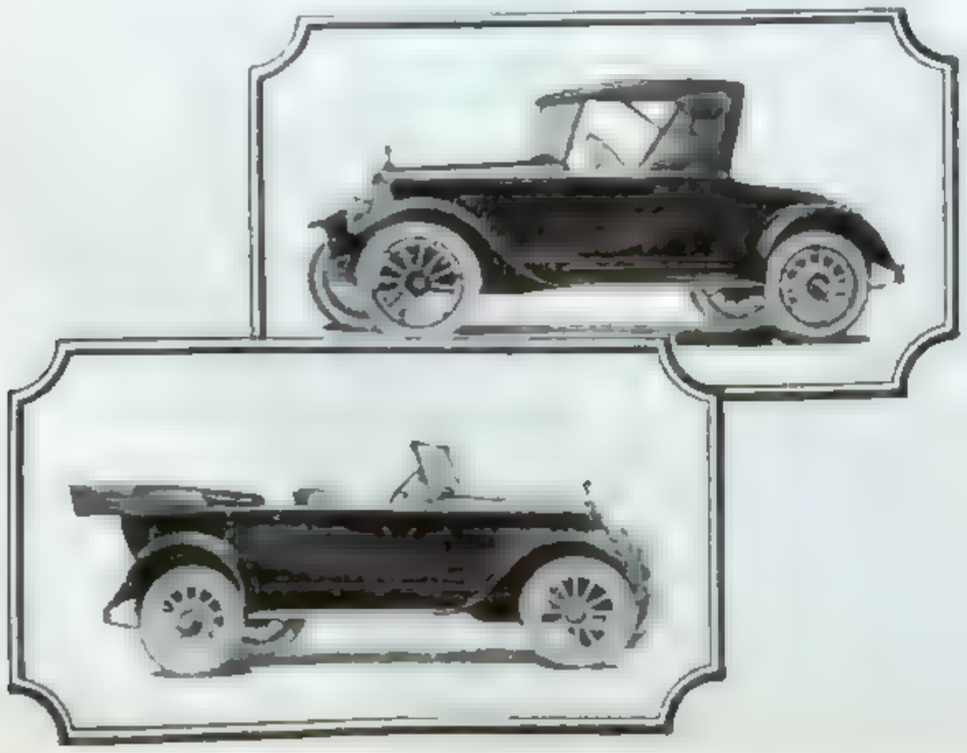
It is only fair to mention that production of this model is limited and that the price, $2145, is lower than a car of its grade can be sold for later, if costs advance as now indicated.

The car pictured below is primarily a business roadster, whose performance ability and stamina put it under the head of "good business." The luggage compartments are unusually generous and conveniently placed.

Price, $1495 f. o. b. factory.

The well-known five passenger touring car (lower picture) sells at the same price

We are glad to send Allen literature on either of the three body types upon request



The Allen Motor Company
Columbus, Ohio, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 75)

Decency, or Modern Women's Attire—Satan's Trap for the Unwary Male.

He traced the history of the drama from the flourishing days of its great popularity in ancient Greece down through twenty-five centuries to the present day, and on the way he stopped to excoriate a long line of playwrights from Aristophanes to the writer of a salacious bedroom farce then current in Boston. He denounced the comedies of Terence at which ancient Rome laughed, the immoral plays which had their day during the Restoration in England and the modern American musical comedy with equal vehemence and with that complete absence of a sense of proportion which always characterizes the propagandist and the special pleader.

He admitted, and rather gloried in the admission, that he had not been in a theater in twenty-five years, and declared that he would sooner be struck dead than ever cross the threshold of one again. On top of this assertion he declared with convincing sincerity, "I know whereof I speak when I say to you that never before in the history of the civilized world has the theater quite so flagrantly flaunted its indecencies in the face of an outraged public as at the present time."

He attacked the defenseless moving picture and consigned it and its progenitors and abetters to the exterior darkness.

Then he grew sentimental and his voice, which had been pitched in a high key, became touched with something soft and tender. He gave his idea of what he felt to be the blasting and devastating effect of the world of the theater upon a girl who might have known the restraining influences of a simple home in her childhood, and he presented a picture of the sordid contacts she would be forced to make in seeking a career upon the stage. Jimmy winced at the unreality of this picture, its unfairness and its gross exaggeration, but there was no doubting that the speaker himself believed it to be gospel true and he presented it with such convincing sincerity that the vast majority of those present were all aquiver with moral indignation at the charges he made. He let his voice drop to a lower tone and there was the vibrant tremor of a deeply felt emotion in it as he spoke, crouching over the reading desk and bending his head forward in an attitude of eager expectancy:

"Mayhap there is such a girl here tonight, drawn hither by the elusive whisperings of a conscience which was developed at the knee of a saintly mother and under the fond paternal care of a loving father. Perchance she comes, like so many of these poor butterflies of the stage, from a home in a small town untouched by the tinsel glitter and the tawdry allurements of the pleasure-ridden metropolis. Perhaps she was caught defenseless in a moment of passionate revolt against what she, poor foolish thing, felt to be the cramping restrictions of her environment, and perhaps she was swept off her feet into the current that leads swift and ever swifter to destruction.

"Perhaps she said good-by to the peaceful little town, to the heartbroken mother and to the tender, patient father, who was trying so hard to stay the flood of tears surging in his kindly eyes; perhaps she went to the big city and courted the muse of tragedy or of comedy and found for a time a specious joy in the glare and brilliance of the footlights. Perhaps there came to her a measure of success in the new realm of pleasure and mayhap she was carried out of herself, out of her real self, into a lotus land of dazzling splendor."

His voice grew more tremulous now. He leaned forward and seemed to be speaking directly to the little group of girls in the front rows. Jimmy noticed that they were the focus point of observation on the part of the reporters.

"If there are any such girls here tonight," pleaded the evangelist, "let me hold out to them the helping hand of service. Let me beg them with all the sincerity of my nature to give heed to the warning I have sounded. Let me ask them to picture the little home back yonder with the empty chair that's always waiting for the daughter who has gone out to beat her fragile wings against the candle's flame. Let them picture again the little mother with the soft gray eyes. They were so bright and lively once, but now there is an anxious look in them. There is sadness in her heart, too, a heavy sadness, but she tries to be brave for the sake of him who sits so gloomily by the fireplace and aches for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is gone.

"Let me entreat you, if there are any of you here, to bring the roses back to mother's pale cheeks again. Let me plead with you out of a full heart to bring the laughter back to father's lips and the smile back to his careworn face. Let me urge you to fly from the stifling air of the playhouse back to the clean open spaces where the fair winds blow, where love and tender solicitude wait you and where life is real and earnest and not an empty foolish dream. We will pray for guidance and when we have finished I will ask all those who wish to be consecrated anew to come down the aisles and clasp my hand in a pledge of fealty to the service of Him whom they have forgotten for a while in the fretful rush of selfish living. Let us pray."

Down on his knees went the Rev. Billy Williams, and as thousands in the great audience bowed their heads once more he prayed fervently that everyone present who was unworthy at heart might see the light and embrace again with the simple faith of childhood the eternal truths of religion. The Keep Moving girls bowed their heads with the others and if Jimmy had been a little closer he might have noticed that here and there a rouged face was stained with tears and that hard lines round the mouths of one or two of the bolder spirits had been softened as if by some subtle alchemy beyond the ken of mortal mind.

The prayer over, the evangelist sprang to his feet and raised his hand. The great choir in instant response to his signal began softly to sing Lead, Kindly Light. At a perfectly timed moment toward the end of this most exquisite of hymns his voice sounded above the pianissimo phrasing of the massed singers and carried with penetrating clarity to the far end of the hushed auditorium.

"Won't someone make the break with the past?" he exhorted. "Won't someone be the first to lead the strayed sheep into the vineyard of the Lord?"

A tall thin man with scraggly white hair and a pale ascetic face stood up about fifteen rows back from the platform and slid out into the nearest aisle. He bent his head as if breasting a heavy wind and his cheeks suddenly flamed at the consciousness of the thousands of eyes which were turned on him as he slouched awkwardly down toward Billy Williams, who had stepped from the platform and was now standing at the end of the aisle.

The evangelist reached out his hand and the tall man grasped it as he made a quick dive for a handkerchief and dabbed at his face. He mumbled something under his breath.

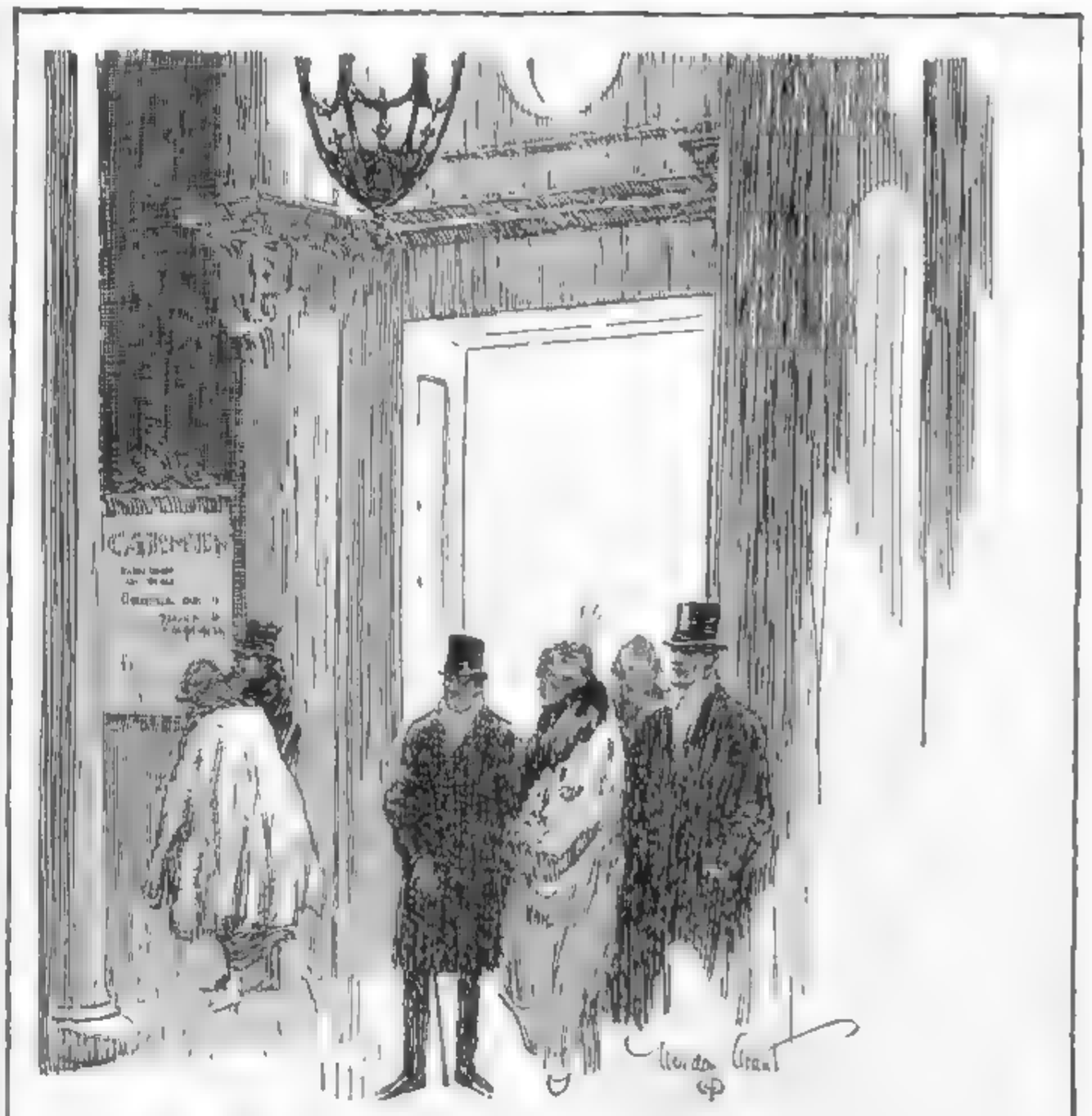
"Don't be ashamed to cry, brother," said the evangelist, putting his arm affectionately round the other's shoulder. "Tears at a time like this are drops of God's dew that will wash your soul as clean as morning roses."

And then he addressed the audience as the last notes of the hymn were sung by the choir.

"Who'll join our brother at the mercy seat?" he shouted. "Who'll be the next to heed the glad tidings?"

There was a movement and a scraping of feet in every section of the building and presently men and women of all ages and all conditions began coming down the aisle to be greeted by Billy Williams and shunted aside into the open space designed for the reception of converts. There they stood, most of them with drooped heads and many of them crying. There were a few who held their heads up and their shoulders back and who stood foursquare to all the curious glances directed toward them. On their faces were brave smiles and there was about them an air of spiritual elation that was inspiring to those who noted it.

Jimmy Martin's emotions had been subjected to a severe grilling during the concluding portion of the preacher's sentimental appeal and he had lost a little of his self-reserve and customary complacency during the prayer. When the first of the converts had come straggling down the aisle and had begun to weep a little the press agent found himself for the first time in many years struggling to hold back the tears that came unbidden into his own eyes. When the others had followed the spell was broken and he looked furtively about to see if anyone had noticed that he had been trembling on the verge of weakness. He thought once more of the mission which had brought him into this alien



—the fine art of imparting distinction

STYLE is one thing; "styles" are another.

"Styles" crop out in great profusion every year and die off as rapidly. They achieve oddity without distinction; popularity, but not the stamp of good taste.

Style, as seen in "R & W" Clothing Specialties, is the distinction of correctness. To look like a gentleman will never go out of fashion.

You will find "R & W" Clothing Specialties for men at stores of the better class everywhere.

The "R & W" mark is your guarantee of correctness.

Makers of good Overcoats, Raincoats, Trousers, Day and Evening Waistcoats, Smoking Jackets, Bath Robes, Summer Clothing, Golf and Automobile Apparel

Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Chicago New York

"My . . . pipes . . . looked very pretty on a rack"

Men who have unwillingly set aside their pipes may be interested in the following letter:

Larus & Bro. Company,
Richmond, Virginia.
Dear Sirs:

Believing in "Honor to him to whom honor is due," I feel prompted to write my appreciation of Edgeworth Plug Slice Tobacco.

While I have been a smoker for years, I could never really enjoy a pipe, and smoking continuously as I do, to smoke cigars made my habit an extremely expensive if not prohibitive one, besides, my appetite soon tired of them.

I tried, I believe, every brand of tobacco made; tried mixing various brands, but all to no purpose—every brand or mixture burned my tongue.

My collection of pipes was very beautiful, looked very pretty on a rack, but they were ornamental rather than useful.

Finally a friend suggested using Edgeworth Plug Slice, but I poohpoohed him, feeling that I had tried a sufficient number of brands to know that there wasn't one made that wouldn't burn the tongue. I consented, however, to try it. The first pipeful tasted fine. I tried a box, and from that day to this—over three years—I haven't smoked another tobacco. Never has it burned my tongue nor given me anything but satisfaction, and I've smoked it in every conceivable sort of pipe from a new briar to an old gummed-up pipe, from hookah and calabash to corncob and clay.

And I'm glad to say that the number of smokers whom I have converted to Edgeworth is rapidly becoming more than I can count.

(Signed) . . .

Edgeworth has many steady users who look on Edgeworth as a discovery years even after they began to smoke it.

To a pipe smoker, his tobacco must keep on seeming something like a discovery or else it won't hold him.

His job, his clothes, or his pipe may only partially satisfy him and he'll stand for that, but his smoking tobacco must bring zest into his daily life.

Perhaps Edgeworth would seem like such a discovery to you.

We would like to learn.

Send us your name and address, also that of the dealer you would call on to keep you supplied, and we will gladly send you generous samples of Edgeworth Tobacco in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is first compressed into cakes, then cut by very sharp knives into thin, moist slices. Rub one of these thin slices between your hands and you have an average pipeload.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed has already been rubbed up for you by special machines. Pour it right into the bowl of your pipe, press it down, and light up.

Both kinds pack well, light readily, and burn evenly to the very bottom of the bowl.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes, suited to the needs and means of all smokers. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors and glass jars, also in handy in-between quantities.

We will send you both kinds so that you may decide which kind you prefer.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

atmosphere and he directed his attention to the benches occupied by the young women for whom he was acting as a somewhat remote escort.

The converts were coming down the aisles in little groups of three and four and the evangelist was keeping things at fever heat with loudly voiced exhortations. He leaned toward the Keep Moving girls and made a personal plea to them.

"Isn't there someone here in this group of girls who has seen the light to-night?" he inquired.

"Won't someone among you step out here and take my hand and get right with her soul again?"

"I'll say I will," Jimmy heard Natalie Nugent, the girl with the pallor and the green earrings, say as she stood up and walked toward Billy Williams, who gripped her outstretched hand and directed her to a position alongside him. The press agent looked at the other girls and noticed that they were watching her with fascinated interest. Somehow he couldn't quite grasp what it all meant.

"God bless you, sister!" the evangelist shouted. "Won't some of your friends join you?" He plunged again into the vernacular, choosing, as always, the effective moment. "It's your cue, girls," he pleaded. "The curtain's up and the call boy is knocking at the door of your hearts. Don't delay! You can't tell what moment the Great Stage Manager will ring down for the last time. It may be to-night. It may be to-morrow. Don't be caught unprepared! It's a blessed opportunity, girls. Don't pass it up! For mother's sake, girls, for mother's sake!"

Three other girls got up now and came forward. Jimmy gave an audible gasp of amazement. A fifth and a six moved into place beside the others, and then Lolita Murphy stood up, hesitated for just a moment, caught Billy Williams' warm human smile and stepped briskly forward. A half dozen others followed. The remainder sat with bowed heads. Those who had left their places stood in a little circle by themselves clustered directly about the beaming evangelist. He made a last plea for converts to the vast audience and a stray dozen or more men and women whose moral courage had not been quite strong enough at the beginning to force a decision bobbed up here and there and moved toward the platform. There was a momentary pause and then the preacher spoke again.

"My friends," he said, "a most remarkable event has occurred here to-night. Perhaps some of you here near the front have surmised what it is, but I am sure that the great majority of you have not grasped its significance. My efforts to-night have been blessed by an achievement of which I am extremely proud. Thirteen members of a theatrical company now appearing in this city—a company presenting a conglomeration bearing the idiotic title of Keep Moving—thirteen lovely young women have been rescued from the insidious temptations that lurk behind the blinding glare of the footlights and have come out here in the open and made a pledge to get back into the old simple ways of living. It's the most wonderful thing that has happened since I began my campaign, and while these brave and earnest souls are here with us let us all join in a prayer that they may be steadfast in their new aim and that their example may be a shining one to thousands of others in this great city.

"Let us pray."

When the great throng rose after the prayer to sing the final hymn Jimmy Martin edged out of his seat and slipped unobtrusively up one of the aisles and out into the chill evening air. He was dazed and bewildered, but he had presence of mind enough to hail a taxicab and direct the chauffeur to drive him to his hotel. He had an idea that pictures of the fair converts would be in demand and he wanted to be on hand when the bright young gentlemen of the press put in an appearance.

IV

CHESTER BARTLETT was not given to enthusiasms, but he felt impelled to congratulate Jimmy after glancing over the morning papers the next day and making a mental inventory of the net results of the press agent's Sunday-evening plant. The story leaped out of the front page of every journal in town and dwarfed by comparison the demands of a superheated debate in the United States Senate on the League of Nations, of a great strike which industrially paralyzed Great Britain from end to end and of a volcanic eruption which claimed eight thousand human lives as its toll in a far-flung island of the Pacific.

The feature writers who covered the Billy Williams meetings had figuratively and literally turned themselves loose on the proceedings and had written stories with a heart throb in every sentence and a tear in at least every other line. They had embellished and embroidered the actual incidents so effectively that even Bartlett himself, case-hardened cynic that he was, found himself growing a bit sentimental when he read the story in the first paper to hand. The narratives were all adorned with photographs of the Keep Moving beauties and the name of that blithesome musical comedy figured extensively in all of them. Bartlett particularly liked the headline in the Journal—strung across five columns in fat bold-faced type:

FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES FORSAKE FRIVOLITY AND FUN

CHORUS BEAUTIES CONVERTED BY BILLY WILLIAMS

THIRTEEN "KEEP MOVING" GIRLS HIT THE TRAIL AFTER ELOQUENT PLEA BY EVANGELIST

TEN THOUSAND WEEP
AS THEY MAKE SOLEMN PLEDGE

"The counter attack was well developed and the ground gained is satisfactory to the higher command," was the way Bartlett framed his congratulations over the telephone. "You can consolidate your present position and rest up for a few days."

"All right," Jimmy replied with a chuckle, "but there's no tellin' when I may make another raid on the enemy trenches. I've got 'em goin'. That one was as easy as gettin' a drink on Broadway since the U. S. A. went dry."

"In plain everyday English," went on Bartlett, "that's just about the best plant I've seen pulled off in the twenty years that I've been in the theatrical business. I noticed that your little Cedar Rapids friend was one of the ringleaders. How you managed to get them all to play up as well as they did is what I can't understand. How did you work it?"

Jimmy paused for a moment or two before replying, and coughed uneasily.

"I've got 'em trained," he finally replied. "They'll—they'll do anything I ask 'em to do—anything."

It was characteristic of Jimmy to have decided after considerable speculation that no motive other than an unselfish desire to please himself and to assist in adding to the greater glory of the occasion had prompted Lolita and her associates on the night before. He had tried to reach her on the telephone several times with the idea of thanking her for her unexpected coöperation in furthering the success of his publicity scheme, but he had always been met with the response that she was not in. He finally decided to defer the expression of his gratitude until that evening at the theater.

As a slight token of his good will and heartfelt thankfulness he ordered a bouquet of roses delivered to her dressing room and he personally wrote out a little card to be affixed to it.

"To the best little press agent ever," it ran, "from a cheap piker at the game. Yours with love—Jimmy."

He tried to preserve a slight semblance of becoming modesty throughout the day, but the congratulations which poured in upon him were of such a fulsome nature and coincided so perfectly with his own opinion of himself that when evening came he was as expansive as the leading man of a small-town stock company and just about as reticent and self-effacing as an auctioneer. He dined alone with a fine inner glow of self-satisfaction and strolled into the lobby of the Commonwealth Theater about half an hour before curtain time at peace with the world.

There was a long line of patrons extending from the box-office window almost out to the sidewalk and he watched the scramble for tickets with a feeling of exalted serenity. The sound of voices at the swinging doors leading into the foyer attracted his attention. He turned to see Bartlett and the stage manager coming through. Their mood was one that plainly boded developments of a decidedly disagreeable nature for someone.

They made for Jimmy and pounced upon him simultaneously.

"Where's that girl of yours?" inquired Bartlett in a tone that Jimmy felt was a bit menacing.

"Yes, and where's Natalie Nugent and Hilda Hennessey and Trixie Seville and Yvonne Elaine and Dulcie Dolores and five or six others," chimed in the stage manager. "What do you know about 'em?"

"What do I know about 'em?" echoed Jimmy helplessly. "I don't know anything about 'em. What's the idea?"

"The idea is that they haven't shown up to-night," said Bartlett tartly. "Not a single one of that outfit that put your story over last night has put in an appearance back stage and I have a remote suspicion that you know why they haven't. Have you got some new stunt up your sleeve? If you have I won't stand for it. Understand me, my dear sir, I won't stand for it."

"I don't know anything about it, Mr. Bartlett," said Jimmy with an air of injured innocence—"not a single little thing. I haven't seen Lolita all day and I haven't laid eyes on any of those other queens, either. What makes you think I know anything about it?"

"Just general principles, I fancy. You're a very smart young man and I had—and still have for that matter—an idea that you might be planning a follow up of some sort on that yarn you landed this morning. If you are let me warn you that you are monkeying with the well-known buzz saw. Here are a dozen or more of the best-looking de luxe girls in this show missing and the house practically sold out. I've got a reputation to live up to and I don't propose to have it suffer just for a fool press story."

"But, Mr. Bartlett," broke in Jimmy.

"Ifs, ands and buts are superfluous at this writing," interrupted the manager angrily. "It's within fifteen minutes of curtain time and we'll have to give a show that'll look like a Number Three company out in the tall grass.

"The next time you plan a press story you'll have to get it passed by the censor beforehand and I'm going to be the censor. Do you get me?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy weakly as Bartlett and the stage manager disappeared into the theater again.

He leaned against the wall for support and tried to collect his thoughts. Somehow he couldn't. He felt himself in the clutch of uncertainties beyond his understanding at the moment and vague distress was written large upon his face. One of the uniformed carriage attendants tapped him on the shoulder and slipped a letter into his hand.

"A young lady left this half an hour ago, Mr. Martin," he said, "and told me to see as how you got it handed to you personally."

Jimmy knew the handwriting on the envelope. A queer feeling came over him and he hesitated for a moment before reading it. When Matthews, the house manager, strolled up to him two minutes afterward vain regret was in his heart and in his eyes there lurked a look of blended bewilderment and futile rage.

"What's the matter, old man?" inquired Matthews. "Has Bartlett been making things hard for you?"

Jimmy smiled a sickly smile and handed over the letter.

"I don't mind so much what he says," he replied, "but this has got under the little old cuticle all right. Read it if you like."

The manager adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses and read the letter, written in the stiff vertical handwriting of a schoolgirl.

"Dear Jimmy," it ran, "this is just to say good-by. You've been very nice and very kind to me and I'm thankful for everything and all that, but I've just got to get away from the sinful stage and go back home. The other girls are all quitting too. I knew weeks ago that it was foolish to pretend I'd ever be anything more than just a fifth or sixth rater and now I'm glad that I've been brought to see the wickedness of it all. I guess maybe I've got the Cedar Rapids blues you spoke about the other night too. Mother and dad have been writing me for weeks to come home. Thank you again for your kindness and all that and don't bother trying to look me up, for I'm taking a train to-night. Many thanks again from—your little friend, Lolita."

"That's mighty tough," commented Matthews sympathetically. "Love is a great little gamble."

"You said something!" replied Jimmy dejectedly. "I held the right cards, but I overplayed my hand."

Hotpoint

Electricity is a mystery—no one knows what it is—yet it is accurately measured by a meter, just like water.

But there is no mystery about the Hotpoint Electric Iron. This "inside" picture shows the heating element near the bottom of the iron that converts the electricity (or current) into heat. This element remains red hot as long as the plug at the back of the iron allows the current to flow.

1 The handle is always cool and no holder is needed. It is shaped to fit the hand and has a very smooth finish of many coats of baked-on enamel.

2 The only iron with a thumb rest. This rests the wrist and makes it easy to guide the iron into pleats and tucks.

3 Entire iron, including the bottom, is heavily nickeled and highly polished. No wax is needed.

4 The heating element is made of the celebrated nickel chromium alloy. Heating elements not made of this alloy cannot give lasting service.

5 The "Hotpoint" Iron is so named because the heating element extends into the point—the point is always hot. The rounded edge facilitates side ironing.

6 Our switch plug has this exclusive hinged joint and spring guard which reduces cord breakage to the minimum.

7 When the iron is hot enough, remove switch plug by this cool fibre grip and save current. Plugs are interchangeable in practically all Hotpoint appliances.

8 This guard easily guides the connection plug into place and protects the contact pins against injury.

9 No more lifting or banging—simply tip the Hotpoint up onto this attached stand. Original with Hotpoint.

10 The heavy pressure plate holds the heating element in close contact with the bottom; it also serves as a heat reservoir. Considerable ironing is done without current.

These are some of the many important reasons why more than 4,000,000 Hotpoint Irons have been sold and why more than 18,000 dealers are ready to show them and explain them to you.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.

CHICAGO

New York — Ontario, California — Atlanta

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EDISON
NEWS NOTES

The electric meter is so nearly perfect that dust and friction are the only elements to interfere with its accuracy in measuring the current you use. And they both have a retarding effect, causing it to register less current than actually flows.

When discontinuing the use of your electric iron, proceed as follows: first, stop the flow of electricity by pulling out the plug (7) at the rear of the iron; then turn the switch in the lamp socket just as though turning off the light.

When the supply of natural gas was temporarily cut off in one of the southwestern states, electric flat irons, inverted, were used as cooking plates. Some dealers are able to supply a stand for holding the inverted iron.

There is no more danger of receiving a shock in operating electrically heated appliances than in turning the electric light off and on.

In addition to Hotpoint Appliances we also manufacture Edison Appliances and Hughes Ranges. We are the largest manufacturers of electrically heated household appliances in the world.

For the convenience of our customers we maintain the following
SERVICE STATIONS

Boston, 138 Purchase St. — *Los Angeles, 505 Equitable Bldg.*
Portland 412½ Stark St — *St. Louis, 1003 Pine St.*
Salt Lake City, 147 Regent St — *Seattle Maritime Bldg.*
San Francisco, 155 New Montgomery St.

ADAMS

Black Jack

GUM

"Um-m-m-Licorice-"

ADAMS

Pure Chewing Gum

Painted for American Chicle Company by Leeman Ervin. Copyright 1920.

HEAD AND SHOULDERS

(Continued from Page 17)

"I can't help that," she said quickly. "The dance to me is only a sort of acrobatic stunt. Lord, it's hard enough to do! I rub liniment into my shoulders for an hour every night."

"Do you have—fun while you're on the stage?"

"Uh-huh—sure! I got in the habit of having people look at me, Omar, and I like it."

"H'm!' Horace sank into a brownish study.

"How's the Brazilian trimmings?"

"H'm!" repeated Horace, and then after a pause—"Where does the play go from here?"

"New York."

"For how long?"

"All depends. Winter—maybe."

"Oh!"

"Coming up to lay eyes on me, Omar, or aren't you int'rested? Not as nice here, is it, as it was up in your room? I wish we was there now."

"I feel idiotic in this place," confessed Horace, looking round him nervously.

"Too bad! We got along pretty well."

At this he looked suddenly so melancholy that she changed her tone and reaching over patted his hand.

"Ever take an actress out to supper before?"

"No," said Horace miserably, "and I never will again. I don't know why I came to-night. Here under all these lights and with all these people laughing and chattering I feel completely out of my sphere. I don't know what to talk to you about."

"We'll talk about me. We talked about you last time."

"Very well."

"Well, my name really is Meadow, but my first name isn't Marcia—it's Veronica. I'm nineteen. Question—how did the girl make her leap to the footlights? Answer—she was born in Passaic, New Jersey, and up to a year ago she got the right to breathe by pushing biscuits in Marcel's tea room in Trenton. She started going with a guy named Robbins, a singer in the Trent House cabaret, and he got her to try a song and dance with him one evening. In a month we were filling the supper room every night. Then we went to New York with meet-my-friend letters thick as a pile of napkins.

"In two days we'd landed a job at Divinerries' and I learned to shimmy from a kid at the Palais Royal. We stayed at Divinerries' six months until one night Peter Boyce Wendell, the columnist, ate his milk toast there. Next morning a poem about Marvelous Marcia came out in his newspaper and within two days I had three vaudeville offers and a chance at the Midnight Frolic. I wrote Wendell a thank-you letter and he printed it in his column—said that the style was like Carlyle's, only more rugged, and that I ought to quit dancing and do North American literature. This got me a coupla more vaudeville offers and a chance as an ingénue in a regular show. I took it—and here I am, Omar."

When she finished they sat for a moment in silence, she draping the last skeins of a Welsh rabbit on her fork and waiting for him to speak.

"Let's get out of here," he said suddenly.

Marcia's eyes hardened.

"What's the idea? Am I making you sick?"

"No, but I don't like it here. I don't like to be sitting here with you."

Without another word Marcia signaled for the waiter.

"What's the check?" she demanded briskly. "My part—the rabbit and the ginger ale."

Horace watched blankly as the waiter figured it.

"See here," he began, "I intended to pay for yours too. You're my guest."

With a half sigh Marcia rose from the table and walked from the room. Horace, his face a document in bewilderment, laid a bill down and followed her out, up the stairs and into the lobby. He overtook her in front of the elevator and they faced each other.

"See here," he repeated, "you're my guest. Have I said something to offend you?"

After an instant of wonder Marcia's eyes softened.

"You're a rude fella," she said slowly. "Don't you know you're rude?"

"I can't help it," said Horace with a directness she found quite disarming. "You know I like you."

"You said you didn't like being with me."

"I didn't like it."

"Why not?"

Fire blazed suddenly from the gray forests of his eyes.

"Because I didn't. I've formed the habit of liking you. I've been thinking of nothing much else for two days."

"Well, if you ——"

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. "I've got something to say. It's this: in six weeks I'll be eighteen years old. When I'm eighteen years old I'm coming up to New York to see you. Is there some place in New York where we can go and not have a lot of people in the room?"

"Sure!" smiled Marcia. "You can come up to my 'partment. Sleep on the couch if you want to."

"I can't sleep on couches," he said shortly. "But I want to talk to you."

"Why sure," repeated Marcia—"in my 'partment."

In his excitement Horace put his hands in his pockets.

"All right—just so I can see you alone. I want to talk to you as we talked up in my room."

"Honey boy," cried Marcia laughing, "is it that you want to kiss me?"

"Yes," Horace almost shouted, "I'll kiss you if you want me to."

The elevator man was looking at them reproachfully. Marcia edged toward the grated door.

"I'll drop you a post card," she said.

Horace's eyes were quite wild.

"Send me a post card! I'll come up any time after January first. I'll be eighteen then."

And as she stepped into the elevator he coughed enigmatically, yet with a vague challenge, at the ceiling, and walked quickly away.

III

HE WAS there again. She saw him when she took her first glance at the restless Manhattan audience—down in the front row with his head bent a bit forward and his gray eyes fixed on her. And she knew that to him they were alone together in a world where the high-rouged row of ballet faces and the massed whines of the violins were as imperceivable as powder on a marble Venus. An instinctive defiance rose within her.

"Silly boy!" she said to herself hurriedly and she didn't take her encore.

"What do they expect for a hundred a week—perpetual motion?" she grumbled to herself in the wings.

"What's the trouble, Marcia?"

"Guy I don't like down in front."

During the last act as she waited for her specialty she had an odd attack of stage fright. She had never sent Horace the promised post card. Last night she had pretended not to see him—had hurried from the theater immediately after her dance to pass a sleepless night in her apartment, thinking—as she had so often in the last month—of his pale, rather intent face, his slim, boyish figure, the merciless, unworldly abstraction that made him charming to her.

And now that he had come she felt vaguely sorry—as though an unwonted responsibility was being forced on her.

"Infant prodigy!" she said aloud.

"What?" demanded the negro comedian standing beside her.

"Nothing—just talking about myself."

On the stage she felt better. This was her dance—and she always felt that the way she did it wasn't suggestive any more than to some men every pretty girl is suggestive. She made it a stunt.

U'ptown, downtown, jelly on a spoon,
After sundown shiver by the moon.

He was not watching her now. She saw that clearly. He was looking very deliberately at a castle on the back drop, wearing that expression he had worn in the Taft Grill. A wave of exasperation swept over her—he was criticizing her.

That's the vibration that thr-ills me,
Funny how affection fi-ills me,
Uptown, downtown ——

Unconquerable revulsion seized her. She was suddenly and horribly conscious of her audience as she had never been since her first appearance. Was that a leer on a pallid face in the front row, a droop of disgust on one young girl's mouth? These shoulders of hers—these shoulders shaking—were they hers? Were they real? Surely shoulders weren't made for this!

Then—you'll—see at a glance
I'll need some funeral ushers with St. Vitus dance
At the end of the world I'll ——

The bassoon and two cellos crashed into a final chord. She paused and poised a moment on her toes with every muscle tense, her young face looking out dully at the audience in what one young girl afterward called "such a curious, puzzled look," and then without bowing rushed from the stage. Into the dressing room she sped, kicked out of one dress and into another and caught a taxi outside.

Her apartment was very warm—small, it was, with a row of professional pictures and sets of Kipling and O. Henry which she had bought once from a blue-eyed agent and read occasionally. And there were several chairs which matched, but were none of them comfortable, and a pink-shaded lamp with blackbirds painted on it and an atmosphere of rather-stifled pink throughout. There were nice things in it nice things unrelentingly hostile to each other, offsprings of a vicarious, impatient taste acting in stray moments.

The worst was typified by a great picture framed in oak bark of Passaic as seen from the Erie Railroad—altogether a frantic, oddly extravagant, oddly penurious attempt to make a cheerful room. Marcia knew it was a failure.

Into this room came the prodigy and took her two hands awkwardly.

"I followed you this time," he said.

"Oh!"

"I want you to marry me," he said.

Her arms went out to him. She kissed his mouth with a sort of passionate wholesomeness.

"There!"

"I love you," he said.

She kissed him again and then with a little sigh flung herself into an armchair and half lay there, shaken with absurd laughter.

"Why, you infant prodigy!" she cried.

"Very well, call me that if you want to. I once told you that I was ten thousand years older than you—I am."

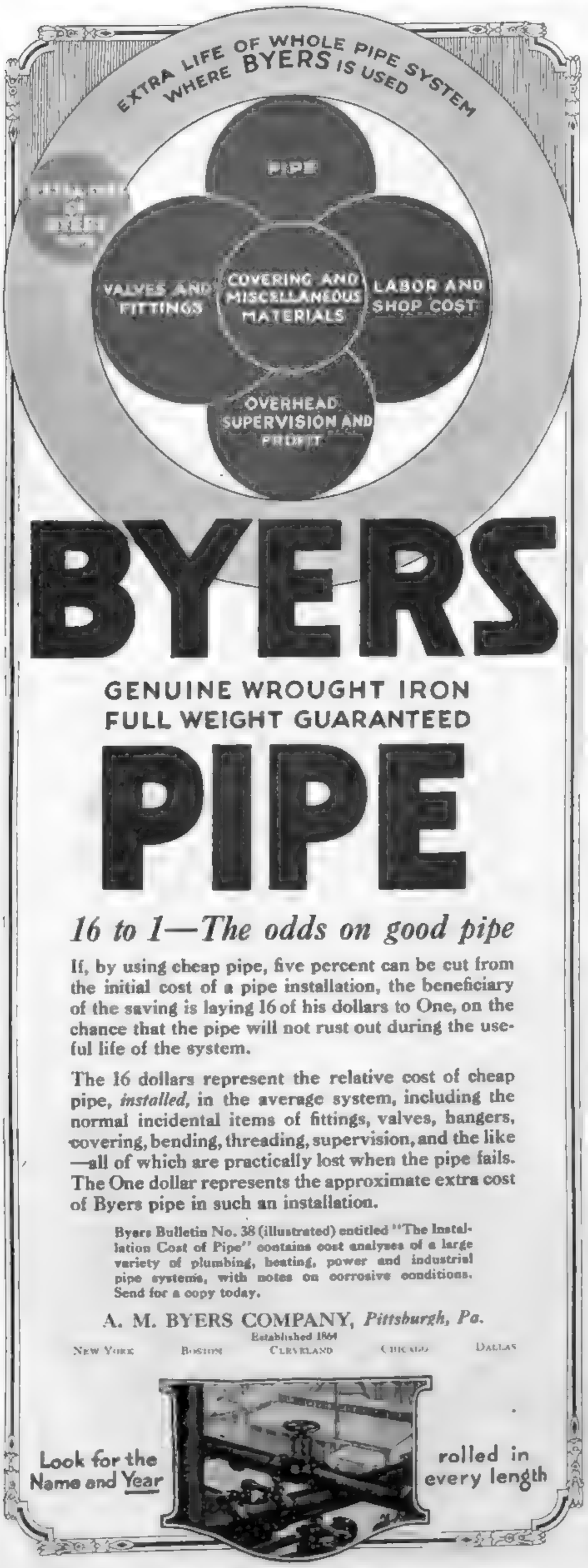
She laughed again.

"I don't like to be disapproved of."

"No one's ever going to disapprove of you again."

"Omar," she asked, "why do you want to marry me?"

"I Know," Agreed Marcia, Nodding—"Your Name's Horace. I Just Call You Omar Because You Remind Me of a Smoked Cigarette"



16 to 1—The odds on good pipe

If, by using cheap pipe, five percent can be cut from the initial cost of a pipe installation, the beneficiary of the saving is laying 16 of his dollars to One, on the chance that the pipe will not rust out during the useful life of the system.

The 16 dollars represent the relative cost of cheap pipe, *installed*, in the average system, including the normal incidental items of fittings, valves, hangers, covering, bending, threading, supervision, and the like —all of which are practically lost when the pipe fails. The One dollar represents the approximate extra cost of Byers pipe in such an installation.

Byers Bulletin No. 38 (illustrated) entitled "The Installation Cost of Pipe" contains cost analyses of a large variety of plumbing, heating, power and industrial pipe systems, with notes on corrosive conditions. Send for a copy today.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Established 1864

NEW YORK BOSTON CLEVELAND CHICAGO DALLAS

Look for the Name and Year rolled in every length

The prodigy rose and put his hands in his pockets.

"Because I love you, Marcia Meadow."

And then she stopped calling him Omar.

"Dear boy," she said, "you know I sort of love you. There's something about you—I can't tell what—that just puts my heart through the wringer every time I'm round you. But, honey ——" she paused.

"But what?"

"But lots of things. But you're only just eighteen and I'm nearly twenty."

"Nonsense!" he interrupted. "Put it this way—that I'm in my nineteenth year and you're nineteen. That makes us pretty close—without counting that other ten thousand years I mentioned."

Marcia laughed.

"But there are some more 'buts.' Your people ——"

"My people!" exclaimed the prodigy ferociously. "My people tried to make a monstrosity out of me." His face grew quite crimson at the enormity of what he was going to say. "My people can go way back and sit down!"

"My heavens!" cried Marcia in alarm. "All that? On tacks, I suppose."

"Tacks—yes," he agreed wildly—"on anything. The more I think of how they allowed me to become a little dried-up mummy ——"

"What makes you think you're that?" asked Marcia quietly—"me?"

"Yes, every person I've met on the streets since I met you has made me jealous because they knew what love was before I did. I used to call it the 'sex impulse.' Heavens!"

"There's more 'buts,'" said Marcia.

"What are they?"

"How could we live?"

"I'll make a living."

"You're in college."

"Do you think I care anything about taking a Master of Arts degree?"

"You want to be Master of Me, hey?"

"Yes! What? I mean, no!"

Marcia laughed, and crossing swiftly over sat in his lap. He put his arm round her wildly and implanted the vestige of a kiss somewhere near her neck.

"There's something white about you," mused Marcia, "but it doesn't sound very logical."

"Oh, don't be so darned reasonable!"

"I can't help it," said Marcia.

"I hate these slot-machine people!"

"But we ——"

"Oh, shut up!"

And as Marcia couldn't talk through her ears she had to.

IV

HORACE and Marcia were married early in February. The sensation in academic circles both at Yale and Princeton was tremendous. Horace Tarbox, who at fourteen had been played up in the Sunday magazine sections of metropolitan newspapers, was throwing over his career, his chance of being a world authority on American philosophy, by marrying a chorus girl—they made Marcia a chorus girl. But like all modern stories it was a four-and-a-half-day wonder.

They took a flat in Harlem. After two weeks' search, during which his idea of the value of academic knowledge faded unmercifully, Horace took a position as clerk with a South American export company—someone had told him that exporting was the coming thing. Marcia was to stay in her show for a few months—anyway until he got on his feet. He was getting a hundred and twenty-five to start with, and though of course they told him it was only a question of months until he would be earning double that, Marcia refused even to consider giving up the hundred and fifty a week that she was getting at the time.

"We'll call ourselves Head and Shoulders, dear," she said softly, "and the shoulders 'll have to keep shaking a little longer until the old head gets started."

"I hate it," he objected gloomily.

"Well," she replied emphatically, "your salary wouldn't keep us in a tenement. Don't think I want to be public—I don't. I want to be yours. But I'd be a half-wit to sit in one room and count the sunflowers on the wall paper while I waited for you. When you pull down three hundred a month I'll quit."

And much as it hurt his pride, Horace had to admit that hers was the wiser course.

March mellowed into April. May read a gorgeous riot act to the parks and waters of Manhattan and they were very happy. Horace, who had no habits whatsoever—he had never had time to form any—proved the most adaptable of husbands, and as Marcia entirely lacked opinions on the subjects that engrossed him there were very few joltings and bumpings. Their minds moved in different spheres. Marcia acted as practical factotum and Horace lived either in his old world of abstract ideas or in a sort of triumphantly earthy worship and adoration of his wife. She was a continual source of astonishment to him—the freshness and originality of her mind, her dynamic, clear-headed energy and her unfailing good humor.

And Marcia's coworkers in the nine-o'clock show, whither she had transferred her talents, were impressed with her tremendous pride in her husband's mental powers. Horace they knew only as a very slim, tight-lipped and immature-looking young man who waited every night to take her home.

"Horace," said Marcia one evening when she met him as usual at eleven, "you looked like a ghost standing there against the street lights. You losing weight?"

He shook his head vaguely.

"I don't know. They raised me to a hundred and thirty-five dollars to-day and ——"

"I don't care," said Marcia severely. "You're killing yourself working at night. You read those big books on economy ——"

"Economics," corrected Horace.

"Well, you read 'em every night long after I'm asleep. And you're getting all stooped over like you were before we were married."

"But, Marcia, I've got to ——"

"No, you haven't, dear. I guess I'm running this shop for the present and I won't let my fella ruin his health and eyes. You got to get some exercise."

"I do. Every morning I ——"

"Oh, I know! But those dumb-bells of yours wouldn't give a consumptive two degrees of fever. I mean real exercise. You've got to join a gymnasium. 'Member you told me you were such a trick gymnast once that they tried to get you out for the team in college and they couldn't because you had a standing date with Herb Spencer?"

"I used to enjoy it," mused Horace, "but it would take up too much time now."

"All right," said Marcia. "I'll make a bargain with you. You join a gym and I'll read one of those books from the brown row of 'em."

"Pepys' Diary? Why, that ought to be enjoyable. He's very light."

"Not for me—he isn't. It'll be like digesting plate glass. But you been telling me how much it'd broaden my lookout. Well, you go to a gym three nights a week and I'll take one big dose of Sammy."

Horace hesitated.

"Well ——"

"Come on now! You do some giant swings for me and I'll chase some culture for you."

So Horace finally consented and all through a baking summer he spent three and sometimes four evenings a week experimenting on the trapeze in Skipper's Gymnasium. And in August he admitted to Marcia that it made him capable of more mental work during the day.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*," he said.

"Don't believe in it," replied Marcia. "I tried one of those patent medicines once and they're all bunk. You stick to gymnastics."

One night in early September while he was going through one of his contortions on the rings in the nearly deserted room he was addressed by a meditative fat man whom he had noticed watching him for several nights.

"Say, lad, do that stunt you were doin' last night."

Horace grinned at him from his perch.

"I invented it," he said. "I got the idea from the fourth proposition of Euclid."

"What circus he with?"

"He's dead."

"Well, he must of broke his neck doin' that stunt. I set here last night thinkin' sure you was goin' to break yours."

"Like this!" said Horace, and swinging onto the trapeze he did his stunt.

"Don't it kill your neck an' shoulder muscles?"

"It did at first, but inside of a week I wrote the *quod erat demonstrandum* on it."

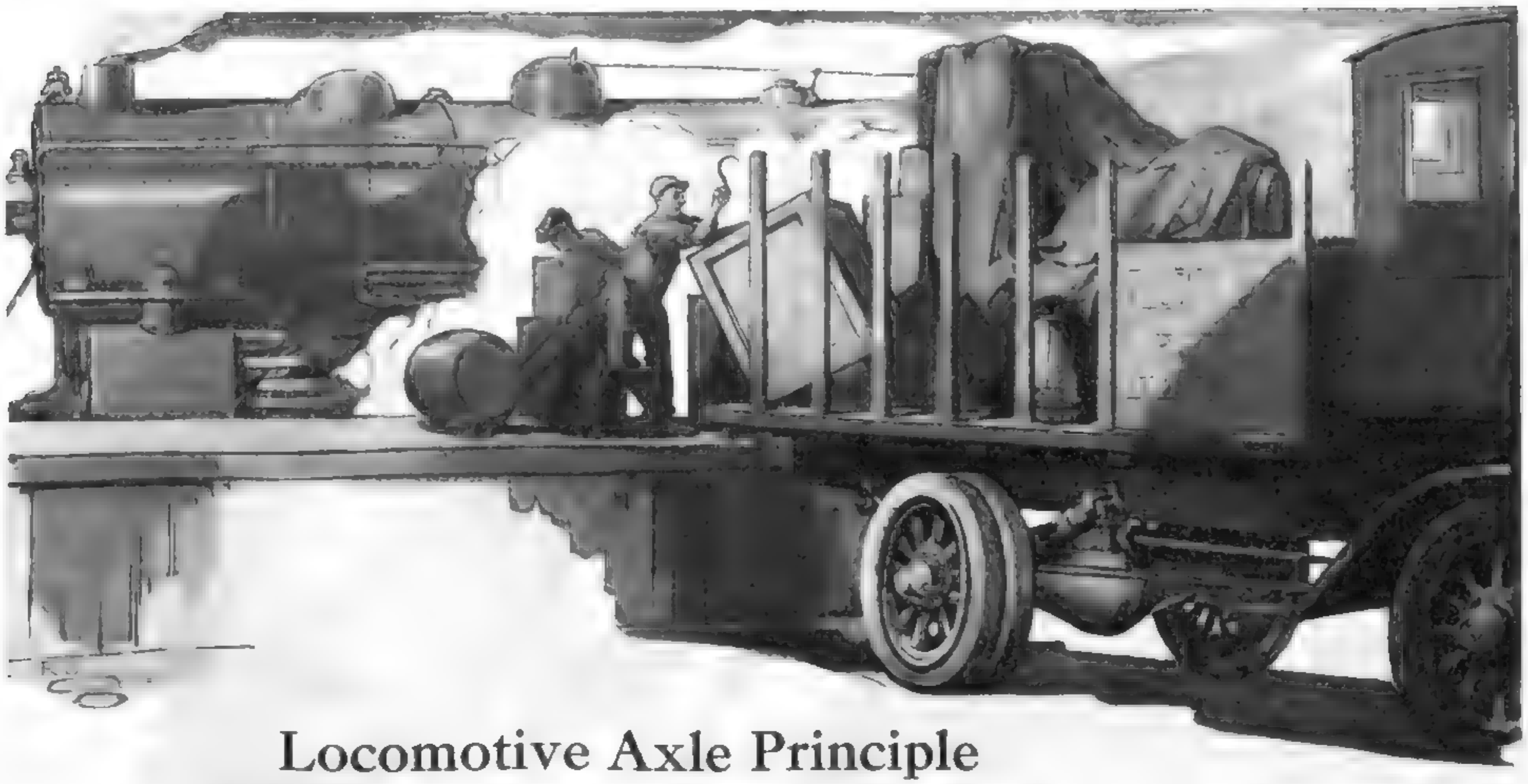
"H'm!"

Horace swung idly on the trapeze.

"Ever think of takin' it up professionally?" asked the fat man.

"Not I."

(Continued on Page 85)



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25 West 45th Street New York

Chief Os-Ke-Mon of the Yakamo Tribe in the "Dance of the Five Senses" as presented in the Pathé Review.

Drawings Copyright, 1919, by Julian Ollendorf

(Continued from Page 82)

"Good money in it if you're willin' to do stunts like 'at an' can get away with it."

"Here's another," chirped Horace eagerly, and the fat man's mouth dropped suddenly agape as he watched this pink-jerseyed Prometheus again defy the gods and Isaac Newton.

The night following this encounter Horace got home from work to find a rather pale Marcia stretched out on the sofa waiting for him.

"I fainted twice to-day," she began without preliminaries.

"What?"

"Yep. You see baby's due in three months now. Doctor says I ought to have quit dancing two weeks ago."

Horace sat down and thought it over.

"I'm glad of course," he said pensively—"I mean glad that we're going to have a baby. But this means a lot of expense."

"I've got two hundred and fifty in the bank," said Marcia hopefully, "and two weeks' pay coming."

Horace computed quickly.

"Including my salary, that'll give us nearly fourteen hundred for the next six months."

Marcia looked blue.

"That all? Course I can get a job singing somewhere this month. And I can go to work again in March."

"Of course, nothing!" said Horace gruffly. "You'll stay right here. Let's see now—there'll be doctor's bills and a nurse, besides the maid. We've got to have some more money."

"Well," said Marcia wearily, "I don't know where it's coming from. It's up to the old head now. Shoulders is out of business."

Horace rose and pulled on his coat.

"Where are you going?"

"I've got an idea," he answered. "I'll be right back."

Ten minutes later as he headed down the street toward Skipper's Gymnasium he felt a placid wonder quite unmixed with humor at what he was going to do. How he would have gaped at himself a year before! How everyone would have gaped! But when you opened your door at the rap of life you let in many things.

The gymnasium was brightly lit and when his eyes became accustomed to the glare he found the meditative fat man seated on a pile of canvas mats smoking a big cigar.

"Say," began Horace directly, "were you in earnest last night when you said I could make money on my trapeze stunts?"

"Why, yes," said the fat man in surprise.

"Well, I've been thinking it over and I believe I'd like to try it. I could work at night and on Saturday afternoons—and regularly if the pay is high enough."

The fat man looked at his watch.

"Well," he said, "Charlie Paulson's the man to see. He'll book you inside of four days, once he sees you work out. He won't be in now, but I'll get hold of him for to-morrow night."

The fat man was as good as his word. Charlie Paulson arrived next night and put in a wondrous hour watching the prodigy swoop through the air in amazing parabolas and on the night following he brought two large men with him who looked as though they had been born smoking black cigars and talking about money in low passionate voices. Then on the succeeding Saturday Horace Tarbox's torso made its first professional appearance in a gymnastic exhibition at the Coleman Street Gardens. But though the audience numbered nearly five thousand people, Horace felt no nervousness.

From his childhood he had read papers to audiences—learned that trick of detaching himself.

"Marcia," he said cheerfully later that same night, "I think we're out of the woods. Paulson thinks he can get me an opening at the Hippodrome and that means an all-winter engagement. The Hippodrome, you know, is a big ——"

"Yes, I believe I've heard of it," interrupted Marcia, "but I want to know about this stunt you're doing. It isn't any spectacular suicide, is it?"

"It's nothing," said Horace quietly. "But if you can think of any nicer way of a man killing himself than taking a risk for you, why that's the way I want to die."

Marcia reached up and wound both arms tightly round his neck.

"Kiss me," she whispered, "and call me 'dear heart.' I love to hear you say 'dear heart.' And bring me the book to read to-morrow. No more Sam Pepys, but something trick and trashy. I've been wild for something to do all day. I felt like writing letters, but I didn't have anybody to write to."

"Write to me," said Horace. "I'll read them."

"I wish I could," breathed Marcia. "If I knew words enough I could write you the longest love letter in the world—and never get tired."

But after two more months Marcia grew very tired indeed and for a row of nights it was a very anxious, weary-looking young athlete who walked out before the Hippodrome crowd. Then there were two days when his place was taken by a young man who wore pale blue instead of white and got very little applause. But after the two days Horace appeared again, and those who sat close to the stage remarked an expression of beatific happiness on that young acrobat's face, even when he was twisting breathlessly in the air in the middle of his amazing and original shoulder swing. After that performance he laughed at the elevator man and dashed up the stairs to the flat five steps at a time—and then tiptoed very carefully into a quiet room.

"Marcia," he whispered.

"Hello!" She smiled up at him wanly. "Horace, there's something I want you to do. Look in my top bureau drawer and you'll find a big stack of paper. It's a book—sort of—Horace. I wrote it down in these last three months while I've been laid up. I wish you'd take it to that Peter Boyce Wendell, who put my letter in his paper. He could tell you whether it'd be a good book. I wrote it just the way I talk, just the way I wrote that letter to him. It's just a story about a lot of things that happened to me. Will you take it to him, Horace?"

"Yes, darling."

He leaned over the bed until his head was beside her on the pillow and began stroking back her yellow hair.

"Dearest Marcia," he said softly.

"No," she murmured, "call me what I told you to call me."

"Dear heart," he whispered passionately—"dearest, dearest heart."

"What'll we call her?"

They rested a minute in happy drowsy content, while Horace considered.

"We'll call her Marcia Hume Tarbox," he said at length.

"Why the Hume?"

"Because he's the fellow who first introduced us."

"That so?" she murmured, sleepily surprised. "I thought his name was Moon."

Her eyes closed and after a moment the slow, lengthening surge of the bedclothes over her breast showed that she was asleep.

Horace tiptoed over to the bureau and opening the top drawer found a heap of closely scrawled, lead-smeared pages. He looked at the first sheet:

SANDRA PEPYS, SYNCOPATED

By Marcia Tarbox

He smiled. So Samuel Pepys had made an impression on her after all. He turned a page and began to read. His smile deepened—he read on. Half an hour passed and he became aware that Marcia had waked and was watching him from the bed.

"Honey," came in a whisper.

"What, Marcia?"

"Do you like it?"

Horace coughed.

"I seem to be reading on. It's bright."

"Take it to Peter Boyce Wendell. Tell him you got the highest marks in Princeton once and that you ought to know when a book's good. Tell him this one's a world beater."

"All right, Marcia," said Horace gently.

Her eyes closed again and Horace crossing over kissed her forehead—stood there for a moment with a look of tender pity. Then he left the room.

All that night the sprawly writing on the pages, the constant mistakes in spelling and grammar and the weird punctuation danced before his eyes. He woke several times in the night, each time full of a welling chaotic sympathy for this desire of Marcia's soul to express itself in words. To him there was something infinitely pathetic about it, and for the first time in months he began to turn over in his mind his own half-forgotten dreams.

He had meant to write a series of books, to popularize the new realism as Schopenhauer had popularized pessimism and William James pragmatism.

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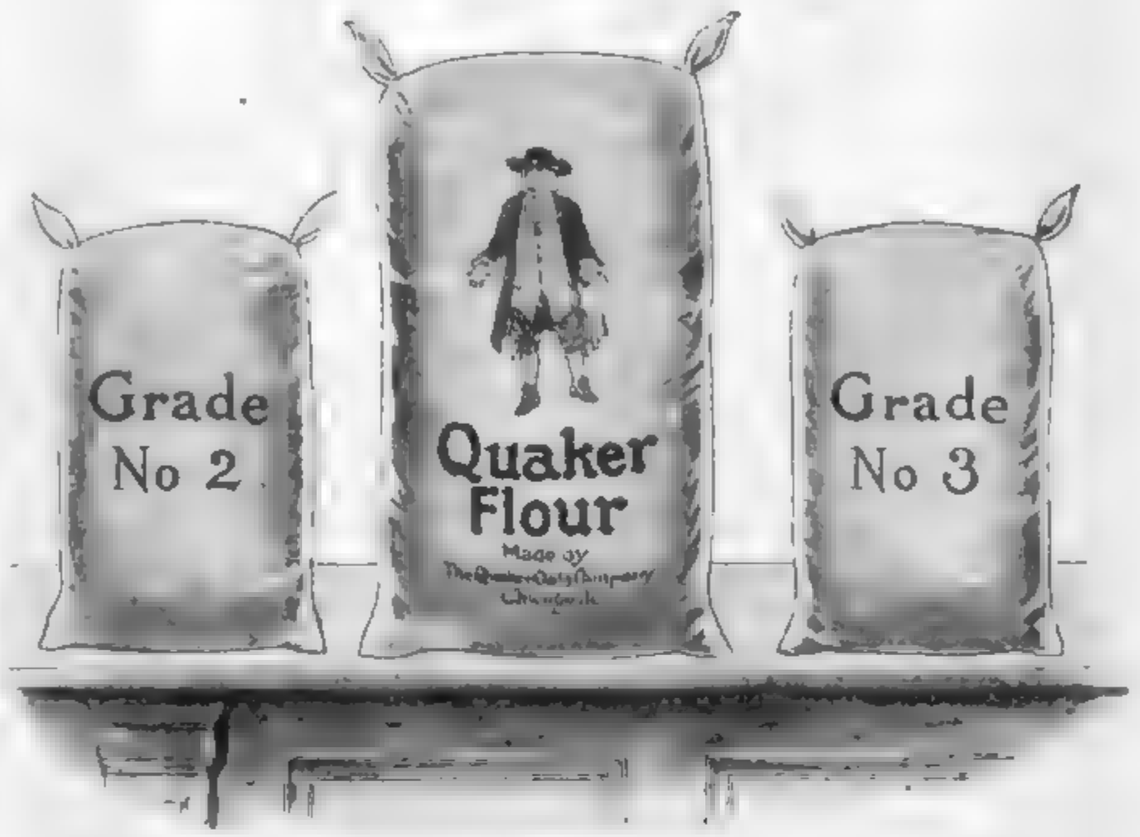
Made by the Quaker Oats Company



Which Grade

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In Quaker Flour we use about half of the wheat kernel—just the choicest part.

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We make Quaker Flour for lovers of super-quality.

People expect that in a Quaker product. They get it in all Quaker cereals.

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Chemists constantly analyze it, bakers constantly bake with it—right in our mills. So every sack maintains these Quaker standards.

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The result has been amazing. Quaker Flour has won a million users already. One mill has grown to four mills, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

To countless homes it has brought a new conception of fine Flour. And housewives who know it demand it.

Find it out. Ask your grocer to send a sack, or get it if he lacks it. Lesser flours cost about as much, or just as much. See what this grade means.

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In our Canadian Mills we make a different flour to conform to Government requirements.

Quaker Biscuit Flour

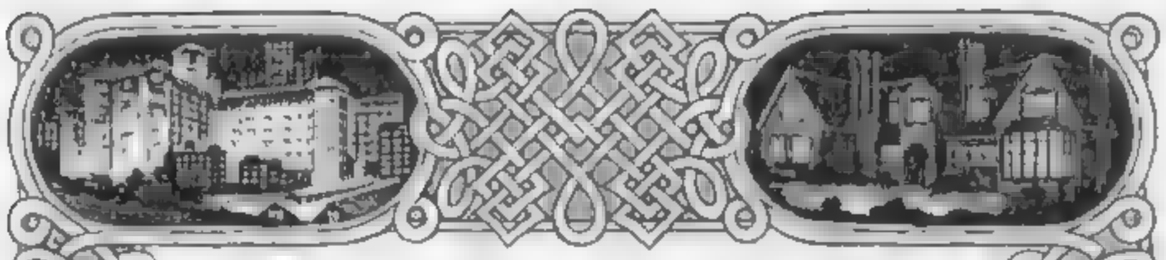
This is a special flour made from special wheat for dainties. It is self-raising, and to keep it fresh it is packed in sealed round packages with tops.

Use this flour for your finest foods—for biscuits, pancakes, cakes, doughnuts, etc. It differs from bread flour for these uses.

Quaker Farina

This is choice white bits of inner wheat in granulated form. It is fancy farina—the finest grade possible—without a fancy price.

Serve as a breakfast dainty. Use for griddle cakes, fritters and waffles. These granulations give to such foods much added fascination.



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But life hadn't come that way. Life took hold of people and forced them into flying rings. He laughed to think of that rap at his door, the diaphanous shadow in Hume, Marcia's threatened kiss.

"And it's still me," he said aloud in wonder as he lay awake in the darkness. "I'm the man who sat in Berkeley with temerity to wonder if that rap would have had actual existence had my ear not been there to hear it. I'm still that man. I could be electrocuted for the crimes he committed.

"Poor gauzy souls trying to express ourselves in something tangible. Marcia with her written book; I with my unwritten ones. Trying to choose our mediums and then taking what we get—and being glad."

SANDRA PEPYS, SYNCOPATED, with an introduction by Peter Boyce Wendell, the columnist, appeared serially in Jordan's Magazine and came out in book form in March. From its first published installment it attracted attention far and wide. A trite enough subject—a girl from a small New Jersey town coming to New York to go on the stage—treated simply, with a peculiar vividness of phrasing and a haunting undertone of sadness in the very inadequacy of its vocabulary, it made an irresistible appeal.

Peter Boyce Wendell, who happened at that time to be advocating the enrichment of the American language by the immediate adoption of expressive vernacular words, stood as its sponsor and thundered his indorsement over the placid bromides of the conventional reviewers.

Marcia received three hundred dollars an installment for the serial publication, which came at an opportune time, for though Horace's monthly salary at the Hippodrome was now more than Marcia's had ever been, young Marcia was emitting shrill cries which they interpreted as a demand for country air. So early April found them installed in a bungalow in Westchester County with a place for a lawn, a place for a garage and a place for everything, including a sound-proof impregnable study in which Marcia faithfully promised Mr. Jordan she would shut herself up when her daughter's demands began to be abated and compose immortally illiterate literature.

"It's not half bad," thought Horace one night as he was on his way from the station to his house. He was considering several prospects that had opened up, a four months' vaudeville offer in five figures, a chance to go back to Princeton in charge of all gymnasium work. Odd! He had once intended to go back there in charge of all philosophic work, and now he had not even been stirred by the arrival in New York of Anton Laurier, his old idol.

The gravel crunched raucously under his heel. He saw the lights of his sitting room gleaming and noticed a big car standing in the drive. Probably Mr. Jordan again, come to persuade Marcia to settle down to work.

She had heard the sound of his approach and her form was silhouetted against the lighted door as she came out to meet him.

"There's some Frenchman here," she whispered nervously. "I can't pronounce his name, but he sounds awful deep. You'll have to jaw with him."

"What Frenchman?"

"You can't prove it by me. He drove up an hour ago with Mr. Jordan and said he wanted to meet Sandra Pepys, and all that sort of thing."

Two men rose from chairs as they went inside.

"Hello, Tarbox," said Jordan. "I've just been bringing together two celebrities. M'sieur Laurier, let me present Mr. Tarbox, Mrs. Tarbox's husband."

"Not Anton Laurier!"

"But, yes. I must come. I have to come. I have read the book of madame and I have been charmed"—he fumbled in his pocket—"ah, I have read of you too. In this newspaper which I read to-day it has your name."

He finally produced a clipping from a magazine.

"Read it!" he said eagerly. "It has about you too."

Horace's eye skipped down the page.

"A distinct contribution to American dialect literature," it said. "No attempt at literary tone; the book derives its very quality from this fact, as did Huckleberry Finn."

Horace's eyes caught a passage lower down; he became suddenly aghast—read on hurriedly.

"Marcia Tarbox's connection with the stage is not only as a spectator but as the wife of a performer. She was married last year to Horace Tarbox, who every evening delights the children at the Hippodrome with his wondrous flying-ring performance. It is said that the young couple have dubbed themselves Head and Shoulders, referring doubtless to the fact that Mrs. Tarbox supplies the literary and mental qualities while the supple and agile shoulders of her husband contribute their share to the family fortunes.

"Mrs. Tarbox seems to merit that much-abused title—'prodigy.' Only twenty——"

Horace stopped reading and with a very odd expression in his eyes gazed intently at Anton Laurier.

"I want to advise you——" he began hoarsely.

"What?"

"About raps. Don't answer them! Let them alone—have a padded door."

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New Jersey Zinc

SIBERIAN IMPRESSIONS

(Continued from Page 7)

of ex-prisoners played out its sufferings and its longings to an appreciative and enthusiastic audience of sad understanding Slavs, who would gladly aid the poor artists if they could.

For a day or two one sat about, waiting to get passage by the occasional train leaving for the front. One tried to readjust oneself and get the atmosphere; one listened to the gossip which flowed toward one in never-ending volume. Vladivostok teems with foreigners, allies who have been sitting miserably about for months, waiting for orders to do something worth while. Meantime they were trying to kill time. The weary hours lag dreadfully while one sits and looks on, forbidden to lend a hand. Mischief is rife, of course, and Vladivostok, since the Allies' occupation, vies with Port Said in its unsavory reputation—mixed races, bad morals—the worst of the East and the West; and in such an atmosphere everyone degenerates. One heard queer tales of misery and of crime. The only name unsullied by rumor is Kolchak's own. No one but admits his honesty, loyalty, devotion, patriotism. Unambitious for any recompense, either money or position, anxious only to down Bolshevism, then retire somewhere and rest; always at his post, above all intrigue and all smallness, strong and brave he is.

Praise for the Red Cross

As for the foreigners, one heard a lot against them, and strangely enough more especially against the Americans, who only ten months ago were landed here and were received with open arms as saviors and friends. One is filled with wonder that it should be so, for in old days Americans and Russians have always fraternized and understood each other. Then one listened carefully, and sifting down the many detailed stories one found the gist to be about as follows:

Nearly a year ago, with many promises and with great show of friendship and fair official words, came the American soldiers. They were received with simple faith in their message and intentions, and they started toward the front to help. At once the counter order came to them, and back to Vladivostok they were obliged to retire, to settle down and cross their arms. Since then whenever they were asked to act in any matter they replied that their strict orders were not to interfere. His own situation riled the doughboy, humiliated the American officer too; some tried to explain what they themselves could not understand—the contradictory policy of Washington and their own obligatory inertia; others tried to cover their shame with peevishness or arrogance, and hurt the natives' feelings. The American salary in dollars, of course, could outbuy poor Russian rubles every time. Whether of clothes or food, the best went to the Americans, and the Russians were disdained, till pride rose in rebellion. Then followed high words and sometimes blows, and hard feeling settled. The situation in its new form was encouraged by third parties, especially the Japanese, and nothing was done to soften matters by anyone.

Through all the growing discord even till now, however, the American Red Cross personnel has acted in a way to win universal love, gratitude and admiration from the wounded, the ill and the poor refugees. The officials, doctors and nurses have gone about like ministering angels, saving the Russians from death and misery as much as possible; doing their own and everyone else's work; creating hope, sustaining life, trying to bring back health and a smile to vague emaciated bodies and wan faces. The testimony is universal; the enthusiasm never failed whenever this name of the American Red Cross was mentioned. For some unknown reason the Y. M. C. A. agents are not spoken of in the same tone.

Now and again one heard wild talk among the Russians in Vladivostok of the possibility of an uprising and the massacre of foreigners, except the Japanese, who are obsequious and smooth, always vastly polite, and who behave toward the Russians these days with a circumspection and tact amounting to genius.

After two days in Vladivostok my husband left for the front, and as he was starting he had occasion to test the temper of the people. A Polish military doctor pushed into the line of people who were waiting for tickets in the station, and took the place ahead of Cantacuzène. The latter at once protested energetically, and after some language the man stepped out of the way, only to shove himself into the line again, just behind my husband. This was not tolerated, of course, and the crowd, roused by the second attempt at usurping a good place, battered the culprit about a bit till he humbly consented to go down to the end of the line, whereupon patience returned as if by magic to the little group of Russians who had been waiting for their tickets so quietly before the incident.

The train was delayed two days in Vladivostok after it was loaded, by what was announced as "bandit disorders ahead." No one seemed to be able to offer a clearer explanation of our immobility, and with an indifference characteristic of the times and place the passengers tolerated this waiting without much protest.

Rumors announced that Omsk was being evacuated, but no one believed it. It had been too frequently said before to be treated as serious news. Then we started. As far as Irkutsk the Trans-Siberian was well guarded and quite well ordered. It ran through Semenoff's province, and one had glimpses of order and discipline everywhere in the country commanded by him. It seems he exacted respect for his army, and that the church must be honored, too; and through all this large tract the villages looked fairly prosperous, and the prices of necessities were lower than elsewhere. There were rich pastures, and on them cattle, sometimes rather unexpectedly fine animals, were to be seen; and one heard there were rich mines of coal and metals in this province, even gold in large quantities. While on the road one was told more and new gossip—among other savory bits that the Czech, General Gaida, had been paid seventy-five thousand francs if he would leave the country, as he was giving too much trouble. He had accepted the proposition, left Omsk for Vladivostok, and on reaching the latter city decided to remain on his train and bargain. He wasn't very successful at it, and—from pique, perhaps—he headed then the upheaval which shook up political conditions at the port, and which puzzled even those who looked on from far away. Who knows that Semenoff's province is much vaster than France?

When the officers reached Irkutsk they were told officially of the evacuation of Omsk, and the train passengers were sorted out. Only the people actually going forward on government or army business were allowed to continue their travels; the others were kept at Irkutsk. From this city to Omsk was another week on the train.

The cities are big and rich through this district in ordinary times. Now they were overcrowded, and they gave the impression of spreading out quantities of people, who are living in box cars all along the railroad and round the stations with only what comfort of fuel, food and clothing they can manage to gather by their own means, fair or foul. The cities' ancient commerce is being strangled; clothes, provisions and transportation are frightfully needed. Often there are thirty or more people living in one car; the small stove in the center burns those who are near and leaves such as are out of range to freeze. The car inhabitants run out for wood and bring back in triumph whatever is handy—ties from the roadbed; broken boards from the snow shields put up to protect the road; rough broken bits of cars or houses. And their food is accidental and very short always. Anything eatable could command fabulous prices.

The trains moved with difficulty on the congested railroad, where difficulties were vastly increased by the constant changing of the command along the road. The seizing of locomotives, too, by a powerful factor was terrible; the Czechoslovaks had made holding up the outgoing army trains, and also the retreating refugee trains, one of their chief occupations and sports. They have constantly hindered the rapidity with which our troops could be carried forward and the efficiency with which evacuation of the civilian population could be accomplished.

There is much illness among the city inhabitants; and especially illness reigns in these floating crowds along the Trans-Siberian road.

The train on which our travelers were was quite clean, however, and possessed a fair supply of food, at fabulous prices. It was a train used by the foreign missions, and was the best to be found. The management of this train and of the road seemed fair, but the occupants were kept constantly excited by the reports of there being bandits ahead, who would probably stop further progress.

Approaching Omsk one met many a train of poor, hopeless, helpless refugees, who with pinched sad faces and emaciated bodies moved in a great stream from their small homes at Omsk backward toward Irkutsk. It had been many a long day and week and month since these people had known the taste of good food or had felt real comfort, and as one saw misery in so many pairs of eyes one registered a vow to help; and help them with all one's possibilities. In vain one tries, however, unless one can go beyond the frontiers for the help; Siberia is too worn out and poor. Soon, when Omsk was reached, came official news of the evacuation taking place, and the English officers talked of the dangers which everyone would soon be running in Omsk and its environs, let alone those on the firing line.

A Talk With Kolchak

At Omsk no food, no comforts; complete congestion, and the price of living was so appalling one bought nothing, and there is nothing to be found in shops really. The single track of the Trans-Siberian road has often played tricks on us Russians before, but now in the dire need of this time of evacuation to keep it running everyone has done his best. The Czechs are experienced, however, better armed, and stronger than our people, and they carry out continuously their terrible raids on trains and travelers.

Immediately on arrival Mike reported to Kolchak; an appointment was made for early the following morning, and his evening was free to unpack, settle and look round. The hotel was awful—an ill-kept room, ten by twelve feet, almost no furniture, and that broken and dirty. The whole on the Grasnaia Ulitza—Dirty Street—a most becoming and appropriate name. One hoped and prayed not to stay long in Omsk!

The interview with Kolchak made a great impression on my husband. He was finishing his coffee, looking out of the window, and the admiral sat my husband down opposite him. He was uncommonly nice to one whom he felt would be understanding, both of his traditions, habits and life. He complained of the Allies' indecision, also of the Bolshevik armies, who were fighting with extra punch just then.

The Chinese mercenary troops fight in the front lines of the Bolshevik army, being promised that if they will rush the loyal All-Russian lines they can have a rest and some recreation among their own people. All this was a great incentive, naturally, to go forward, and the looting and the murders and torturing were counted an asset while pushing out of Siberia to carry the madness into the Chinese Republic. If this policy succeeded God knows what might occur! Kolchak said he had wished to appeal to America; that by his clamorings he had hoped to bring help in material forms at least—food, clothes, medicines, ammunition and arms.

"It will help the Americans themselves, to aid us, for

(Continued on Page 91)

The Arrival in the Railroad Yard at Vladivostok of the First American Red Cross Train Bearing 300 of the Lost Children of the Urals

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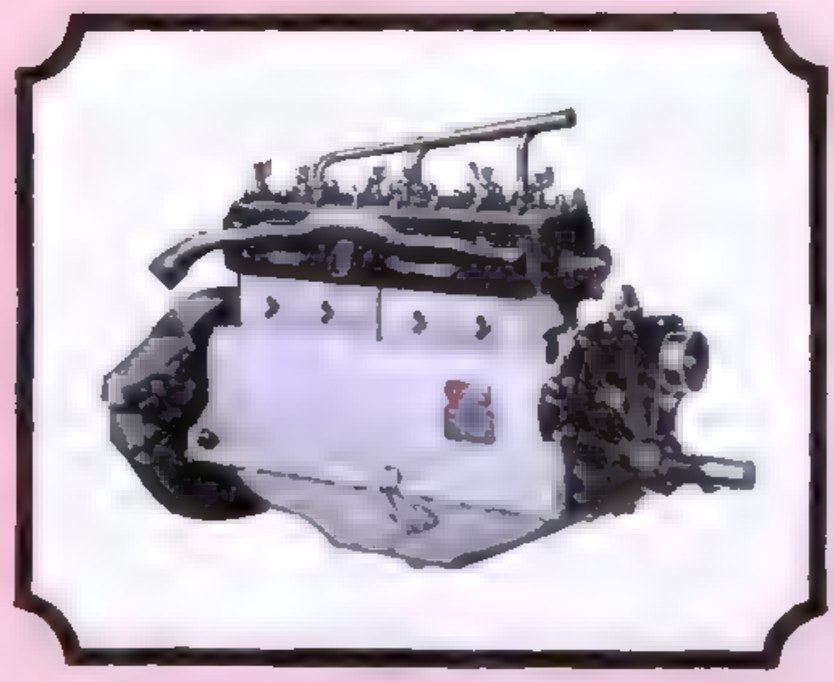

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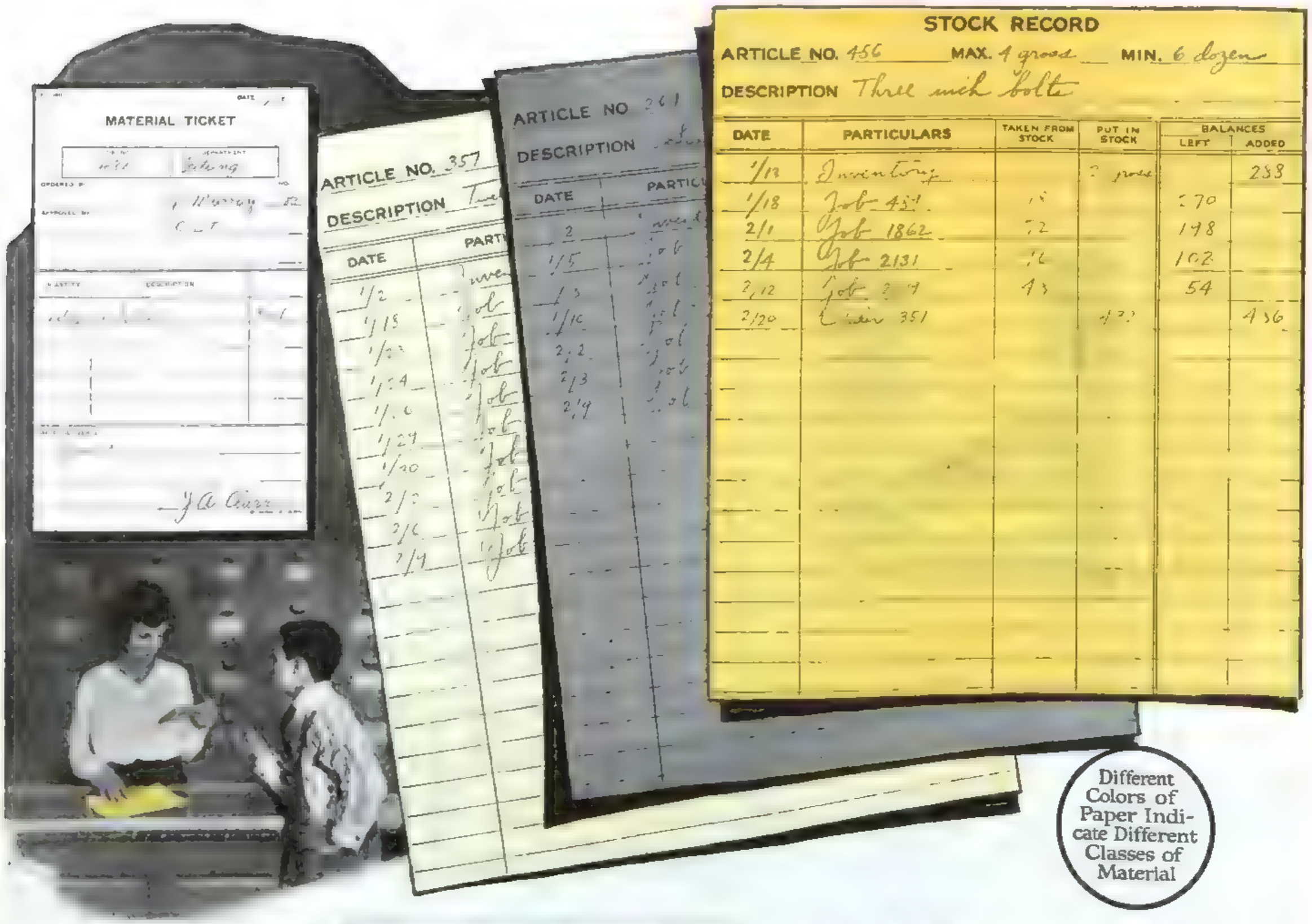

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(Continued from Page 88)

Bolshevism is the whole world's enemy, and especially against a democracy such as the American Government is. The necessity of the civilized world's hanging together, as against red doctrines, is obvious"

Kolchak soon had another caller come for orders, and my husband had time to look about. Kolchak lives in a tiny house, quite unpretentious in its arrangements, and only the two sentinels at the door mark it or suggest his rank. The supreme commander had no visible servants besides his striker, who waited on him without the least ceremony or formality. Not anywhere a sign of luxury. His work hours are from ten A. M. to four P. M., and all day long he has the intense strain of people constantly coming and going for orders. Never a moment to himself does he take. He lives quietly with his aides-de-camp, of whom he has several.

Personally he gives an impression of enormous strength, as one meets him or as he sits talking at his desk, leaning forward slightly in his intensity. The rather large square head, face and shoulders impress one with his complete reliability. The eyes and hands are remarkably fine. Impulsive, quick in manner and articulation, he can be very silent too; and is so while listening most attentively. He has great magnetism, all the qualities and defects of a man who is very big—honest, loyal, patriotic, with not the least desire to save himself from trouble, danger or responsibility. Always ready to die, and asking nothing but to go on fighting Bolsheviki until the end of either his own life or theirs. It is his one ambition and policy.

The men round Kolchak were those whom he found on the spot already or those chosen and sent to him from abroad. He was grateful they were willing to join him and to live in danger and discomfort. Six of these men are more or less prominent. These are: Vologodsky, Smyrnoff, Sukine, Handjine, Pépélaeff, Trétiakoff.

The first of these holds the title of "President of the Council of Ministers," is a social-revolutionary Siberian, an ex-lawyer of Tomsk, about fifty years of age and considered honest. He had the disadvantage of being more of a talker and less efficient than would be desirable in times like these.

Sukine, who was the representative of Sazonoff near Kolchak, and the acting Foreign Minister, was clever, though somewhat too arrogant to be popular; and he was accused by many of being unscrupulous. He was very pro-American, but during the past six months or more his admiration for the United States has seemingly transferred itself elsewhere. Smyrnoff, Minister of Marine, is an honest man, a professional seaman, and loyally devoted to Kolchak, with no interest in politics and no special following. Handjine, Minister of War, had not been a success as commander of an army, and seemed a vague but amiable quantity, who left those under him to do as they pleased. Trétiakoff, a product of civilized life in Moscow and Paris, as Minister of Commerce played an effaced rôle, but was considered to have brilliant possibilities for the future. He is handsome, accomplished, and aged but thirty years or so. Pépélaeff, a Siberian, is fairly popular, and represents a very liberal element in the cabinet. He seems intelligent and to trust Kolchak sincerely, also to be a man of strength and honesty of purpose, though of small experience in governing.

Pépélaeff has had good training, however, in the old Siberian chamber, or Zemstvos, and impressed one as a man capable of development.

Plots and Counterplots

Round these principals were large groups of people intriguing, advising, gambling in sensational news. Most of them had little to do, and since time hung heavy on their hands they got into all sorts of mischief. It was hard to tell who was with and who against the government in this crowd, and one saw about each foreign mission also a small group of ne'er-do-wells, who watched all possible rivals and reported or advised—always disadvantageously—both the foreigners and the Russian ministers. Everyone was hard put to it for the wherewithal to live in these times when prices soar, and there were many makeshifts, some of which were rather tragic to watch.

The ever-present feeling of the impossibility of foreseeing the morrow's fate gave a devil-may-care attitude to the general mentality. Among Russians and foreigners alike moral standards were low, and any form of excitement or distraction was very welcome. There were constant parties in society, where men and women played games of chance from eve till dawn, because no one would walk home in the dark for fear of attack and theft or even murder. The people had faced the emergency of flight or of death frequently; they will again at any moment, and show great courage; but meantime: "What can we do but try to forget our troubles and live as best we can?" they said. "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ——"

After a few such evenings one wearied of their empty noise, and even a dirty hotel room of a size less comfortable than is known elsewhere seemed a haven of rest and independence. On the bed a sleeping bag made for the front was a refuge, for it was uninhabited by any of the vermin found in the bed, and was warm and cozy besides—qualities greatly to be appreciated in Siberia.

Kolchak the Storm Center

Admiral Kolchak was altogether wonderful. Quite fearless and unselfish, he spent a few days at the front inspiring the troops and helping the officers and men with advice and example, simple and utterly brave. Then he returned to Omsk and patiently worked through the heavy length of days and nights, explaining or devising the solution of each new puzzle that came up. He was so faithful and so patient in the face of far-away allies, who now and then revived his hopes by a promise flung across the seas. Always this was followed by long silence and no action whatever, while Kolchak, between the devil of Bolshevism on the one hand and the deep sea of rising discouragement and misery about him on the other, fought intrigues and poverty, famine and propaganda, reactionary and radical groups; hoping against hope for recognition and relief from without and for calm about him. Recognition by his allies would have meant a new strength to fight the contradictory elements at home; relief would have minimized the sufferings of the needy refugees and population, stamped out illness and dismal misery, aiding the general morale, giving him arguments to quiet all complaints.

But nothing came—save smooth words from missions sent to investigate, and one or two promises in writing, which having warmed the brave man's heart then fell to dust and emptiness, like scraps of paper in the ashes of a fire burnt out.

The smooth and gentle Japanese; the noisy Cossacks shouting for an arrogant stand; the radicals fearing but resisting these latter—threaten periodically to upset the government. Then the needs of his troops—no ammunition, and the reds' armies of Chinese and other mercenaries pressing on us—they who were well fed and officered largely by Germans, committing worse crimes, leaving more complete destruction than did Attila of Hundom. When Kolchak went forward there was all the misery of nakedness and famine to repair; when he moved back came the frightful complications of thousands of refugees, who retreated with the army and were in terror of torture unprintable.

Holding all the reins, making all the effort, facing representatives of allies who knew his difficulties yet made no signs of stretching out a hand—small wonder the great man was worn to the point where those who watched and felt his greatness noted with anxiety how ill he looked and how strained his nerves were.

There were uprisings led by a Czech in Vladivostok; troubles between noninterfering American armies and rebel Cossack brigands, supposedly in the pay of still a third ally; impossible situations and complaints caused by a fourth ally's pretensions; lack of ammunition; trains of arms and food held up by Czechs, who wanted the locomotives taken off and used to hasten their own trains toward the eastern port of embarkation; trainloads of civilian refugees from the Omsk evacuation held up also; and a general massacre because of indignation over actual conditions.

It was hideous, inhuman; yet instead of the deep fury most men have felt, Kolchak, in making a short public speech, said quietly with a wan smile: "The Allies' representatives are very kind to me, and we get on excellently together. I hope this is a sign that the Allies themselves like us and mean to stand with us."

This was some time ago, and things have gone from bad to worse—yet there is no record of bitter utterances by Admiral Kolchak, and even in desperate straits he goes on fighting, too busy to talk, but with undiminished courage, all those say who have seen him.

My husband received the order to leave Omsk in a car belonging to the train of the Minister of War. There was talk of not evacuating the government almost to the last moment; and the civilian ministers were in a real panic over their danger.

Kolchak himself was perfectly calm. He did not want to abandon Omsk, but there was no chance of defending the city successfully, and he gave way to the situation's exigencies. Round Kolchak Janin, from France, wanted to occupy himself exclusively with the Czechs and Poles; while Knox, of England, wanted to mix into and direct all the admiral's orders, and because he was not obeyed he suddenly left in hasty annoyance. There was no American momentarily in the entourage of the leader. The little Japanese envoy stayed till the very last, was most efficient and helpful, with an excellent and most respectful attitude toward Kolchak.

Once their own compatriots' trains had passed, the Czechs refused further to guard the railroads. They had also stolen most of the material we Russians had. Consequently they are comparatively well armed, while their uniforms, which took the last supplies of Russian cloth, are comfortable; our final reserves of equipment, guns and horses also went to them. No wonder they made our people hate them for their selfishness and treachery. Semenoff, who is headstrong, and with no thought of what his acts may lead to, was furious with their action, stopped the Czech troop trains, one after another, as they went through the province under his command and held them up until all stolen goods were handed over.

He even turned one whole battery back to Irkutsk at this time.

In leaving Omsk it was almost impossible to find a place in which to travel, primarily because nearly all first and second class cars were seized by the Czechs for their own use, while only the third class and the box cars were left for the Russians. Even the hospitals found it impossible to get good cars to transport their wounded because of this arbitrary action on the Czechs' part. The wounded and the typhus patients alike were largely left behind in their wards for lack of transportation, but as many as possible of the doctors and nurses were removed because the Bolsheviki are known to reserve special cruelty in torturing and martyrizing these, while it was supposed they might spare the sick and wounded. It turned out not to be the case, however, and soon news came to the retreating army that all the poor ill and wounded had been frightfully ill treated and then murdered! All officers found by the Bolsheviki wounded on the battle fields were also immediately subjected to terrible tortures and then killed.

The Fate of Hostages

For days the Omsk people were packing and were being moved eastward in the best of order, with rapidity and a discipline quite remarkable under the circumstances. On the last day a panic began, and grew, and then, of course, things became more difficult to handle and confusion reigned. It was impossible to find the places indicated in the cars; every train was congested, and instead of a berth with the Handjine party my husband found himself, after various complications, assigned to a car which was being arranged for some foreigners.

Just before the departure from Omsk an airplane fell, disabled, containing a Bolshevik commissioner and a young aviator, both living. They were at once surrounded and the commissioner was shot. The aviator was questioned as to what was happening in the red country. He said that all officers who, like himself, had been left in Bolshevik land had been forcibly mobilized at the point of the bayonet. Those with families saw their wives and children taken as hostages and shot on the first sign of the husbands' or fathers' abandoning the Bolsheviks' firing line. Those who, like himself, had no relatives left saw fifteen of their comrades locked up every time they flew, and in case of an accident which, like the present, meant he would not return, all those fifteen prisoners would be shot or tortured!

The case of General R—— was one which confirmed this young man's tale. R—— had been made chief of staff on one of the Bolshevik fronts soon after he was seized in Moscow, while his wife and daughter were put in the hands of a young Hungarian-war-prisoner-Bolshevist commissioner in a small town near the capital. After some months of service R—— decided that not even to save the lives of his dear ones should he go on fighting with the Bolsheviki, and that he must do his duty and make an attempt to get across to the Kolchak lines. He found a faithful messenger to carry a warning of all this to his wife, advising her to try to escape and join him. By good chance the Hungarian was in love with the daughter; consequently discipline had been somewhat slackened round the two women, and they did manage to escape in old peasant garments just before the sentence passed on them could be executed. The infatuated Hungarian had even removed the guard from round their quarters; so making their way first on foot, then by springless peasant carts, they traveled from Moscow till they found General R—— back of Kolchak's lines. There are hundreds of poor officers less fortunate, however, than the general was. They were obliged to leave their friends back beyond the Bolshevik frontiers, from where no sign has come of them for a year or more. Certainly it is a dreadful situation.

Nicholas Palmed Off as Emperor

Leaving Omsk on a Monday morning about eighteen hours late in the schedule of departure, my husband's heavy train moved back toward Irkutsk slowly, because of the congestion on the road. The trip took a week, though the foreigners' train had right of way. On the road nothing was heard but complaints—from everyone, beginning with the head manager of the road and running down to the last small train official—of the Czechs' arrogance, selfish pretensions and brutality toward them.

Warned of the probable attacks on the trains by robbers, brigands, and so on, with Bolshevik tendencies, they were considerably bothered by them. As this train's load was of foreign allies, an armored train was run ahead for parts of the trip, to protect the guests. In the province of Krasnoyarsk a Bolshevik proclamation fell into the hands of the secret service and was shown to my husband. In view of the pretensions of the friends of Bolshevism in the United States—who claim the reds are a popular and democratic party—it may be interesting to quote this paper. This appealed to the people to stop fighting; and in proclaiming the anti-Bolshevik leaders traitors to their country it said that there had been an election of the old Grand Duke Nicholas in Moscow, and that he was consequently now the actual Emperor of Russia, with Lenine as his Prime Minister and Trotzky at the Imperial War Office; also all those who were loyal Russians must attack the trains of troops belonging to Kolchak the democrat!

The men who were distributing this document among the peasants carried about with them the imperial standard, or flag, and sang the imperial antham! They said the new emperor had all the ancient powers and privileges!

The news came by telegram to those on board our steamer that the Bolsheviki had attacked Omsk with their Chinese mercenaries in the first line, these being promised ten thousand rubles apiece for the taking of the city, and the hope being held out to the Chinese that they were on the last lap of their campaigning and would be allowed to go home to China soon, once Siberia was won for the reds. This was really a thing to make decent men tremble. Imagine the yellow race gone mad with sovietist theories!

On their arrival at Irkutsk the group Mike was with found everything up in the air. News of the uprising under the Czech, General Gaida, at Vladivostok had just arrived, and in Irkutsk itself a new outbreak of the social revolutionaries was just being stopped by the arrest of the disorderly men who instigated it. The Czechs added to the confusion by handing in an ultimatum saying that they would like to be transported to their own homes or else the Kolchak regime must be overthrown and

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 91)

a social-revolutionary government be established in its place, under their supervision and protection. The transportation of the Czechs was not in Kolchak's hands at all, as the whole question of the duty and comfort of these allies was in the hands of General Janin, high commissioner for France, and the rest of his foreign colleagues.

One had an impression through all the noise and agitation of imminent changes. It seemed impossible for any man, whatever his genius, to handle the situation of a retreat, with no provisions of arms and munitions, no food or clothing; with the refugees covering the land in waves, with various political parties in opposition; all the foreigners intriguing and struggling each for supremacy, some using treacherous methods to seize the power; with disorder on the one railroad, occasioned by the strain of evacuation of both an army and the civil population, as well as the arbitrary commandeering of trains by the Czechs for those in whom they felt interested. Adding to all this, typhus and famine and cold and cutthroat prices—one can present to one's imagination what the tableau was of the trip from Omsk to Irkutsk.

My husband personally helped to bury eighteen bodies drawn from a refugees' box car near his own on the road, and he had occasion to see what the horrors of life were for the women and children, crowded promiscuously into these cars, thirty and forty in each. They were without fuel other than what they could gather in the way of railroad ties or from the snow screens and sheds on the wayside. Forests all round were plentiful, but impossible for the poor refugees to reach, the snow being more than six feet deep and quite impassable along the Trans-Siberian. The cars were so dirty and filled with vermin that disinfection and burning could be the only remedy; but the people lived in them minus everything, and with no possibility of cleaning or disinfecting, since soap and medicines were totally lacking, and there was no straw to sleep on even. The latter was nowhere to be found, even at the price of its weight in gold, had gold been producible. Scenes these which one must see to believe in their full extent of misery, and very strange in this century of comfort.

A Good Meal at Last

From Irkutsk to Vladivostok was a much easier trip—farther from the front and minus the refugees, whose trains were slower than the train my husband was on. One was struck by the extremely good discipline of troops seen everywhere at the stations from Baikal on, through the country under the rule of Ataman Semenoff, head of the Cossacks. The rail line itself was guarded by Japanese and American troops, sandwiched alternately along the route. My husband had met Semenoff on the western front in 1915, when the latter was there as a very young officer, and Mike was greatly interested in the visible signs of his recent development. The ataman sent his uncle—also General Semenoff, an old schoolmate of my husband—to meet Mike at the station at Chita, capital of Zabaikal province, residence of the ataman. The general said his nephew's position was difficult politically, but they meant to fight to the last extremity and to help Kolchak beat the Bolsheviki. He said he asked for aid from the Americans, through my husband, to keep the people alive, who were fighting the world's enemy with their last resources. On the road between Harbin and Vladivostok my husband met an American engineer, Major C——, who had his private car and gave Mike his first good meal in six weeks. The host was one of John F. Stevens' aids, and a member of the splendid company of Americans who are doing everything to help run the Trans-Siberian under almost impossible difficulties. Really theirs is an admirable work, carried out in the finest spirit.

The arrival at Vladivostok was at five A. M. The station had been bombarded and looked pretty well battered. It was knocked to pieces in battle during the Gaida insurrection a few days before my husband reached the city. In Vladivostok he heard the following details of this bloody intrigue of the Czech adventurer who had been honored by a command and military title in our All-Russian Army and had turned traitor to his benefactor, Kolchak.

A proclamation was posted by Czechs on November sixteenth declaring the régime of Kolchak intolerable and asking that the Czechs be immediately repatriated to Czechoslovakia or given power to act in Siberia. This proclamation was posted widely in Vladivostok; also published in whole or in part by the Vladivostok newspapers. It read:

"Active recruiting by General Gaida began. Social-revolutionary elements of soldiers were asked to join their cause with an armed uprising against the Kolchak government. He was joined by only twenty-five hundred deserters and dock workmen. The Czechs did not rally round their leader, however, and he postponed action for twenty-four hours because of a thunderstorm.

"A Siberian constituent directorate was formed, with Yakushoff, prominent in the pre-Kolchak régime, as a leader, with General Gaida as the active military commander. Zematvo flag—green, red and white—was hoisted over Gaida's train in the railway yards, about a quarter of a mile from the railway station. General Gaida opened recruiting stations near his train and began recruiting both soldiers and civilians. Taking the oath the recruits were given a rifle and an overcoat; also epaulets and ribbons of green and white. Major Johnson, commanding the International Military Police, visited the scene, and at that time no bloodshed was expected by Gaida's forces. It was believed that such a response would come to the raising of the banner of revolution that overwhelming forces would occupy the railway station; also that throughout the city there would be risings of workmen."

The Fight at the Station

"On Monday there was a short sharp burst of rifle firing in the railway yards, between the station and a group of trains which included Gaida's own special luxurious conveyance.

"The story of who fired the first shot is rather vague, but the one most credited is that two Czech officers, with a few men from Gaida's train, started toward the railway station to look over the ground with a view to soon moving a large body of men to occupy the station where Russian government soldiers were posted. After this first burst of firing there was a momentary pause; then general firing began again, coupled with rushes of small bodies of soldiers to occupy points of vantage. Severe fighting followed and continued until after nightfall. At nightfall the government forces held possession of the station, but Gaida's men drove them out and occupied the station finally, holding it till Tuesday morning. Gaida's chief of staff stated that six men were killed and twenty were wounded in taking the station.

"Tuesday morning Gaida's chief of staff was quoted as saying to an officer who had gone into the station to get out some women: 'The game is up and we'll take our medicine.'

"Six men were sent from the railway station by Gaida to go to Czech headquarters, and they asked that Czech forces come to his assistance. This story was told by one of Gaida's men, wounded and being given medical treatment by the Canadian Red Cross. The Czech troops held aloof, however, and did not go to the assistance of Gaida.

"Sometime between two and five o'clock Tuesday morning Gaida left the railway station. He was captured about five on the hill above the yards. He was marched on foot from the point of capture up Aleutskaya Street to the Russian staff headquarters under armed guard. He had been wounded in the foot, but not seriously. His chief of staff was also captured and taken to Russian headquarters.

"General Gaida had been given three days to leave, and it was reported he would leave by steamer that week. He had been turned over by the Russians to the custody of the Czech staff.

"A certain number of deserters from the government army who deserted and joined Gaida were shot in the railway station and vicinity on being captured.

"By dawn Tuesday morning the fighting was virtually ended, and government forces were in entire control of the city, so that there was no difficulty in bringing the wounded from the station and its yards. This work continued all day.

"Indications on Tuesday night were that Vladivostok would be normal on Wednesday, and that the banks and business

If the old veteran had not saved this man, forgotten in the excitement of the fire, who would have done it! Yet thoughtless citizens still think all that is humanly possible is done to protect dependents in such homes.

Once a Hero —

ONE old Civil War veteran rescued a bed-ridden comrade while fire was sweeping through the upper floors of the big picturesque Soldiers' Home.

How the town praised him!

"It was what you might expect of the old boy," they said heartily to each other. "Once a hero, always a hero!"

Thus the case is disposed of.

It isn't right always to count on heroism like that of the valiant old soldier. It is senseless and cruel.

In homes for the aged and infirm, in city and county institutions for the poor, lives are being needlessly sacrificed. It goes on endlessly in spite of the existence of a simple and sure means of preventing holocausts—automatic sprinklers.

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Write for this free interesting book today. Read and inform yourself fully on this all important matter and pass the book around among your friends. Ask the superintendents of the schools, hospitals and asylums in your community whether your children, relatives and friends are properly safeguarded from this danger. If not, then use your best endeavors to improve conditions before a fire tragedy occurs. Write now, before you put aside this periodical. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

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When the fire starts, the water starts.

houses would be opened. All banks and virtually all business houses in Vladivostok had been closed since Monday—the streets unusually quiet. There were no signs of disorder, and the police reported that there had been no accidents, no lootings and no murders during the last three eventful days."

Embarking again at Vladivostok seemed in a way a tragedy. To leave all the misery and danger behind one and go back to comfort and safety was a crime; and so many men came to ask some slight service of the little departing group. Would some man going toward plenty sell a suit of clothes, a leather vest or a pair of boots? Were there any underclothes or old handkerchiefs to be had for the hospitals—where they died for lack of everything? And almost all the travelers gave of their slender stores to the still poorer creatures who remained behind. Letters were sent by hand to many a friend or relative living in safe countries; and appeals for help—food, provisions, warm clothes, everything which was so frightfully needed. Sailing brought a lump into one's throat. To leave one's country—even to help it—in the depths of misery made one heartsick; yet there was a mission to be accomplished, possible aid to be obtained, and my husband was the chosen messenger.

The trip back was interrupted for a few days in Japan, waiting for a steamer and getting the usual visés. It was there the news reached Mike of the change of government, and of the new ministry created on more radical lines with Pépélaeff at its head. Handjine remained Minister of War and Tretiakoff was given the portfolio of Foreign Affairs and the vice premiership, Kolchak remaining at the army's head.

The Japanese papers announced innocently enough: "It is reported from authentic sources that all the misunderstandings which were brought about by the Czechoslovak memorandum are considered at an end, and that the most friendly relations exist between the Russian people and the Czechoslovak representatives."

Some weeks later, having reached New York, the tragic appeal of Kolchak—perhaps his last to the Allies—was seen in the daily papers. It said that the Czechoslovaks had held up his ammunition trains, sacrificing his last chance of standing against the Bolsheviki before Irkutsk; also that the same group of Allies had held up the troop trains and also those with refugees in their retreat, until one hundred and twenty sections of the army transportation—one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers with their poor arms and baggage—were lost to us, captured and victimized by their hideous opponents.

The brave admiral still uttered no invectives against either the Bolsheviki or the ally who threw him into the enemy's hands.

He merely stated the facts, and called on the Allied nations to remonstrate with the Czechs. He put their treachery on record for the world to judge!

By the irony of fate—or perhaps with evil intent—this message occupies only a corner in small print, in the press, while in large type and with vivid headlines stand out the bitter facts of the army and its commander cut off from their base—Kolchak the brave caught in a trap, and in a situation where it would seem he and the heroes of his army must be surrounded and crushed.

No news further for days, and the silence causes deep mourning in every loyal Russian heart. If these men escape evil it will be a very miracle of providential succor! Heaven looking down on such courage and such patience as theirs may show pity where humanity has remained cold. Not all humanity, however, for among the letters brought to me by my husband is one from a phlegmatic British officer, Colonel Y——, who is stationed in Vladivostok. He says:

"The situation is most serious, owing to the appalling increase of refugees—men, women and children, from Ekaterinburg, Ufa, Perm, the Ural villages, and now from Omsk. Thousands with hardly a stitch on—and in nearly every case what garments they have are made of cotton—with the severe weather already set in. They come in trains, on top of trains, in carts and on foot, destitute, without money or food. People living in warm houses can't possibly realize what this winter will be for the poor people of this country. Remember there is nothing to buy in the way of clothing, and besides the ruble has dropped till it is three hundred and fifty to the dollar. This isn't so bad for the person who has dollars to buy rubles with, but you must understand what it means to the Russian who is being paid in rubles at the old rate, yet has to buy food and fuel with prices sky-high; or who lacks money altogether.

"On top of this, disease is rife and there are no medicines. The great heart-rending cry is, Oh, for some warm clothing! For soldiers—warm underclothes and shirts and socks. For women—outer garments, underclothes, in fact, everything; children's, too, anything to warm their freezing bodies. Thousands of lives depend on these things, so please do what you can for the sake of humanity. No other form of propaganda can do so much for the prestige of civilization as this. Wool, flannel—any materials sent can be made up in our workroom. We will have the women make up garments, sewing or knitting. It would do your heart good to see how grateful these Russians can be, and are, for what has been done. Russia moans and cries out to the world. She is a living body, and her tortures cannot be looked upon in cold blood as extraordinary. Never before has the world witnessed such an experience in social evolution. Russia is living, and every pore in her body is shedding blood."

In spite of this suffering our people are so numerous, our land has such possibilities of recuperation, our Slav race is so powerful that Russia is far from conquered. Heroic men are fighting and will go on fighting, and one may still count on the future, however black the present is. Russia has been overrun with Tartars and with Turks, with Swedes and Frenchmen before, yet it was our people who defeated Mustapha and the brilliant Charles, even as they did Napoleon.

Last August Kolchak called on his allies for help, saying if arms and ammunition did not come he must retreat. He stood at the Volga then. At writing he stands at Irkutsk. The Bolsheviki are already shouting their victory over the world at large. Kolchak, knowing no one will hear, has ceased to call. But he hasn't ceased fighting; and neither have some others. Our driven armies have turned and won before in history; always they have won alone against great odds. So it will be now perhaps, and one must have faith and hope and even charity, all of which are Russian qualities, which together with our national patience and insurmountable courage have sometimes worked miracles in the world's history. To-day Russia's friends for whom she offered her life seem to have deserted her, and all is dark. We must believe that Russia's crucifixion will save the world, and resurrection following soon after will prove that her great sacrifice was not in vain.

Meantime, her allies, say a prayer that when she wakes she may forgive your ignorance and sins.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Border Stuff

A KENTUCKIAN living in Philadelphia writes a letter about his life in Oklahoma: "I am desirous of making an appointment with you with the object of furnishing information of Western occurrences covering a period of seventeen years in what was then Indian Territory and is now the state of Oklahoma, from which information one could write wonderfully interesting articles. Many of the occurrences are historical and are now in the archives of the War and Interior Departments, so their accuracy can be verified."

That sounds good—let's go. And here's another gentleman, this time of Attica, Indiana, who threatens to send in some stories about Clay Allison, once of somewhat florid reputation in Oklahoma. Glad to hear from Clay. And here is a sheriff up in Cariboo, British Columbia, who marks his letter "confidential"—as it is not—who also writes about old times out-of-doors:

"You say there must be many living men who made the trip over the old cow trails and saw the buffalo. I made that trip myself. We saw a small band of buffalo when crossing the Staked Plain and we caught a yearling, which we took in to Cheyenne and sold. We tied it behind the chuck wagon until we reached Cheyenne and then we had a blow-out with the money. I came out from Scotland in 1882 and went to Springer, New Mexico. I worked there and in the Panhandle for different brands; came up over the trail to Miles City in 1886, drifted over into British Columbia and went to fur trading and managing posts in the interior for the Hudson's Bay Company. I have been sheriff at Cariboo for over ten years now."

I call that a right interesting confidential letter. A rolling stone ought to gather some moss in ten years as a sheriff. Few sheriffs used to last so long in our country.

All the way from Marshfield, Oregon, comes a letter from Thomas Carter, also an Argonaut, and this is another letter which comes astonishingly close home, because it tells of so many things which I myself knew intimately. Its writer says:

"It was in the early seventies that I left a southern Indiana farm and joined that ever-restless tide of men and women then flowing west with increasing volume toward the frontiers of Kansas. I do not need to discuss with you my transition from a green country gawk to a man with a horse under him over forty years ago on the frontiers of Kansas. Suffice to say, I learned to ride and shoot and was reckoned as a unit in any company where I chanced to be.

"After a few uneventful years on the frontier I joined a party of prospectors at Winfield, Kansas, in the spring of 1880 and we outfitted for the mountains. We made our way through the straggling settlements by way of Medicine Lodge to Dodge City, then the principal cattle-shipping point.

"From Dodge we followed the old Santa Fé Trail up the Arkansas to La Junta, Colorado, thence across the corner of Colorado to Trinidad, over the Raton Pass and so on down to Las Vegas, New Mexico. At the last-named place, learning of a recent gold strike at White Oaks, we drifted on toward that camp, arriving there, I think, sometime during April or May of that year. When we first arrived at White Oaks there was no building yet down on the flat and we drove on up the gulch above the Homestake claim and camped. Across the gulch opposite the Homestake was another claim called—I think—Old Abe. I do not know what years you were in White Oaks.

"I made a trip once over to the White Mountains and on to the Rio Bonita. I never was in the town of Lincoln. I was not in White Oaks very long—less than two years, I think—and eventually drifted to western Kansas, where I lived a number of years; and in Oklahoma until 1896, when I came to the coast. For five years I lived right where the old Chisholm Trail crosses the Salt Fork of the Cimarron River in Oklahoma. My place of business was only seven miles from the homestead of the Daltons. I knew the mother and sister of those boys and I knew Grat and Emmett well. I made the run on horseback when the Cherokee Strip was opened and was present at all the other runs.

"There were one or two killings in White Oaks while I was there, though I never witnessed one. I was present at one trial of as plain murder as was ever committed, but the killer came clear. Lord, what a life to live!

"You know as I do that no written language can convey the faintest conception of what it was; one must have lived it to know what it was—there is no other way; and never again can it be in this country. Then indeed there was a country fit to be called by the sacred name America, peopled by men who were Americans, who lived, breathed, thought and talked America and that only. I hope that the spirit of the men who tamed the West will rise again in their descendants, for the time is coming fast when every man must declare himself for the law and within the law, or else this nation must go down to destruction."

Yet another man, Mr. George F. Roper, of Two Harbors, Minnesota, used to have a loose foot too in his earlier days, and he also has crossed my own trails in the far-off Southwest many a time. He says:

"I saw a picture of old Fort Sumner which takes me back to one of the hottest days I ever saw in my life. It was in July, 1871. I was at that time a member of Troop B, Eighth Cavalry, and we were stationed at Fort Stanton. We had been scouting round north and east of Stanton for about fifteen or twenty days and it would hardly be worth while to tell you that it was some hot old job. We had crossed the Pecos River several times in our journeying and in our aimless wanderings I have often wondered if we were not just trying to see if we could not equal the celebrated march that Moses took one time.

"About three or four o'clock one terrible hot afternoon, after being in the saddle since before daylight, with the sun reflecting its rays back into our eyes from those white-sand deserts, we struck the cool shade of that double row of cottonwood trees at the end farthest from Sumner and in all my life I do not think I ever enjoyed anything as much as I did that long-remembered ride. I did know at that time, but have forgotten now, who the officer was that planted those trees, but if ever I get to heaven I am going to take a day or two and look round to see if I can find him and thank him for his forethought.

"Looking up the road my mind traveled back over memory's bridge, and with my comrades of forty-eight years ago I rode slowly down the road to our camping place of the night, which was just about halfway between the closer end of the row of trees and the broken-off stump in the foreground of the picture. Let me thank you for having preserved this picture.

"Looking at the picture of Lincoln on the same page I am wondering if that can be the little Mexican town that was a few miles down the Hondo below Stanton, where we soldiers went when we had a leave of absence—and sometimes without—to enjoy ourselves for twenty-four hours. Looking into the picture and at the foothills over to the left, it looks to me very much like Fort Stanton was only just a few miles up round the bend of the road. In your wanderings round that country was it ever your privilege to explore the cave a mile or two below Stanton?"

Yes, it was my privilege to explore the old Fort Stanton cave. It was one of the first things I did when I thought I was practicing law at Lincoln, New Mexico. I got jolly well lost in the old cave too, for it is no alouch of a cavern. White Oaks and Lincoln were my towns in 1881.

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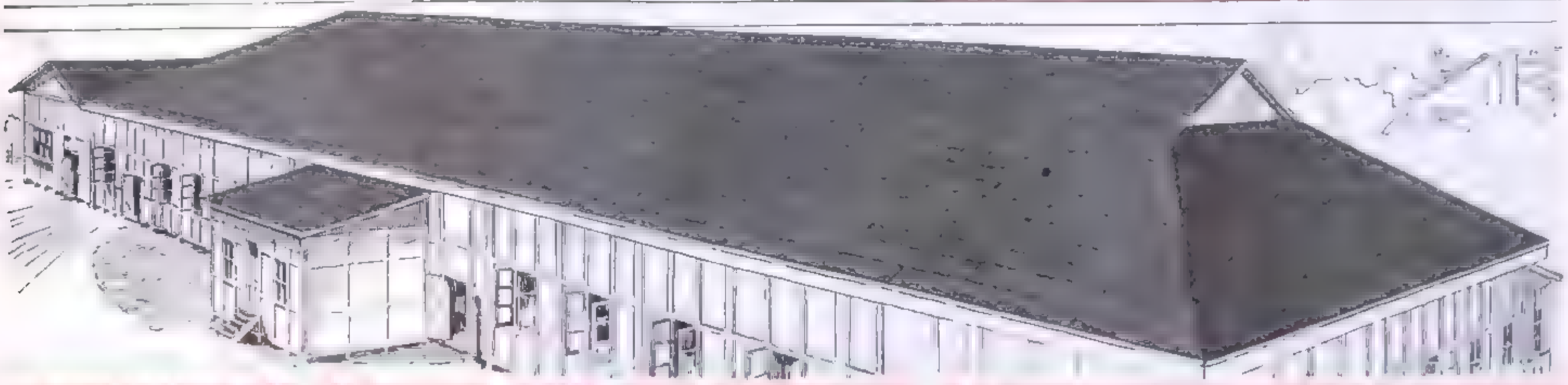
A skating rink in Shanghai, roofed with Certain-teed



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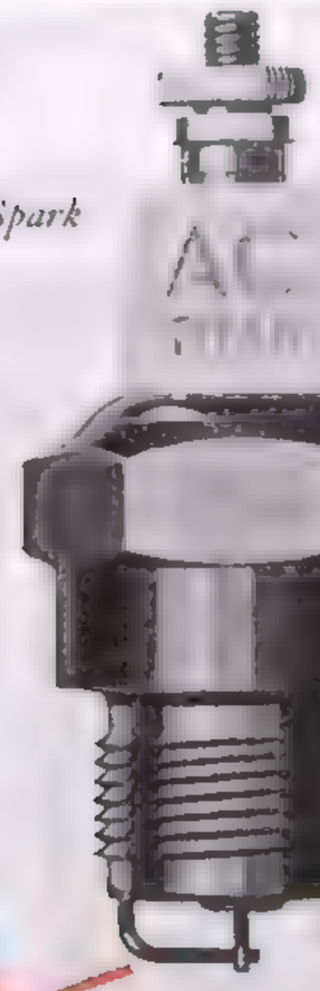

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Outstanding AC Achievements for Year of 1919

Road Racing

Cliff Durant wins 250-mile Santa Monica road race with Chevrolet Special. Average, 81.6 m. p. h. All cars to finish, AC-equipped.

Tommy Milton wins 301-mile Elgin road race with Duesenberg. Average, 73.5 m. p. h. Second, fourth, fifth and sixth places also won by AC-equipped cars.

Speedway Racing

Roscoe Sarles wins 150-mile race at Los Angeles with Roamer Special. Average, 70.84 m. p. h. All cars to finish, AC-equipped.

Tommy Milton wins 112.5-mile race at Uniontown with Duesenberg Special. Average, 96.24 m. p. h. Non-stop victory. Durant, Chevrolet Special, fourth. Both cars, AC-equipped.

Eddie Hearne finishes second in 500-mile Indianapolis race in first American car to cross wire. De Palma, Packard Special, sixth, breaking all records up to and including 250 miles. Eighth and ninth places also won by AC-equipped cars.

Tommy Milton wins 10-mile race at Sheepshead Bay, New York, and establishes world's record of 112.4 m. p. h. for the distance.

In 80-mile race at Tacoma, Hearne and Durant, driving AC-equipped cars, finish second and third respectively. Hearne and Durant also finish third and fourth in the 60-mile event.

Tommy Milton wins final heat of Uniontown Speedway meet, covering 22½ miles at average of 101.17 m. p. h. with his Duesenberg Special. Second and fourth places also won by AC-equipped cars.

Roscoe Sarles, in AC-equipped Philbrin Special, finishes second in 225-mile race at Uniontown.

Automobile Time Trials

Tommy Milton, driving an AC-equipped Duesenberg, establishes new world's record for cars of 231-300 cubic inches piston displacement for all distances from 30 to 300 miles. Covers 113 miles in 1 hour, 222 miles in 2 hours, and 323 miles in 3 hours.

Dave Lewis, driving an AC-equipped Duesenberg of 303½ cubic inches piston displacement, establishes new world's records for that class for all distances from 10 to 100 miles, and also new 1-hour record of 111 miles.

Jimmy Murphy, driving an AC-equipped Duesenberg of 183.000 inches piston displacement, establishes new world's record for that class for all distances from 1 to 300 miles; also the following 1-, 2-, and 3-hour records—96 miles, 182 miles, 276 miles.

Dirt Track Racing

Eddie Hearne establishes a new world's dirt track record for 100 miles of 68 m. p. h. with his Chevrolet Special at Phoenix.

Power Boat Racing

Miss Detroit III wins Gold Cup, emblematic of the American speed boat championship, in Detroit River regatta, averaging 55 m. p. h. for forty miles, the fastest time ever made on a short oval course of 2½ miles. Miss Detroit II finishes second. Liberty engines of both boats fired by AC Spark Plugs.

Aviation

Roland Rohlfs establishes new world's altitude record of 34,610 feet with Curtiss triplane equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

Caleb Bragg establishes new world's record of 18,210 feet for seaplanes.

Loening monoplane flies from Mitchell Field to Hog Island, a distance of 101 miles, in 33 minutes, an average of 180 m. p. h. and the fastest official time ever made by aeroplane.

Lieut. Alexander Pearson, Jr., makes the fastest flying time in transcontinental air race from New York to San Francisco and return

WHAT ARE THEY FIGHTING FOR?

(Concluded from Page 11)

BRIXTON: She'd follow me in a week to be sure I had put on my goloshes.

LAWRENCE: You are sure that left to yourself you want to accept this offer?

BRIXTON: You bet I do!

LAWRENCE: And that if I could assure you that Marie would take it right you would be glad?

BRIXTON: Glad!

LAWRENCE *(portentously)*: Then, Alan, for your sake, I break through the professional code. I will betray something which I am in honor bound not to betray. But you must give me your word not to repeat it.

BRIXTON: Of course, my dear fellow, of course.

LAWRENCE: Alan, I have noticed in this world that when one member of a partnership is dissatisfied with the situation the other is very apt to be also.

BRIXTON: What does that mean? I have no partners.

LAWRENCE: You may accept this Western partnership with a free conscience. It is just what Marie would wish—to have you go off for a few months.

BRIXTON *(smiling)*: Is this the result of your own observation, John? For if so I must tell you you are a bum observer.

LAWRENCE: No, she came down here to tell me herself.

BRIXTON: Now how in the world did she get wind of it? Do you suppose they spoke to her? What was it? She thought she oughtn't to stand in my way? Do you think she really meant it?

LAWRENCE: She spoke very sincerely.

BRIXTON: She said clearly that she would be willing to have me accept this offer?

LAWRENCE: She had not heard of the offer, Alan.

BRIXTON *(disappointed)*: Oh, then what are we talking about?

LAWRENCE: Marie feels about as you do about matrimony. She was the client who delayed my answer to the telephone. She came to speak to me about a separation.

BRIXTON: Marie—a separation! She's crazy.

LAWRENCE: She seemed very clear mentally.

BRIXTON: I can't understand it.

LAWRENCE: You ought to be able to. She feels exactly as you do.

BRIXTON: As I do?

LAWRENCE: That it's hard to go back to matrimony after two years of celibacy.

BRIXTON: Don't be an ass, John! It's another man.

LAWRENCE: No, no; not at present, I judged.

BRIXTON: You mean it damned soon would be with an attractive woman like Marie. John, you must have misunderstood her. She couldn't get on without me. She's as dependent on me as a child.

LAWRENCE: Just what she said of you.

BRIXTON: That I was dependent on her?

LAWRENCE: As a child.

BRIXTON: And do you mean to say you encouraged her to come down here and talk nonsense like that to you?

LAWRENCE: I don't know that I encouraged her; not any more than I encouraged you.

BRIXTON: It's not at all the same thing. It's very different for a man to consider going into business in another city, and for a woman to decide in cold blood to leave her husband.

LAWRENCE: It's exactly the same thing, Alan.

BRIXTON: My Lord, what strange creatures women are, John! Here is the most domestic, unselfish woman I ever knew willing in one moment to break up a happy marriage of fourteen years ——

LAWRENCE: Twelve years, Alan.

BRIXTON: I suppose I know how long I've been married! Fourteen years in November.

LAWRENCE: Only twelve of those years were married, Alan; the other two were years of celibacy—divine celibacy, as Marie said.

BRIXTON: She said the years I was away were divine?

LAWRENCE: I understood her to mean by that ——

BRIXTON: Thank you, I don't need an interpreter of my wife's sayings. I think I can get the idea unassisted. Divine! And all the time I was away, John, I was worrying myself sick about how Marie was getting on without me.

LAWRENCE: Even when you were with those nice friendly girls who made you feel ——

BRIXTON: Why, John, Marie has been the only serious interest in my life ever since I left college. I've always thought of our marriage as peculiarly sacred. Didn't we seem like a happy couple? Did you ever dream that Marie was discontented?

LAWRENCE: No, nor that you were, until this morning.

BRIXTON: It's the deceit I mind—the idea that I've been living day by day with a creature who wanted to get rid of me.

LAWRENCE: Alan, consider for a moment that it is exactly the way you felt yourself.

BRIXTON: It is not at all the way I felt! I never thought of breaking up my home.

LAWRENCE: No, men don't. They just think of leaving it.

BRIXTON: I shall go uptown now and have this out with Marie.

LAWRENCE: You gave me your word, you know, that you wouldn't repeat it to anyone.

BRIXTON: Go to thunder! What do you think? There are times when codes must be broken.

LAWRENCE: Do you really think so?

BRIXTON: Times when it's your duty to repeat a confidence.

LAWRENCE: Are you quite sure?

BRIXTON: Quite.

[BRIXTON *rushes out of the office. As soon as he is safely gone,* LAWRENCE *opens the door of the inner room and beckons* MARIE *out. He rubs his hands gleefully.*

LAWRENCE: Well, I've good news for you, Marie. Everything can be arranged just as you would wish.

MARIE: John, you angel!

LAWRENCE: Yes, Alan is going into business with some people in Seattle. He will have to be away six months at least, and the partnership begins on the first of the year.

MARIE *(suppressing an inclination to dance)*: How wonderful! Nothing could be better. No explanations, no hurt feelings. *(Changing her manner)*: He doesn't by any chance want me to go too?

LAWRENCE: No, no. He doesn't.

MARIE: That seems most too good to be true.

LAWRENCE *(thoughtfully)*: No, he particularly doesn't.

MARIE *(her attention attracted by this phrase)*: He particularly doesn't?

LAWRENCE: So he said.

MARIE: May I ask why not?

LAWRENCE: That is the pleasant feature of the case. It isn't a question of driving him off against his will—or deceiving him as to your state of mind. He feels about matrimony just as you do.

MARIE: As I do?

LAWRENCE: Yes, that it's all very well in moderation, but that too much of it can become an intolerable bore.

MARIE: A bore! Do you mean Alan says I bore him?

LAWRENCE: No. Life. It's life that bores him.

MARIE *(with a snort of contempt)*: Of course that means me. When a married man says that life bores him he means his wife does.

LAWRENCE *(judicially)*: Well, he did not say that.

MARIE: Things have come to a pretty pass, upon my word, when Alan finds me a bore! John, I believe there's another woman. He talked a lot about a girl he met in the West—but, then, he talked about a lot of girls. I suppose he's in love.

LAWRENCE *(in same tone)*: He said not.

MARIE: Alan wouldn't know whether he were in love or not, unless I told him. But you may be sure he wouldn't find me boring if there weren't someone else. Oh, John, what a wretched time women have in this world, anyhow. You give your very best to a man—your whole life and interest and love—and what's your reward? He finds you a bore.

LAWRENCE: But it's about the way you felt yourself.

MARIE: How can you say that, John? I never said Alan bored me. I have too much self-respect to speak that way about my husband to a total stranger.

LAWRENCE *(protesting)*: A stranger!

MARIE: I mean an outsider—a third person—my husband to whom I've been married fourteen years.

LAWRENCE: Twelve, you said, Marie.

MARIE: It seems such an insult, John; an insult to all the past. He did love me once, and if we had known then that it was all going to end by his finding that I bored him ——

[*She cannot finish her sentence.*

LAWRENCE: I can't see why you are so annoyed, Marie, when it seemed the arrangement was just the very one you wanted.

MARIE: I'm delighted with the arrangement, John, but it's the deceit I mind. To think that evening after evening when we seemed to be having such a quiet peaceful time together he was really thinking ——

[*The door of the outer office opens and* ALAN *comes in quickly and unannounced.*

BRIXTON: Ah, I thought that would be the idea. I said to myself before I got to the Subway that this is where I'd find you rather than at home. Now, my dear Marie, let us be calm. There is a right way to do things and a wrong way. Let us talk this over like reasonable beings ——

MARIE: I am reasonable, Alan; perfectly reasonable. I may be boring, but I am reasonable.

BRIXTON *(too much interested in his own words to notice hers)*: But I must say it would have been more honorable—more consistent with the whole tone of our past life—if you had come to me and not to a stranger.

LAWRENCE *(protesting)*: A stranger!

BRIXTON: Well, a third person. You know—if you know anything about me after fourteen years—that I am not a man to hold a woman against her will.

MARIE *(sarcastically)*: No, particularly not one who bores you.

BRIXTON: Bores me! What do you mean—bores me?

MARIE: I hear you are going about complaining that I bore you.

BRIXTON: I never said any such thing! Where did you get that from?

MARIE *(looking at* LAWRENCE*)*: From a reliable source.

BRIXTON: Well, I must say that I should think after fourteen years you would know better than to believe the first mischief-maker who comes along and says that ——

MARIE: It was John! It was John!

BRIXTON *(turning on* LAWRENCE*)*: Did you tell Marie I said she bored me?

LAWRENCE *(unafraid)*: I said you said life bored you; and you did.

BRIXTON: A very different thing.

MARIE: It's not different. When a man says life bores him he always means his wife. You know that, Alan. What is the use of quibbling over words?

BRIXTON: It isn't quibbling.

MARIE: Yes, it is. Isn't it, John?

LAWRENCE: I don't care to say.

MARIE: Well, it is!

BRIXTON: That isn't the point anyhow. The point is ——

MARIE: Of course it's the point.

BRIXTON: I suppose you'll admit I know the point of an argument?

MARIE: No, not at all.

BRIXTON: The point is—did you say the years I was away were divine?

MARIE *(turning on* JOHN *with the deepest reproach)*: John, did you repeat that?

BRIXTON: Oh, you did say it, then?

LAWRENCE *(coldly)*: You said exactly those words.

BRIXTON *(deeply reproachful)*: Marie, to think ——

MARIE: Well, I may have said it, but there's a great deal in the way you say things. If you give things a humorous twist ——

LAWRENCE: Humorous!

MARIE: Well, Alan, you know John never did have a sense of humor.

LAWRENCE: I don't know what you mean.

MARIE: You have excellent qualities, John, but you haven't a sense of humor. Alan and I were saying so only last evening, after you left.

LAWRENCE: Well, I have enough sense of humor to find you two awfully comic.

MARIE: Is it your idea of comedy when a woman finds after fourteen years that she bores her husband?

BRIXTON: Is it your idea of comedy when a man finds after fourteen years that his wife wants to leave him?

LAWRENCE *(coming between them)*: Alan—Marie ——

MARIE: Oh, John, don't interrupt us just as we seem to be coming to a rational understanding.

LAWRENCE: I was only going to suggest that you would be uninterrupted in the inner room and that I have other clients.

[*They obey his suggestion and disappear into the inner room, and as they go both voices may be heard saying in the same tone the same phrase:* "*After fourteen years of married life* ——"

When they have gone LAWRENCE *pulls himself together, picks up the articles of partnership, glances over them and rings the bell on his desk.* MRS. WALES *enters.*

MRS. WALES *(hopefully)*: Do you want to dictate that letter to the surrogate?

LAWRENCE: No!

MRS. WALES: Do you want to talk about marriage?

LAWRENCE *(who has forgotten his earlier conversation)*: Marriage? Why, certainly not! I want three copies made of these articles of partnership, as quickly as possible.

MRS. WALES: These must be signed before a notary public.

LAWRENCE: Well, get a notary, then.

MRS. WALES: I'll get the man next door to come in ——

[*She moves rapidly to the door of the inner room and opens. She gives a slight scream and closes it.*

LAWRENCE: Oh, it's all right, Mrs. Wales. They're married.

MRS. WALES: They were not behaving as if they were married.

LAWRENCE *(surprised)*: No? Oh, well then, of course, they don't want to be divorced.

MRS. WALES: I should say not!

LAWRENCE: Mrs. Wales, will you explain something to me? You've been married. Why is it that people want to get away from each other as long as they think the other person is dependent on them, but as soon as they find the other person is perfectly independent—why, then they want to stay together?

MRS. WALES: No two people in the world are dependent on each other.

LAWRENCE: What do you mean?

MRS. WALES: Naturally independent people are independent of everyone. Naturally dependent people will cling to anyone.

LAWRENCE *(impressed)*: Mrs. Wales, let me put a hypothetical case to you: A couple who have been happily married for many years decide separately that they are dissatisfied with the married state. An opportunity for separation for at least half the year—separation without scandal or legal action—an opportunity for a new business partnership for the husband—presents itself. But both are unwilling to take advantage of it, for fear of hurting the feelings of the other. A mutual friend, informed of their secret wishes, explains the truth, and suddenly they appear to lose their enthusiasm for separating. Now what do you think of that?

MRS. WALES: That the mutual friend is a bachelor.

LAWRENCE: That is not the point, Mrs. Wales. The point is—ought they not to ignore their momentary inclinations and agree to separate temporarily?

MRS. WALES: That would be the wiser course.

LAWRENCE: Then ask the notary to come here, will you?

MRS. WALES: But they won't consider doing it.

LAWRENCE: But, Mrs. Wales, why not?

MRS. WALES: Because now they each know that the other party wants to be free too.

LAWRENCE: You mean there isn't any use of sending for the notary?

MRS. WALES: Not the least.

LAWRENCE: Then what is the solution?

MRS. WALES: Why, Mr. Lawrence, there isn't any.

CURTAIN

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ROUND OUR TOWN

(Continued from Page 23)

I told him I thought that that would about do for that line. Then I reiterated my question as to letters from Bulgaria.

"They say, all of them," said my discouraged ex-American as he dropped his face in his hands with an expression of unhappiness that did not leave me happy—"they say that America ought to help Bulgaria; that we ought to send over food, clothing, money; that we ought to invest capital in Bulgarian business enterprises. They all look to America."

"My friend," said I to him, "how is America going to do everything that is asked of her to-day? To whom is America herself to look to-day? Is there nothing due to America herself? Isn't it about time that America was trying to do a little something for herself?"

We parted. I really hope that I have reported the full feeling of this young man accurately. I make no attempt to quote his exact words, but I am positive about the general accuracy. This was the second man who had openly declared that he was done with America. As I have said, he was the bitterest of all of those with whom I talked. He pulled the tremolo stop about being robbed of his shotguns. I may now tell him that I have seen, in the possession of the United States Government, those same two shotguns—also two revolvers, an Austrian army rifle, and two thousand rounds of mixed ammunition; all of which I was told were taken from this man at the same time. He did not mention that fact. Indeed, a good many of his like forgot to mention a great many facts. I think he may push in his tremolo stop. If he clears out for Bulgaria he will be keeping his own promise.

That evening I concluded to jump my Chinese cook and Irish waiter girl and go out to the cafeteria where the waiter boy is Greek. I strolled in and, as I said, with the skill born of long practice in Los Angeles tossed myself a meal into a tray and called for one in the dark. I don't believe this cafeteria believes in the brotherhood of man, because a sign at the counter requested you to pay when you take your tray away and not after you have finished and started out.

While I was settling for my chow in advance a tall young soldier boy put down his tray close to mine. I was feeling lonely. I tapped him on the shoulder and asked him if he would come and sit with me, reaching for his ticket as I did so.

He flushed and said, "Why, I can pay that"; but when I told him what I wished he smiled, and so we dined together.

Always on the sleeve before me at the table were those two gold chevrons. He also was of the Argonne. I had not been.

A Modest Musician

My young doughboy was tall, slim, well set up, soldier all the way. He was little more than a boy. His skin was clear as a baby's, his eye as fresh and blue and direct. He seemed so awfully young to have been through what he had seen. First I asked him about his nationality.

"I was born in Milwaukee," he said. "I'm Scandinavian by descent. My mother was Danish and my father Norwegian. I guess I'm American, all right."

I told him I thought he was.

It seemed that he was in the regimental band, enlisted as a musician. He spoke of it all shyly, diffidently, bashfully, though I don't believe he thought he was being heroized in the least.

"You see," he went on, "they don't use music very much in frontals any more, so when we got over there we didn't have so much to do. They put us musicians to work as stretcher bearers. Yes, I worked a while at the front as stretcher bearer. I saw—quite a lot of things. But after a while, when we had lost thirty men out of our fifty, they took us out, because there wouldn't have been any music much longer. They stationed us a little way back of the line then. So you see I wasn't right at the front when the actual end came in the Argonne. I was just a stretcher bearer, nothing much, you see. And then—well, after the Armistice we came back home. Then they ordered us here.

"I'm billeted at the Y. M. C. A.," he added. "There's a basketball game on to-night. Wouldn't you like to come over and see it?"

He spoke always shyly, like the boy he was. I told him I should be very glad indeed.

At the Y. M. C. A. desk a little later I introduced myself and in turn was introduced to the regimental adjutant, a captain of regulars who had those two yellow chevrons on his sleeves. He was to referee the game that night—a clean-cut shy young officer, diffident and unassuming—I presume about the busiest man in the regiment, as a regimental adjutant is bound to be. First he took me into the arena, where a double bunch of live young chaps were stripped down for the basketball game. It went a little swift for the naked eye to follow, but somebody won, one side or the other. After a while the whistle signals of the referee stopped and my captain came to me, apologizing for the quality of his game.

"You ought to see it when we have two of the very best teams on," said he.

I presume it would resemble murder and mayhem. Then the regimental band played.

I learned that something like three hundred soldiers are billeted here.

"I don't know what we're going to do here when these boys go," said the manager of the Y. M. C. A. "They are splendid. This place will seem dead when they're gone."

I met another, colonel of the command, who asked if I wouldn't like to come over and see how an army man and his wife lived in Gary in a catch-as-catch-can home of their own, rented furnished for they didn't know how long. After a brief visit at the regimental office we all did go over to the colonel's home. This does not come under the category of the day's work.

No Use Being Careful

What is it that makes an army officer of the regulars so fine a man to talk to? I have often wondered. I presume it is because the army training has cut away most of the little vanities, has brought him down to the essential things in life, and set him face to face not with small things but with large and grave issues. Now I seem to recall having seen in my talks with these new friends a little silver star or so set in the middle of a decoration, worn at the right edge on the left side of the jacket. If you will search out the meaning of this little star you will find it means Citation. Yet I could not get any of these men to admit that they had ever heard a shot fired in anger or ever seen anything done worth mentioning.

It was getting late taps on Saturday night. The young captain was good enough to walk to my hotel with me through the snow. I asked him a question or two.

"It was an odd thing, the luck of that game," he said haltingly and shyly after a while. "Once, for instance, there was occasion for me to go out ahead, through the barrage, to find out something that was needed. My superior said that two of us ought to go and they sent another officer with me, though I told them there was no use in risking two of us in that way. We got out through the barrage all right, and we came back through it all right. Just at the door of my dugout a couple more of our friends stepped up. We were all standing there in the night time and I just stepped down into the dugout for a minute. I heard a shell burst close outside. When I went up one of my friends was dead and two were mortally hurt. I had been spared. Well, you see, after a little of that you sort of get to knowing that it's no use trying to take care of yourself. When it comes it comes. I suppose a man just went on and did his duty and got to feeling he must take his chances and not worry about it. That's about all there was over there. Good night, sir."

It was approaching midnight. I had seen something of life that day in Gary. I had heard these men of the Army execrated bitterly. When I talked with them I found them as simple as men and as shy as boys. My colonel drew about as much pay in a month as some foreign laborers who can't talk English earn in a week in the rolling mills—and the latter live in better houses. My captain adjutant earns about a third of what a worker in a steel mill does, and he can't marry and have a

(Continued on Page 102)

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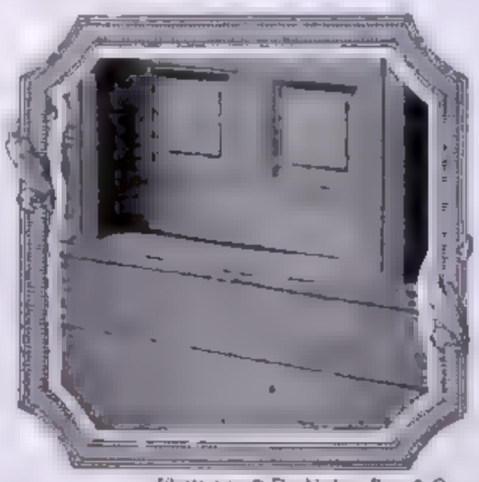

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(Continued from Page 100)

home at all while the celebrated American standard of living comes as high as it does to-day.

Shedding a few tears for the downtrod proletariat I turned in after my own sixteen-hour day.

I took my Sunday dinner at the home of the editor and owner of the daily newspaper into whose city room I earlier had broken. This gentleman has been in Gary all its life, and in newspaper work all his life, and has been in a position to know the inside of all the labor troubles in this town. He spoke at considerable length.

"Of course," he said, "the situation was getting intolerable from the employers' side. There were twenty-four unions in the steel plants, twenty-four walking delegates among the men there saying, 'If one stops we all stop.' I know that the superintendent of the mills wanted the eight-hour day, and he told me when this strike broke out that it set the mills just that much farther from the eight-hour day. A good many of these new-come foreigners care for nothing but money. They would work twelve hours a day for two weeks at a stretch, and the twenty-four-hour day was not an unusual thing for some of them when it netted them thirty dollars a day. The men themselves wanted the overtime; or at least a great many of them did.

"Not all the reasonable laboring men in the mills really wanted to strike, but you know how those things are handled. The insidious counsel of the delegates did its work. All at once there was a hurrah and a stampede, and most of them found themselves outside the gates. Some of them can never get back. There was one good American whose case I knew—fifty-three years old and owner of his own house, and within seven years of the pension line. When he had time to think it over he was sorry he had quit, and went back for work. The superintendent had to tell him that he could not take him back, that his place was filled now. What is that man going to do?

"Many of these laborers were very ignorant. One foreigner worked three days in the mills and eleven days as a picket on strike. He went back to the mill boss and wanted pay for the whole fourteen days, and was sore because he couldn't get it! A captain of the pickets worked in the mills, slept enough to rest up a bit, and then went on picket duty on the streets. All those people wanted to get the coin going and coming. 'More mon!' is their real slogan."

The Movement Against Gompers

"The local strikers got no outside help. They expected the steel railroads and anthracite unions to go out, but they did not. No one has helped them. Now there are a lot of middle-aged men out of a job in Gary.

"It was prohibition and nothing else that saved the town of Gary. There were one hundred and eighty saloons here, and luckily they were all shut when the strike came. The men had been saving more and more, buying more Liberty Bonds. The income from their savings has really been the backbone of the strike.

"The laboring men, so far as they had any grievance at all, made the mistake of listening to the wrong leaders. This man, W. Z. Foster, radical as he is, has been trying to convert the American Federation of Labor to his doctrines. He wanted to oust Gompers and to change the American Federation of Labor. It was due to his counsels that this strike was pulled before the conference in Washington could get together.

"Foster, of course, has been getting the reds to worm themselves into all of the unions and to do that while the war was on. Then came the Armistice; then came the flu, which shut down the meetings. Gompers was for eight hours a day, and he would have got it in Gary. Foster pulled the strike and he failed.

"As to this growing influence of the red element in the labor unions of the country, little has been done to check it. There has been no boldness on the part of the Government.

"Now these strikes can't go on forever, of course, if the country is to go on. Such a strike costs too much to everyone—especially when there is back of the strike the sinister intention that there really was back of this one—the idea of one big union, and the less openly expressed idea of a revolution to destroy the Government of the United States. Just the discomfort that the public has felt over some of these allied strikes has been enough to make the public lose a good deal of sympathy with labor unions in America. If the public knew all the facts, all about how these red leaders are trying to make I. W. W.'s out of all the workers of America, they would have still less sympathy. If this strike had never happened it would have been better for every laboring man in the Gary mills. They were right on the road for their eight-hour day; and from what you have seen here you know that they were making good enough money for men of their ability. Bad leadership and a sheeplike willingness to be led—that's what made the Gary strike."

Among the laboring men and their leaders with whom I talked in Gary I had heard a great many loud bids for sympathy for the foreigner on account of the laboring conditions to which he was condemned. It is entirely true that a great many of these people when they first came across had already condemned themselves to abject squalor—they came out of that and brought that with them. But no such thing as general squalor exists to-day among the very lowest types of steel-mill labor. My editor friend and I got in a car and went all over Gary, covering fully the districts occupied by the homes of the mill workers.

"I built and sold some of these houses myself," said my companion, pointing out a row of tidy eight-room houses. "As you see, I tried to make them architecturally as different as possible; they are as good as any suburban houses in the middle-class districts round Chicago."

Comfortable Housing

Most of this construction was concrete. Many rows of houses were rented of the steel company, many were in course of being paid for in installments, yet others had been fully paid for and were owned by laborers—a great many of whom also owned stock in the steel company itself. The average type of this house is about six rooms, two stories. Some of the more modest houses have but four rooms. We passed through the negro quarter in Gary, and there the concrete houses are quite humble, but they are uniform and they are neat.

There is no slum district or at least I did not see it. The west side of Chicago and the country round the stockyards are by no means so neat or so sightly. Of course all these people were in the lockstep of standardized labor, but they had labor to sell, and nothing else, and on that basis I myself cannot see that they were so badly off. The main trouble was that they were led by a lot of selfish and egotistical men, failures and envy breeders themselves. None of them could be content to let evolution take its course. They must have their metamorphosis all at once. So they pulled their strike, and it failed.

Here then was a part of America; and here, obviously spread out before the country, is that great problem of Americanization, so-called. It is a lovely word for a politician to roll under his tongue—it puts him in right with the big business which very possibly controls his constituency back home. The whole theory of Americanization is one which J. J. Rousseau and T. Jefferson would call perfectly lovely if they were alive. It goes in well with a lot of these mentally subjective theories about altruism and democracy, which in my belief have pretty much brought America to ruin, they have come so far away from doing precisely what they claimed to do.

At least I had no great amount of sympathy for these downtrod proletarians when I went to call on Father DeVille, who for some three months has been stationed in Gary, engaged in settlement work and what is loosely called Americanization work. He has some funds from his church and from certain societies in Chicago. I thought I would call on the good father and have a talk with him, but by the time I got to him, after meeting all these other people in Gary, my own personal feathers were all ruffled up, and I am afraid I did not make much of a hit with the good father when I first started in.

My good father weighs, I should say, a couple of hundred pounds, is dark and wide, and has large brown eyes which well illuminate a large and kindly face. He is dignified, self-contained, a man of good mind, and with the self-respect of his own position in life. He was born in the Trentino, when that was Austrian country, came to America as a youth, and here took up the studies which later admitted him to the priesthood.

"If you come to me with your mind already made up," said he, his own feathers rising, "what is the use in my saying anything to you? If you do not believe that anything can come out of this Americanization work why should I argue with you? For my own part I think that the church has much to do here in Gary. I think that I can do much good in the world right here. In my modest way, doing the best I can, I want to help these foreigners to become Americans. I feel that I am an American myself, and I want these other people to become Americans.

"How am I working? Just the best I can. We go among their homes all we can. We address them in public meetings all we can, trying to tell them that they ought to respect the laws of this country, ought to learn about this country, ought to live in it as Americans and not as foreigners."

I asked him what he thought about the continuance of foreign-language newspapers in America, and he replied: "How can we dispense with them? If we stop those newspapers how could we address all these people who do not speak our language? I can get at these people better through their native-language journals than I can any other way."

Being of the belief that there ought to be no language used in America in these days except the American language I could make only a very grumbling assent to this sort of proposition. I suggested the idea, which I had heard elsewhere, that all of these foreign newspapers should be printed with parallel translations of the text done in English so that the American people also may know what is going on in their own country. My good father thought that we ought not to be in too big a hurry, that all these agencies of advance must be slow and steady. I could not call him anything but an agency for good in that polyglot community. I may add that he has been instrumental in bringing over to this country fifteen hundred Belgian children, for all of whom he has found homes in America. I don't myself just see what Europe would have done without America during the late unpleasantness; though I confess that even after my interview with Father DeVille I could not see precisely what America is going to do with Europe now that she has got it.

The mayor of the town, Mr. W. F. Hodges, was so good as to come down from his home to his office so that I might get an expression from him as to the Gary trouble. He is a man of less than middle age, of American ancestry, coming from the southern part of Kentucky. I do not know his politics, and should think that the game of politics in Gary might be rather complicated; but there was no doubt in my mind of the Americanism of the man. He began with the usual platitudes.

"You may say," said he, "that everything is quiet in Gary and that the situation is well in hand. We are entirely adequate to cope with any problem that may rise. There has been no actual disorder here."

What the Mayor Said

I grinned at him pleasantly and suggested that we might as well get down to brass tacks. After that we did, and he opened up very freely and frankly his own opinions about a great many of these matters.

"Well, you know what happened," said he. "There is no use believing all the line of gentle talk you hear from these disgruntled socialists. They're only covering up. It was the direct-action element that made all the real trouble here. A lot of these men whom you say you have interviewed are the worst sort of reds, though they deny it. The reds and the revolutionists have worked into every union in this town. Trouble? How could there be anything but trouble? These men make their living out of trouble.

"Yes, we did have trouble here. This foreign element very much resented negro labor coming in to any extent. Some of the worst little riots we had rose over that proposition. On the corner yonder two negroes were on a street car. A lot of foreigners jumped the car to take them off, and then we had it. I may say that at any time I can get five hundred men back of me in fifteen minutes. The Loyal Legion of the citizens of Gary were mighty soon among those present in that mob on the corner yonder. With my regular police force and such assistance as we had there were thirty of those rioters here in this building inside of fifteen minutes. Incidentally there were a good many of them laid out in that little row on the street. I have heard a report that one diligent deputy with the cranking lever of a flivver laid out eight of those people before all the arrests were made. We didn't really need to arrest them very much.

"Of course since the Army has come there has been absolutely no disorder, and I don't anticipate any in the future, even in case the Army should call away the troops. The real trouble has not been with the laborers but with their leaders. If the latter had had their way they would have called out labor all over America this winter and tied up the whole country. Then they actually would have upset the Government of the country. That was the potential situation right here in Gary. It was just as bad as it dared be.

"These disturbances rose because we had no adequate law to prevent them. We let these people come over here and talk as they please and do as they please, and yet some alleged Americans want to repeal the Espionage Act, which has been about the only law we had to cope with such a situation. The state of Indiana has just passed a new law making it a criminal offense to talk of overthrowing the Government of this country by violence. Of course that law comes too late to prevent these Gary troubles."

I asked the mayor what he thought was the remedy for all these troubles throughout the country, and he replied with much positiveness.

"Deportation is the answer," said he—"deportation of these leaders who talk treason in America, and deportation of those who agree with them and work with them. I feel, just as all our better citizens here feel, that it is something of a disgrace for this town to need to have the troops come into it. But how could we help it?"

Effective Treatment

"They don't need to elect me mayor of Gary any more unless they like—I'll make more money in the practice of my profession than I can in this office—but while I am mayor I'm going to see the law enforced here. Thank the Lord, I've got back of me in this town enough real Americans to make that stick, and we're going to make it stick. The troops are the best friends these trouble makers have got in Gary. When the Army is gone these trouble makers will have no friends left in Gary."

I talked with a member of the Loyal Legion in Gary, one of the small number of men who did what they could before the troops came. Obviously I cannot mention this man's name, but I wish that I might give his name and that of every good American in this country who really feels that we ought to have a little America for Americans and a little of the old American spirit to make that thought stick.

"I don't know what you would call us," said he. "Every one of us had a deputy's star in his pocket, a heavy gun under his left shoulder and a blackjack in his right hand. A bunch of these foreigners, six or eight times the number of our posse, met us this side of the tracks, and we went into them. I told the men with me not to trouble too long with a man. Our method of work was to grab a man's right arm with the operator's own left hand, then bring down the blackjack across the hand bones or wrist of the man thus caught. One rap was enough, and after one of those people had got that we could go on to the next man, as he could not make any more trouble. We have a nice hospital in Gary. There were thirty-five people in there the next day with broken wrists and hands. It's a hard way to enforce peace, but that was the best we could do until the troops came.

"You have been talking to some of the worst men in this country, and they have been inspired by outside men even worse. We have every one of those trouble makers spotted, and every one of them is watched."

It is not customary for such statements as this to get into print in America. It seems very strong talk. Let us see what justification there may be for it in certain other of the Gary phenomena—which are

(Concluded on Page 103)

To the Homes of America

YOU want meat at least once a day. Normal appetite demands it because working, growing bodies must have its muscle-building material.

You want it *good*—to please your palate and stimulate the digestive juices. Cooked right, with all its flavor and nutritive value preserved.

This means outlay of time in marketing, labor in preparation and fuel in cooking. Also costly waste in bone, fat and gristle. Often the uncertain quality of the raw material upsets your best efforts.

That is why we want to tell you about RED CROWN ready-cooked canned meats.

First, they are absolutely pure and wasteless, and unvarying in quality,—backed by a perfect combination of scientific skill, care, cleanliness and experience.

The material used in them is selected in the world's meat center by experts who do nothing else. It is fresh, not frozen—every piece passed by Government inspectors.

In clean, airy rooms it is trimmed of all bone, gristle and surplus fat. Only the flavor-holding, body-building parts reach the master cooks.

Sterilization makes preservatives unnecessary. Each can is sterilized by live-steam before filling. Each person who helps in the process is white-clad, white-capped. The meat is hermetically sealed in the cans, so none of the flavor or food value is lost in cooking.

When cooked just long enough at just the right temperature, the cans are inspected, labeled and cased—ready to save you time, work and waste, and eliminate all risk of tough or tasteless meat. Full of the finest flavor you ever knew, and as tempting to look at as to taste.

These twenty-four RED CROWN ready-to-serve canned meats constitute the "Cook in the Can" who waits at your grocer's to provide what you prefer in meats. Twenty minutes in boiling water brings any of them to your table, steaming forth an aroma which will sharpen the dullest appetite! If preferred cold, they are equally delicious when thoroughly chilled.

The one way to learn their goodness, convenience and economy is to try them. We are proud to guarantee them in every particular.

ACME PACKING COMPANY, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Actual photographs showing Goodyear Cord Tires in the heavy hauling service of W. S. Devenwater, Grand Rapids, Michigan

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GOODYEAR

Today's Way—Pneumatics

"In hauling yardage on contract my truck on Goodyear Cord Tires has made six to eight more round trips, of ten miles each, per day than any solid-tired truck on the same work. During a recent rainy spell my truck on Goodyear Cords was the only one hauling gravel to a mixer—the solid-tired trucks were stopped by soft going. This means money to me."

—W. S. Devenwater, Contract Hauling, Grand Rapids, Michigan

THIS report reflects that tremendous country-wide experience which has demonstrated that the perfected pneumatic truck tire completely removes the handicaps of hauling on solid tires.

In pointing to the benefits of pneumatic traction, cushioning and nimbleness, it particularly reflects the vital results of Goodyear Cord construction originated by Goodyear thirteen years ago.

Goodyear Cord construction has made possible that decisive combination of resilience and toughness which, in turn, has made pneumatics entirely practical for heavy duty.

It is this original Goodyear method of manufacture that has been the foundation of all those qualities of the pneumatic truck tire which cause it to supplant the solid tire.

It has furnished the basis of that pioneering work which has produced Goodyear Cord Tires for trucks, also Tubes, Rims and Repair Materials, and the engine pumps, wheels, air gauges and vulcanizing equipment made with Goodyear co-operation.

Its economy is written in the records of Goodyear's Akron-to-Boston Express, Akron-to-Cleveland Freight Line, Goodyear Heights Bus Service, and in many other fields of transport.

Cost data, detailing the advantages of pneumatic truck tires as compared with solid tires, can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, at Akron, Ohio.

CORD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 102)

to be found in like extent in scores or perhaps hundreds of other communities in America at this very hour. I talked with a man, one among several, whose duties are such that they may not be named or fully quoted. All of these absolutely affirm that every attempt was made by the I. W. W.'s and Red radicals to infiltrate among all the Gary labor unions. The enormous amount of confiscated literature is the best proof of this. There is any quantity of this sort of stuff afloat in Chicago and in Gary. It is printed freely and circulated through the mails freely—poison intended to take the life of the American Republic. The American people do not know the extent of this ghastly propaganda work. This is the sort of food which the laboring classes of Gary have handed to them. This is the sort of thing which the real Americans of America are expected to swallow meekly and humbly. This is the sort of thing to which the Government of this country ought to put a prompt and lasting end. It has done nothing of the sort.

There are many little pamphlets, including the Red Bible of the Communist International, so-called. It is easily obtainable in the translation from the Russian, and was adopted by the Congress of the Communist International at Moscow, March 2–6, 1919, and signed by those illustrious comrades whom you may have seen on the front page—Comrades C. Rakovsky, N. Lenin, M. Zinovjev, L. Trotzky and Fritz Platten.

You could get these books, and all the others you like, in half a dozen languages, all preaching the same sort of anarchy.

If that sort of thing does not need suppression, then I am all wrong in my own beliefs, and I am all wrong in my convictions as to what America ought to be to-day and what America ought to do and what the National Government in Washington ought to do. I will say that I saw hundreds of pounds of this sort of literature, which was taken in Gary. This poison is being scattered all over America to-day, so far as I can learn, without any sort of adequate attempt to stop it.

Well, there was something of the situation in Gary at least. It is fairly apparent that it was time for the troops, on that evening of last October when the camions from Fort Sheridan rushed down more than a thousand men in khaki to see what they could do in a little Americanization work of their own in Gary. You can say what you please about the militaristic idea in America. I myself believe that the American Legion and the men still with the colors, and the farmers of America, and the Daughters of the American Revolution make up a pretty good bunch of the sane and saving part of America to-day.

The Words of a Man Who Knows

I went into a barber shop to get my shoes shined, thinking that here at least I might find a form of industry fairly stable. Also, I began again to desire to hear accents with which I had been more familiar than those current on Gary streets. The negro shine artist was pleasant and efficient and as I handed him the conventional dime I was thanking my stars that here at last was a place where the laboring man did not feel downtrod and was not disposed to boost his prices.

The boy scratched his head as he looked at the coin. "Boss," said he, "them kind o' shoes is fifteen cents!"

That was the last straw. I left Gary. At last I knew that I was living in a changed world!

I talked in Chicago with a gentleman whose identity must remain unknown, but who is in a position to know more about anarchy in America than anyone else of my acquaintance. He cannot be quoted in any detail, and the sources of his information may not be mentioned. He is altogether uneasy as to the outlook in America and declares that the country has no idea of the extent of the danger which exists by reason of the organized agencies of unrest and dissatisfaction. He insists that a deliberate and systematic process of infiltration is going on, through which America is being penetrated by the Red doctrines and the poison of Soviet propaganda. Certainly he could and did produce printed or written proof of every statement which he made.

"There are hundreds of men in this country," he said, "who are blocking every attempt made by the authorities to mete out justice to the Reds and anarchists. They are a growing power in this country, not only in politics, but in their own organization, which keeps on spreading dissatisfaction and discontent among the laboring classes. That danger to-day is increasing and not lessening. It is regularly financed, and it is well led by determined men who do not lack brains, though they do lack conscience. If these men can destroy America they are going to do it.

"For instance, there is in Mexico to-day, well organized and well financed, a Red Guard which openly invites all the revolutionists and I. W. W.'s of America to join its ranks in case there should be any threat of war between these two countries. That Red Guard has back of it all the European money that it wants. This is a state of affairs which perhaps leaves the Republic of Mexico a trifle cockier than it otherwise would be in its attitude toward the United States.

"The socialists, however they classify themselves, and the anarchists and 'direct-action' men, who need no classification, are growing more and more confident, and more and more arrogant, all the time. Moreover, they have men high in power."

Money From Russia

"The Red element is edging out and out all the time, spreading its poison wherever it can, and you must not think that this movement is going to cease through any agencies acting within its own circles. Nothing but prompt and firm suppression, nothing but fitting punishment of the leaders of this movement, ever can bring quiet to the restless laboring element in America to-day."

"Do you think there is any European money behind this?" I asked him.

"Yes," he answered, "plenty of it. There has been a half million of Russian Soviet money spent in this propaganda. Also, there is considerable of the old German propaganda money left in this country after the war. A good deal of that has been used in the same way. You will hear 'alarmist talk' deprecated. Think it over. Don't you feel that all America is beginning to notice these things? Is there not a sort of general vague feeling of alarm going all across the country?

"You know there is. I know the reason, and so do you. The entire country ought to know that a deliberate attempt has been made to undermine the government of this country.

"It is hard for these leaders to undermine the loyalty of educated people. Therefore they work with the most ignorant men they can find. Their method is to fool the members of the labor unions, so far as they can, into thinking that they have been oppressed. Once well started on that line of thought, it is not so far to thinking that all systems of government are wrong. The next step is that there ought to be a revolution in this country and a rule by the people, such as they have in Russia, or are threatening to have in Germany. That's Bolshevism. It is more general in America than a great many people think. Unless crushed out it will increase yet more, and not decrease. Certainly it will not decrease of its own motion."

"Do you think the National Government will take any active measures of a general sort for the prompt punishment of the leaders in this sort of thing?" I asked him.

He spread out his hands.

It was necessary that I should talk with the department commander who on instructions from Washington sent the troops to Gary last October. General Wood spoke freely and openly in regard to the Gary situation and associated instances in industrial circles all over the country. He did not in the least use the soft pedal or the tremolo stop, and it seemed to me he made a noise like an American.

"The Gary situation is part of a national situation," said he, "and it serves no useful purpose to evade it. There exists an industrial unrest all over the country which if left alone might run into very grave complications, and that very swiftly; though I feel that the great body of American labor is at heart absolutely sound and sane. The labor unions at Gary simply were misled by alien preachers of violence, and that was the actual cause of the disorder which the troops had to take in hand.

"That situation in Gary is due to precisely the same causes that have worked out disastrously in other parts of the country. The time to catch these things is A. M. and not P. M. The time to have caught the mob in Omaha was in the morning and not in the afternoon. Every hour of the day, every instant of indecision in handling a mob situation—or a treasonable situation—is fraught with danger. The mob in Omaha, for instance, got out of hand, but there was not actual need for that. There existed, even in the local machinery of justice there, plenty of power to keep the thing in hand.

"Now you can trace back the progress of every one of these outbreaks to the same cause—weakness on the part of local authorities or those higher up. There has been weakness traceable in every instance of this sort, in one or all of those classifications. Whenever there is weakness of the civil law to the point of a breaking down of its machinery, it is necessary to bring in the Army to straighten out the trouble. Of course the troops were taken to Gary by reason of the admission of the governor of Indiana that he could not cope with the situation that had risen."

Political Cowardice

"What is the cause of this weakness of the civil arm of the law? I think you can trace it back in part to plain political fear, in part to lack of respect for law and order and the rights of property—contempt for the constituted authorities. The real cause of most of the Garys in America has been political fear somewhere in the scale of political officeholders.

"When the situation in Omaha was still inchoate and the mob had no actual leadership, it took more courage than the Omaha authorities had to put down the clamps at once. Left alone, the disorderly elements began to think they had the power; so they took the thing into their own hands. It is easy to handle fifty men, but harder to handle five hundred, when they are bent on trouble. You see the political risk in this method of handling popular disorders, mob movements. The family and friends of a man who is roughly handled are very apt to show their political resentment.

"No more than a very small percentage of our population is embraced in the radical or Red element, but a few leaders, working with a large number of men who do not even understand our language, are able to make a great deal of trouble. They did so in Gary, where treasonable propaganda went so far that at length there was an actually dangerous condition.

"If the civil authorities all over America and if the Americans themselves all over America would set aside political and business fear and would catch these instances of treasonable action right at the start, the thing would soon die out all over the country. It has not died out and is not dying out. Because of political fear, these men have not had handed out to them the punishment which they deserve."

The Efficacious Remedy

"The millmen in Gary were ready to become a mob. Sufficiently inflamed, they would do all they could to increase the army of Red revolutionists in America. That is the way such things start. Yet not all of the men wanted to quit work. The situation was precisely that of a regiment ordered by its commander to take an impossible objective. These men felt that they must go forward, but they were not sure they could succeed. Now, picture to yourself the feeling of a regiment thus ordered, when word comes down the line that the general has reconsidered and that the advance need not go on. That was precisely how the bulk of the laboring men, and pretty much all the women in Gary, felt when the troops showed up in Gary. It was a feeling of relief that came over them all. When they came to think it over they knew the objective was impossible and they were glad they did not have to try to take it—glad to go back to work and quiet down. There is an instinctive love for law and order in the hearts of most men—of all good men.

"Now, how are we going to get rid of the real trouble makers, these radicals who are inciting revolution against this Government all over America? You say deportation. But suppose, through political fear higher up, we do not deport them? Well, in that case the Army may have from time to time to go into other centers of disorder. It is not work that we like, but sometimes a duty must be done when it is not pleasant.

"Certainly I believe in the prompt and vigorous action of every agency of the civil law, local, state and national, in this exigency of life in America. I believe in action this morning, not this evening. I can see no good in any form of political fear which stands back from so obvious a duty.

"I have said, and may repeat, that the originators of the Red movement are like rats infected with the plague. Like rats they carry their poison from one place to another, and like rats they should be exterminated or driven from the country.

"A vigorous quarantine and a firm policy with regard to those already infected will rid any country of the plague in a short time; and the same remedy will, I am sure, prove efficacious in the matter of the Red menace in this country. It is already proving so in Gary.

"The destructive forces at work in the country are foreign to its underlying principles but are insignificant in comparison to the constructive ones. There are too many good Americans to allow a real dread of Sovietism in this country. But American labor should lose no time in freeing itself from the taint or even the suspicion of a taint of radicalism. It is their own country and their own interests which laboring men hurt when they follow the counsel of these disturbers who come to them with doctrines that never grew on this soil.

"I do not believe in making any sweeping charges against any given racial group, for there are bad men of every nationality, and some of the worst of these radical leaders are themselves Americans, so-called, though the doctrine they preach was not made in America. That all of these things are creating a deplorable and dangerous unrest in America is true beyond question. Without question, too, this bad situation ought to be and must be met without fear or indecision. This is our own country. It is our own fault if we do not run it ourselves, and run it on a basis of law and order."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Hough.

Just the Place for a Good Breakfast

THIS breakfast room is a sunny antidote to a sluggish appetite and early morning drowsiness. It strikes the keynote of a bright and happy day. Its genial outdoor spirit is doubly enhanced by the sparkling yellow and blue tones of the floor—*Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum* (No. 5002), with the pattern running clear through to the burlap back.

Your merchant will gladly show you Armstrong patterns equally appropriate for the other rooms in your home. In looking them over, note their artistic designs and refined colorings. Also note the *quality* of Armstrong's Linoleum—tough, elastic, full of the promise of long wear and permanent attractiveness.

Linoleum floors are easy to clean. An occasional waxing and polishing keeps them in first-class condition. The ideal way to lay Inlaid, Jaspé, or Plain Linoleum is to cement it down firmly over a layer of heavy felt paper.

Real linoleum—such as Armstrong's—is made of wood flour, powdered cork, and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Genuine linoleum always has a burlap back, is flexible, and not easy to tear.

Be sure to ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name. The name Armstrong's Linoleum, with the Circle A trademark, appears on the back of all genuine goods.

Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration

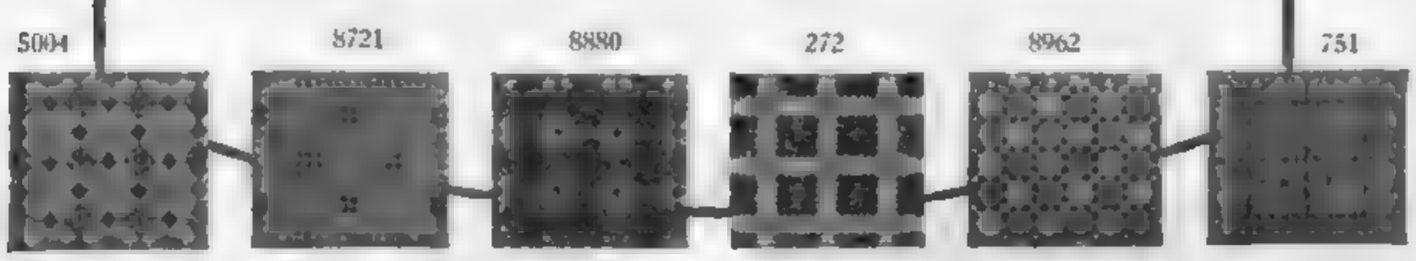
Write this Bureau for advice as to patterns to match any scheme of interior decoration. Trained decorator in charge. No fees.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

The Armstrong patterns shown below are as appropriate for this breakfast room as the one on the floor. Order from your merchant by the number shown above each pattern.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
Linoleum Department Lancaster, Pennsylvania



Armstrong's Linoleum

For Every Room (A) in the House

Blustery Winds and the Complexion

WHAT is more invigorating than a walk or drive on a crisp, clear day in early spring, when sharp winds bring a ruddy color to one's face and stimulate the joy of living?

But these same keen winds produce other effects. They roughen and chap tender skin,—they catch up little particles of dust and lodge them in the tiny pores of the face, and trouble results. The natural oil of the skin combines with the dust and the complexion becomes blotched, gray-looking, and rough.

Prevent these conditions—help to keep your skin clear, healthy and soft, by cleansing it with RESINOL SOAP. Let the pure, refreshing lather sink into the pores and rid them of lurking impurities.

But Resinol Soap is not only for those annoyed by complexion defects. It has been for years a favorite among women for daily use in the toilet and bath.

Sold by all druggists and at toilet goods counters.
Let us send you a trial size cake. Dept. 6-G,
Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SHAVING STICK gives a creamy, non-drying lather which is alone sufficient to warrant its adoption by the discriminating man.

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Officials

WE TELL ourselves that elected officials are servants of the people, meaning that they are not superior beings but mere hired workers no better than the rest of us. This we do to assure ourselves that we are part of a great democracy and are well pleased with the scheme of things, as picnickers assure one another of their happiness in an effort to forget the discomforts of their outing.

Yet in our hearts we consider officialdom an exalted realm peopled by superior clay. Generations of bondage to kings and princes left a taint in our blood. We have not outlived the impulse to jerk a forelock. And this unnatural and hideous humility is preserved for each new generation in history and story-book, wherein heroes and criminals are great because of place and noble because of a sire, regardless of conduct, incompetence or imbecility.

At the polls one is frequently confronted with the duty of choosing the lesser of two evils. Neither candidate is competent to do the work of the office. One would not hire either to look after his private business interests. Perhaps he would not trust either with his purse. Yet he votes for one, and the one elected is by some magic transformed into a being worthy of all deference. He is a great man, to be pointed out in crowds, invited to address graduating classes and greeted with blare of trumpets.

Small wonder that officials grow great in their own esteem. If the heads of worthy men are turned by cheering multitudes it is not remarkable that adoration should swell small men almost to the point of bursting.

Few officials are worthy of reverence. Few measure up to their tasks.

Men of exceptional ability are no less selfish than men of little ability. They place self before country, the getting of money before the doing of good. They are content to let the politicians run the state if they may be left undisturbed to garner other millions.

In rural districts a rich candidate is disqualified before the race begins. We have made the getting of money the sign and proof of success, but envy makes us suspicious of those who succeed too well.

Government is but a huge business. Its successful conduct requires practical men, not dreamers, poets, orators or theorists. Its executives should be recruited from the ranks of those who have fought their way to success in the world of barter, construction and industry. Yet even if such men could be elected they would not serve. They have tasks that bring greater rewards and equal dignity. The honor of place does not impress them. What honor, they ask, can be conferred by an office that has been held by a succession of little men?

The smaller offices are filled by men of little earning capacity. They seek office because it confers a greater salary than they could command in the competition of private life. Some of them mention large families or physical defects as sufficient reason for their election.

More responsible places are held by mediocre men chosen from a mediocre field. Only the mercy of God keeps us from the rocks in time of storm.

I have heard complaint because a locomotive engineer earns as much as some governors. I answer that he is probably worth more. An engineer must have training, judgment, a fine sense of duty and responsibility. A governor may have no more than the ability to string words together before an audience.

Self-Reliance

ONE learns to stand firmly on his feet by having them knocked from under him. The spoiled darling of fortune has conceit nurtured by flattery, but knows nothing of self-reliance. His assurance is the product of his environment, and is due to no virtue in himself. His metal may be fine, but it lacks tempering. He needs a course in hard knocks. The mark of a man is his willingness to stand alone and his ability to alight on his feet when buffeted by circumstance.

The country is burdened with many useless young men who are the logical product of petting. In brain and sinew they are the equal of other young men, and given the blessing of hardship might develop into useful members of society. But they have been coddled from the cradle—perfumed and powdered and laid away in lavender from infancy to near-maturity, and the voting age finds them unable to do anything except promote the manufacture of clothing and reduce the supply of cigarettes. Their one ambition is to gain proficiency in the art of punching a white ball with a stick in a manner that will persuade it to herd a colored ball into a pocket.

These young men were not born to uselessness. They were born to parents who knew too much about social atings and not enough about the business of training men.

The boy who is built of the right material—and this classification includes all except the mentally unfit—will make a man of himself if given opportunity. Opportunity does not mean advantages, but trials. Race horses are not made by stall-feeding colts. Speed is developed on the track, not in the lazy comfort of knee-deep pasture.

Teach a boy obedience, industry and love of books, and he has sufficient equipment to reach any goal. When he has mastered these essentials lead him to the front door and shut it behind him. Let him play the game alone, and win through or go down according to his deserts. Shed no soft tears for his misery. Take no thought of his crusts. When he has earned the right to live he will know himself his best friend, and may be trusted with wealth and responsibilities.

The Hen

THE common back-yard hen is the world's most efficient servant. She eats the scraps that fall from the rich man's table, and in return rises with the sun to lay an egg for his breakfast. Her product needs not to be taken from her, as in the case of the cow, but is a voluntary contribution—a bit of workmanship without flaw or blemish, delivered in a sanitary package.

During the day the hen gathers raw material for the construction of another egg, and uses the surplus to pad her person against the day when she shall be called upon to simmer in a pot.

Heavy hens make the best mothers. They are less given to gadding about, and make the care of a family their sole interest for the time being. Light, nervous, irritable hens frequently hide their nests until a brood is hatched and lead the little fellows through wet grass of a morning to catch their death of cold. They fight for their chicks when need be, but wean them early in order to get back to the society of the childless.

Like most servants the hen learns slowly, if at all, and has an inherent mania for traveling in the opposite direction from that in which one is trying to drive her. Doubtless this trait was developed by her association with mortals.

A young hen is called a pullet. An ancient hen, decapitated and hanging in a meat market dressed and without her telltale spurs, is called a frying chicken.

Hen eggs are more popular than duck eggs, because a hen cackles to advertise her product. She advertises only the fresh ones. To press the sale of an egg that had been here for some time would hurt her reputation.

The Alibi

WHEN statesmen duck and dodge in an effort to evade responsibility for an uncomfortable diplomatic or domestic situation the world rocks with scornful glee. There is a strain of brute in each of us that finds humor in the other fellow's discomfiture.

Love of an alibi is not restricted to statesmen. Few men accept full responsibility for their errors and faults. If one is a slave to alcohol the taste was inherited from his father. If he amounts to nothing it is because he did not have a fair chance. If he sins it is because the woman tempted him. I once knew a woman who gave her child a dose of medicine from the wrong bottle, and after the funeral service told a sympathetic neighbor that God had taken her darling from her. When our stupidity and negligence result in disaster we ease the blow with the thought that it is God's will, and then brag of our Christian philosophy.

An excuse is the first resort of weaklings. It is the whine of the incompetent, the Kamerad cry of the unfit.

Strong men do not waste time and effort in search of an alibi. If they cannot go through a wall, or over it, or under it, or round it, they go round the world and come to the other side. The energy expended in forming excuses would make excuses unnecessary. Failure is no more than the willingness to remain licked.

Man is the work of his own hands. As God formed the first from dust, so may you fashion another of the common clay with which you are handicapped. If your present task holds you near the ground there are others that lead to the skies. If you lack mental equipment there are books. If you lack health there is out of doors. If you lack courage you may gain it by tasting danger. There is no failure except the admission in a craven heart. There is no acceptable excuse this side of the grave. Leave the alibi to the little fellows who rattle round in big places. Your mistakes are the ground plan of wisdom; your weakness but a requisition for strength. Man is measured by his responsibilities, and damned by dodging them.

Prosperity

PROSPERITY is generally regarded as a state of blessedness. In that state one may loaf and spend money, fatten his vanity and strut before the neighbors. Harvesting envy is the keenest of human pleasures.

Prosperity makes us selfish. The more one has the less thought he takes of those who have little. Fortunes flock together and keep their heads in the air. They see and envy a greater fortune soaring above their heads, but forget the existence of the solid rock on which they stand.

In a land where such oddities exist the prince may stop his car and exchange pleasantries with the commoner standing with uncovered head at the roadside and risk no loss of caste. His position is fixed and unquestioned. But in a land where money makes social caste position is the sport of chance and fluctuating markets. The social leader of to-day may be an outcast when to-morrow's corner in wheat has plucked him clean.

His very nearness to the social caste beneath prompts him to magnify and guard the little distance that separates him from it. Generals are more gracious than lieutenants. They can afford to be. People are discourteous to servants in an effort to convince themselves of their superiority to servants.

National prosperity has uncovered our faith in a caste system we affect to despise. Yesterday we were content in a cottage. A daily task that gave us dignity, the business of mowing the lawn and trimming the hedge, schooling the children, meeting the premiums on life insurance, a wholesome interest in neighborhood affairs—these made up our lives and we had little interest in bubbles.

Prosperity made us fools. We are learning to pose. We have grown ashamed of the honest calluses in our palms and have hired a man who despises us to care for the hedge and lawn. He charges a stiff price for his labor, and doubles it to make us pay for his opinion. We are buying fine clothes and finding our greatest satisfaction in the price we pay for them. We complain of the price when talking with our friends, but the complaint is no more than a boast. We dine at hotels in order that we may be seen in our finery, and tip the waiter beyond his worth to buy his good opinion. We talk in terms of millions and think in terms of show. We have sold the cottage and moved into a better neighborhood. A better neighborhood is one peopled by larger bank accounts.

The comfortable old furniture has been sold to a junk dealer, and our houses are cluttered with shiny new stuff that is as vulgar as the motive that prompted its purchase. Wholesome people who call and observe the splendor we have arranged to impress them wonder why we do not charge admission.

We can no longer open a good book and sit in slippered feet to spend an evening with quaint philosophers and simple heroes. Our fluttering brains keep our poor bodies on the move. Repose is a forgotten pleasure. We must go some place; and having arrived be off again, always with a studied strut when in sight of our fellows. He-men have degenerated into gentlemen, and women—what a wonderful word is "woman"!—women have degenerated into ladies.

Yesterday your woman was proud of her ability to bake biscuits. To-day she would move to another city where none know of her shame. She has learned to talk glibly of the servant problem, and can appear in public with back and shoulders naked without feeling wicked. Yesterday she would have spanked her oldest daughter for using rouge; to-day, with the sweetness fast being driven from her own face, she uses the stick to proclaim herself a new-fledged simpleton.

The country hasn't gone mad. In madness is a certain pitiful dignity. The country has turned fool—simpering, mincing, jabbering fool. Its brains are locked away with its old-fashioned ideas of honesty, virtue and industry, and it has hidden the key lest some inquisitive meddler unearth these things and shame it with the proof of its former wholesomeness and sanity.

I have heard men say that whisky is a good thing if men but knew how to use it. The fault in whisky is that men may drink it and get drunk. So with prosperity. To have what one needs is a blessing. That is not prosperity, but comfort. To have more than one needs invites folly. Spending makes us drunk. Scattering money gives us a feeling of importance. The exhilaration of the first silly purchase prompts us to the second and the third, each larger and more silly than the other as the practice loses its kick, and in the end we are uproariously jagged—irresponsible soaks grimacing at the God of Reason.

There is a cure for such madness. It fashions its own cure and leads us at last to the saving gutter, where shame and remorse teach us a new liking for decency and common sense.

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Hudsons Are

Also the Pattern Cars

In That Their Distinction Is Second Only to the Exclusive Super-Six Motor

Each year confirms Hudson's rulership of style.

Not because it outsells all the world's fine cars. Let us not confuse the point.

Admittedly most of Hudson's 80,000 and more owners, bought it chiefly for the matchless endurance and performance of the Super-Six Motor.

Even those whose choice is decided by its supremacy of beauty and luxury, realize how much spirited performance adds to the distinction and dominance of the Hudson.

But the conclusive proof of Hudson's eminence in design is found in the accuracy with which its current types forecast the trend of motor styles six months or a year hence.

All Motordom Reflects Hudson's Supremacy of Mode

Hudson's influence as the pattern car has been accepted for years. Season after season renews this evidence of its frankly acknowledged leadership.

Just as it introduced the stream line, the Coupé, the Sedan, the Touring Limousine, the Speedster, so it is first with the simple square lines that now distinguish its mode.

Conceding that style preference is after all a matter of personal taste, surely Hudson, in the way it outsells all other fine cars, and its unmistakable influence on subsequent offerings of others, has the support of vastly the greatest following of motordom.

None Dispute Its Proofs

Hudson performance mastery is not debatable.

It is subject to absolute proofs. Proofs that are official. Hudson holds all the worthwhile speed and power records. It established the fastest time ever made up Pike's Peak, the greatest of hill-climb tests. Its official acceleration marks have never been matched. Its endurance feats are world famous.

Not only the double-transcontinental run, in which a Hudson stock touring model went from San Francisco to New York and return, making faster time each way than any other car has ever done.

Hudson's speedway victories in which it, through the application of its motor principle, time after time, defeated the fastest cars in the world, were won because of the Super-Six endurance.

Why the Super-Six Motor Is Acclaimed the Master

These are real tests of motor supremacy. They were made to prove capacity, flexibility, endurance.

And the Super-Six has officially excelled in all. It stands against the field—unbeaten champion for five years.

All now know why. They realize the exclusive advantages of its patented principle which reduces vibration. Could other types adopt it they might rival all Hudson has done. But Hudson controls it by right of discovery, invention and patent.

Some may say: "I do not need such great speed or power as Hudson's."

That is true. But all want its capacity. It will do what you want without taxing half its ability.

And that means economy. It means dependable transportation and freedom from annoyance. It means years of extra service. It accounts for the way Hudson retains its new car vigor and performance.

That is why Hudsons three, four and five years old still reveal their dominant superiority.

Hudson Style Keynote Is Permanent

Nor are earlier Hudson models out of date in appearance. Hudson has never sought distinction in bizarre extremes. It has never sacrificed the permanent keynote of its style in order to win a momentary vogue.

Even should you not want your Hudson for several months, now is not too early to place your order.

All dealers report the assignment of nearly every Hudson allotted them for spring and early summer.

(3015)

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

HUDSON SUPER SIX

THE POOR FISH

(Continued from Page 32)

blue eyes and her lips parted. She looked so pretty in that startled pose that Harvey again felt that queer little sensation somewhere within him.

He flushed.

"I—I just wanted very much to have you have dinner with me," he explained lamely.

"Is it that Pandora hosiery stuff you want to talk about?"

"No, it—it isn't business at all, Miss Elliott."

She continued her scrutiny for a moment and then dropping her eyes said, "All right. I'd love to go."

They arranged to meet at the Eltingham at seven.

"Of course I can call for you if you prefer," offered Harvey.

"No, I'm accustomed to trotting about alone," she answered. "A girl gets used to it, you know, when she goes to business."

In the Peacock Alley of the Eltingham Harvey had another shock. He had never seen Ida Elliott dressed in anything but the extremely plain clothes she wore at the office and he now saw her approaching in the filmiest of dresses—chiffon he thought it was. The chiffon was black and it foamed about her slender grace. About her neck were dark and lustrous furs and upon her head emphasizing the pale gold of her hair was a filmy black hat on which glowed a single rose of outrageous size. She was his strange and lovely lady again. Again he could not realize that this was the girl he had known for years and years. A quiver of admiration thrilled him. Why, Ida was as pretty a woman, as well dressed a woman as any that paraded that promenade of fashion—the Peacock Alley of the Eltingham.

She greeted him, her hand in his, her golden head tilted and her eyes sparkling. He led her into the main dining room of the Eltingham—the famous room of gilt and crystal—and he hoped furtively as they entered that she would notice the head waiter's cordial bow. After they were seated at a small table near a window that overlooked the shining asphalt of the Avenue sparkling with reflected light as if it had been strewn with fallen stars, after the dinner was ordered—she had said, "You order, won't you? I know you know how so much better than I"—he turned to her and said, "Have you been here before?"

"Oh, yes," she said indifferently; "it's rather nice, isn't it?"

He was—to be perfectly frank—he was amazed! Here he had taken Miss Elliott to the smartest restaurant he knew, expecting to impress her, and she had not been in the least impressed. He remembered her cool "It's rather nice, isn't it?" He regarded her from half-closed eyes so that they looked like tiny blades of gray steel. What a stunning creature she was in that foaming black chiffon with her bright hair and her ever so faintly pink complexion! Harvey Reid was not remarkable for his imagination, but now such imagination as he had was speeding furiously.

"What a queer thing life is," he thought. "What a queer thing especially life is in a big office where we work year after year side by side with people and yet know nothing of their personal lives, their personal hates and loves and passions."

"I thought possibly you hadn't been at the Eltingham before," he said presently. "I thought it might be a new place for you to enjoy."

"You thought I hadn't been here before because I couldn't afford it?" she asked, her eyes mischievous, her smile faint and ironic.

"Well, I—I ——"

"Oh, don't apologize," she said. "Of course as a poor working girl I can't afford it. I never could. But I used to know a man who was very fond of the Eltingham and who could afford it."

A slight frown appeared between Harvey's brows as he thought of the rumor of Miss Elliott's marriage—the rumor she had denied.

"Don't you still know the man?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I still know the man, but he no longer can afford the Eltingham."

"He lost his money?"

"He lost his job—and a very good job it was—when he went to war. He's back again now—perfectly safe and sound"—Harvey noticed that as she said that last she almost appeared to be offering a little prayer of thankfulness—"but he can't get his job back."

"That's tough," said Harvey. And it was tough, but Harvey—if the truth were known—was a bit glad it was tough. He had begun to entertain a little fear of the man who had given up a good job to go to war, but his fear was slightly relieved by the fact that the man now upon his return could not get the good job back.

After a pause he asked, "Miss Elliott, do you like your job?"

She smiled.

"I thought we weren't going to talk business."

"We're not. But I was wondering if you ever got married if you'd keep your position."

"I'd hate to give it up," she confessed. "I love my independence more than anything else—almost more than anything else."

Harvey gave a gratified sigh. "I'm glad of that," he said.

"Why?"

He eyed her closely.

"Because I'm flattered. It's exactly the way I feel about a woman's position. If ever I get married I'm going to let my wife do as she pleases about making her own living. If she has a job and wants to keep it she can keep it."

"I didn't know you were so liberal in your ideas. You feel differently from most men."

"Oh, I don't know."

"At least from most men I know. It's a matter of pride with them, I think, not to let their wives work. They want to work for their wives."

"That's all right. I'd want to work for my wife too—work to give her everything she wanted. But I can see the independent modern type of woman's point of view."

Ida Elliott turned her eyes away. For a moment a veil of sadness seemed to descend upon her.

"I wish that—that more men felt the way you do about it."

"What does it matter just as long as the one right man feels that way about it?"

"I don't suppose it does matter if—if the one man does feel that way," she said.

Harvey Reid did not pursue the subject further. He felt that for one night he had made excellent progress. He knew it was unwise to attempt to travel too rapidly.

It was half-past nine when they emerged from the doors of the Eltingham. It was raining; Harvey summoned a taxicab.

"I'll drive you home," he said.

It was a short drive. Harvey noted with satisfaction that Miss Elliott lived in a very nice brownstone house in a very nice neighborhood in the East Fifties. He was thoroughly satisfied with the evening. Everything about Miss Elliott impressed him as being very nice—very nice indeed. And he remembered her good night as she gave him her hand after he had taken the key from her and unlocked her front door.

"It's been a beautiful evening," she said. "I feel—I feel, Mr. Reid, despite all our years of association, that I have never known you before to-night."

If Ida Elliott was surprised at that first invitation from Harvey Reid, she had many causes for surprise during the week that followed. Harvey had lost his head. He had deliberately planned to make Ida his wife for business reasons rather than any other reasons, but after he had become fully aware of the unexpected charm of the girl he had forgotten his plans entirely. Like so many men who set a close guard over their emotions, once the guard was down the emotions swept him torrentially along, carrying him where they willed. If Harvey Reid was not in love he was as near being in love as he ever would be. The consciousness of Ida Elliott, the savor of her personality unfolding like a flower petal by petal had captured him completely. He found, however, that Ida did not respond as readily to his advances as he had expected. When he asked her to go with him to dinner again—this was a day but one after the first time—she again gave him that long and scrutinizing look. If she didn't say, "What's the idea of all this?" he imagined at least that her expression said it. And she refused him. But he was persistent.

"If you won't go to dinner why can't we go to a show together? Have you seen The Last of the Troubadours? They say it's the best thing in town."

But Been Here in These Well-Known and Luxurious Quarters He Could Not Leave His Worries Behind

"No. I'd like to see it, but ——"

She gazed up at him, saw the entreaty in his gray eyes—and his eyes at times were really eloquent—and at last consented with a smiling and puzzled frown. It was quite evident that for her part she couldn't in the least understand Harvey Reid's sudden desire for her company.

There is something very intimate about a theater. There are the lights, the music, the warmth, the feeling of many people round one, intent, absorbed in their own affairs or the affairs of the stage, the quick hush before the curtain rises and simultaneously the gradually descending darkness. It is the intimacy that a crowd gives to two isolated within it but fully awake to their own individuality and the individuality of each other. In two seats well in the front of the theater, hurled together as it were by the surrounding mass of people, Harvey Reid and Ida Elliott sat side by side. Harvey was acutely aware that his shoulder touched Ida's, but after a perceptible movement she drew herself away from him, shrank into her own seat, a small compact body of furs and chiffon, of blond hair and white rounded arms. She pretended a vast interest in her program.

As the darkness muffled them he wanted to seize her hand, to place his lips against the curve of her cheek—and he wanted to whisper endearments in the small pink ear so close to his own.

It would have been easy for him to whisper endearments to Ida Elliott now and they would have been too perfectly sincere. But something in her attitude warned him against doing this.

When the lights flared up at the end of the first act she said, as if giving voice to thoughts long locked within the walls of her own reflections, "I've been thinking about our conversation of the other night, Mr. Reid. I'm so amazed at your toleration of letting a woman continue in business even after marriage."

"Yes," he said eagerly.

"Well, suppose—suppose the man won't consent. What arguments would you use to persuade him?"

"I'm afraid no arguments are necessary, Ida—Miss Elliott—to persuade me."

"I'm not thinking of you, Mr. Reid. You're an exception. I'm thinking of the average man. Supposing"—a warm rush of color suffused her so that her very throat burned red—"supposing there are children?"

"Well, the way I'd look at it is just this," said Harvey. "I'd agree with the woman I married that she could hold her position after marriage until—until there were children. I think that would be a fair enough understanding. I should think your average man would consent to that compromise. After all, any bargain, any agreement, is a matter of compromise."

Except for one flash of brilliant eyes in which were both thankfulness and appreciation, Ida Elliott did not answer. She seemed to withdraw herself to herself more than ever. More than ever she seemed to be remote and aloof from him.

And after the play was over and he invited her to go to Henleys' for, as he expressed it, "a bite to eat," she shook her head and said, "Please—not to-night. I'm awfully tired. Won't you take me home? I want to—I want to do a lot of thinking to-night."

Following that evening at the play Ida Elliott consented to go out with him once or twice more; but after a while came a period when she absolutely refused his invitations.

"I'm so sorry. I have another engagement to-night," she said. "I know I told you that last night too, but it's true. I'll explain about it later. At least I hope I'll be able to explain it later."

Harvey was nonplused. He was despondent.

But despite everything, despite all his efforts, he found that he had run up against a stone wall so far as his influence with Ida Elliott went.

A week passed—ten days perhaps. Then a morning came when Ida Elliott burst into the office a little late but seeming to radiate well-being and happiness. Her cheeks glowed. There was constantly a faint and elusive smile upon her lips. She was like one who within herself cherishes a radiant secret.

At eleven she came to Harvey and said, "I want you to let me treat you to lunch to-day."

"Oh, no!" he said, but he was immensely gratified that she would go out with him once more on any terms. "I can't let you blow me to lunch."

She laughed.

"Your ideas on the independence of women go crashing at the first onslaught—and such a very tiny and unimportant onslaught.

"Yes, you must let me take you to lunch. I—I owe you so much."

At half past twelve she waited him in the lower part of the building. With the absurd proprieties observed in offices they had decided it were better not to be seen going out together. She took him to a little tea room in a cross street—a most uncomfortable place, it seemed to him, with its spindly chairs and tables varnished a bright red upon which nothing more substantial was ever served than a chicken salad or a sweetbread pattie.

But he stifled his contempt because he was so utterly content to be with her anywhere.

Immediately after the lunch had been ordered she placed her rounded chin upon her clasped hands and said, "I'm so happy, Mr. Reid."

"What do you mean?"

He was intensely startled at the sudden declaration. He didn't know—not yet—whether to reflect her happiness or not.

"You remember that night at the Eltingham," she continued, "I told you about the

(Concluded on Page 116)

From Phezland's Bounteous Hand

Royal purple in color and royally rich in flavor are these famous Oregon Prunes. Gathered at sun-ripened maturity and converted into Phez Prune Jam, the result is a revelation in flavor. You'll like the rich, *fresh* taste of this new jam.

This is only one of the treats we prepare for you in the sunny kitchens of Phezland. There is deep red Loganberry Jam, with all its exquisite flavor. And there's Phez Loganberry Jelly, Phez Apple Jelly, Phez Strawberry Jam and other popular varieties all made from wonderful Oregon and Washington fruits.

Ask your grocer today for a jar of Phez Prune Jam and any other flavors of which you are fond.

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Phez, Pure Juice of the Loganberry
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Loju, the Loganberry Beverage (ready-to-drink)
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Phez

Prune Jam

N. B.—If your grocer cannot supply you, mail us coupon with check or money order for $3.50 and we shall be glad to ship *prepaid* anywhere in the U. S., the one dozen half-pound assortment of Phez Jams and Jellies shown below.

THE PHEZ CO., Salem, Ore

Enclosed find Money Order / Check for $3.50, for which please send me the following assortment of Phez Jams and Jellies (½-pound Jars):

2 Jars Loganberry Jam	2 Jars Loganberry Jelly
2 Jars Prune Jam	2 Jars Grape Jelly
2 Jars Peach Jam	2 Jars Blackberry Jam

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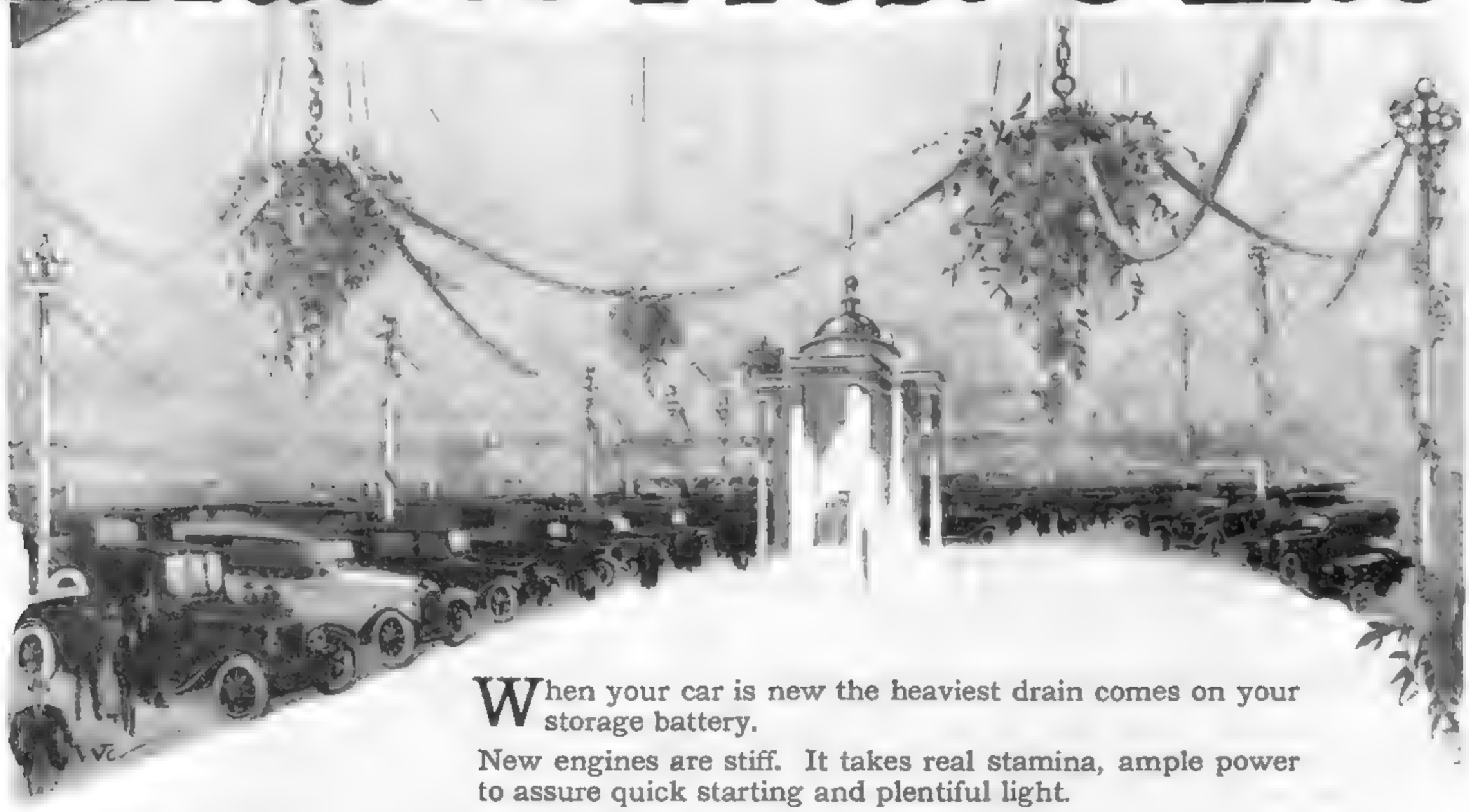

When your car is new the heaviest drain comes on your storage battery.

New engines are stiff. It takes real stamina, ample power to assure quick starting and plentiful light.

You'll make many an extra stop to show the car to friend neighbor. You'll splurge a bit on the lights, too. So you're going to need Prest-O-Lite gameness, that unfaltering certainty which is built into each Prest-O-Lite Battery and kept there by capable Prest-O-Lite Service.

If you have selected a 1920 model of one of the forty leading makes now equipped with Prest-O-Lite Batteries you are sure of proper capacity for ignition and lights, as expert engineers have especially designed a Prest-O-Lite Battery for each make and type of car.

Whether you have Prest-O-Lite or some other battery, visit the Prest-O-Lite Service Station as soon as your car is delivered. An inspection may show that while in transit or standing in the showroom your battery has lost some of its power.

Don't run the chance of ruining your new battery. Prest-O-Lite Service Stations recharge all makes of batteries on new cars, free—a special service.

Hydrometer tests and filling with pure water are other Prest-O-Lite privileges, no matter what battery you use.

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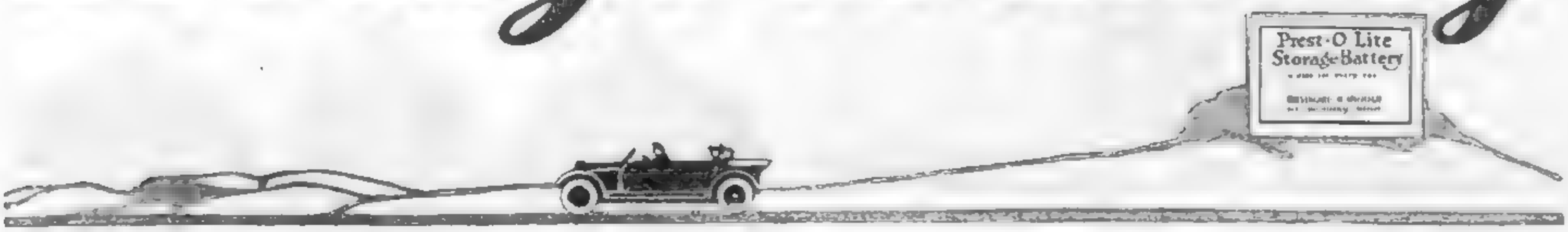
Storage Battery



business in America"

Boys' DUBBELBILT Clothes

"Charmette" Finished

Six Months' Wear and No Mending

MOTHERS: *You* know those three points in your boys' clothes that keep you busy mending—*knee, elbow, seat.*

In Dubbelbilt Clothes, it's those wear-and-tear points that receive our first consideration. But that's not all. You'll find reënforcement at *every* point of strain and wear.

That is the reason for the service promised by the famous Dubbelbilt guarantee: *Six months' wear, without rip, hole, tear—or we will repair the suit free.*

There's good *style*, too, in Dubbelbilt Clothes. Clean-cut, sensible style, that satisfies both boys and mothers.

Attractive fabrics also, in blues, browns, grays, greens, olives, and serviceable mixtures.

Dubbelbilt prices are $14.75—$16.75—$18.75—$20.75—upward to $36.75. And always the same everywhere in the United States. Sizes 6 to 18 years.

Examine Dubbelbilt Clothes at the store near you where they are displayed. If in doubt, write us for address of store.

If no clothier near you has Dubbelbilt Clothes, send us your boy's size, the color preferred, and a money order, and we will forward the suit you want direct—and promptly.

DUBBELBILT
Broadway at 11th St.

BOYS'-CLOTHES, Inc.
New York City

(Concluded from Page 112)

man—the one man for me—who had given up a good position to go to war and who upon his return had not been able to get the good position back?"

"Yes," said Harvey faintly.

"Well, we were to be married when he got back—but he feels now, though he finally has procured some sort of a position, that it doesn't pay him enough to support me properly. I told him that was rot. He'll get on. And you see—you see, I love him very much. I wanted to marry him right away upon his return—position or no position. I wanted to marry him and continue with my own job. That would give us enough—what he made combined with what I made—to live on. But he's one of these foolish, proud men—you know the type, don't you? And he wouldn't hear of my remaining in business after our marriage.

"But at last—at last I won him over. It was your idea that did it."

"My idea?"

Again Ida Elliott blushed as she had in the theater—blushed until her very throat burned red.

"The compromise idea. I—I told him I'd give up my position if—if there were children. And so at last—at last I won him over."

She stopped suddenly and then with a far-away expression in her eyes said, "We're to be married next week."

There was a long and poignant silence. Presently Ida Elliott placed her hand over his.

"You're such a dear, Mr. Reid. I know you'll give me at least a week off, won't you?"

"Yes, of course," he said huskily.

"And then I'll be back on the job the same as ever," she said brightly, realizing from his aspect that he needed consolation but not guessing how little the consolation she offered him sufficed his desires.

The lunch over, they paused outside the restaurant's door in the bright sunshine of the March day. Ida Elliott turned toward the office.

"Aren't you going back?" she asked as he made no attempt to fall into step beside her.

"No, I'm—I'm going to walk round a while," he said.

She regarded him scrutinizingly for a minute with one of those long looks of hers. It may be in that minute she understood. Her eyes were very kind. But it was not kindness Harvey Reid wanted from Ida Elliott—not now. He swung away abruptly, his own clear gray eyes misted and inscrutable.

It is extremely difficult to say how the gang in the office of the Day Advertising Agency got hold of the details of the Harvey Reid-Ida Elliott affair. But get hold of them they did. In fact they got hold of more details than ever existed. There were all sorts of additions made to the story for which there was no possible basis of fact. They were talking it over one day—three or four of the gang—when they were lunching at Tony's place, a most disreputable and dingy restaurant connected with a corner saloon.

"Do you suppose Harvey was really in love with Ida?" asked little Will Penniman.

"Why of course he was at the finish," answered Jack West. "At first his plan was simply to marry her to keep her as his secretary."

"It was rather a good sales idea of his," said Bill Stedman appreciatively, "to get her to stay on the job even after marriage by spouting all the feministic arguments he could gather together."

"Yes, it was a good idea," said little Will, "but you might know the only good idea Harvey Reid ever got entirely on his own would act as a boomerang and knock his own hopes sky high."

After a pause—after a long while in fact, in which the gang discussed various other matters from the baseball season to the Shantung Peninsula—little Will sighed and said, "The poor fish!"

But this time there was much more of sympathy than of anything else in the way he said it.

FLOOD TIME

By Mary Lanier Magruder

VAST and deep is the river's surge,
Spreading the lowlands with slow wide urge;
Straining the dykes where the crawfish drill
Sinister tunnels that seep and fill,
Till gurgling the stream runs wide as your hand,
Trickling down on the sodden land
Till lo, with a crumble the great crevasse
Opens—a sluice that a boat could pass.

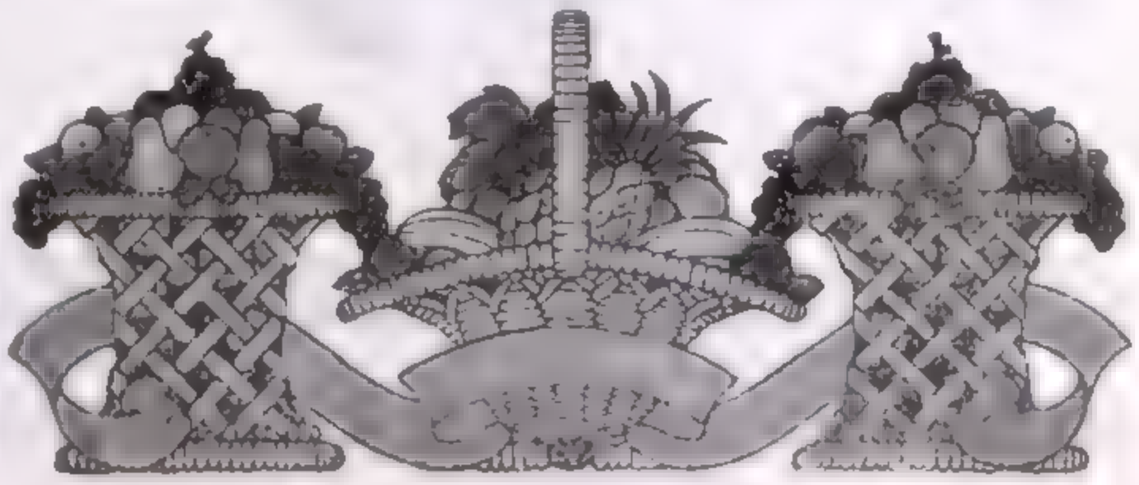
And it's up and over the sandbags tossed
Into the mouth of the break that's crossed
By the plaited willows and cane, rip-rapped,
Till the worst of the terrible current's sapped
And the sandbags settle. The roustabout,
Panting, has breath for a song and shout;
Has a heart for a crap game under the drift
When the clanging gong has summoned the shift.

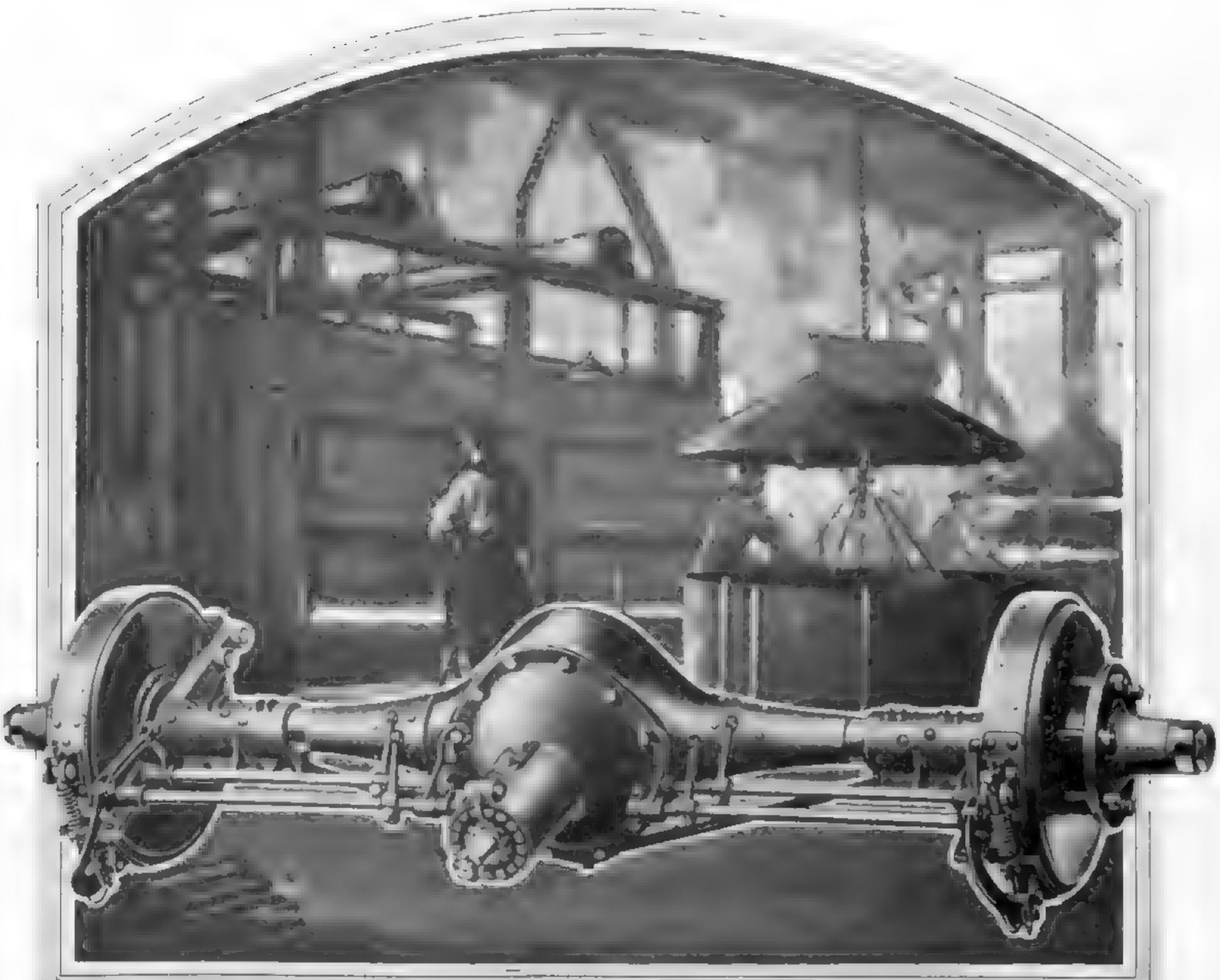
The sunlight falls on a watery world
And the leaves on the vast still lake are whirled;
And the winds at dawn where the live oaks arch
Are sounding the reveille call for March.
The birds are winging home from afar
To the lands where the floods and the roses are,
And the mocking bird, where the hedge is set,
Entreats the thrush to a gay duet.

Swiftly swinging with flashing oar
The john-boats ferry from shore to shore;
The big house stands on its knoll and deep
The yellow waters round it sweep;
But it stands in its steady and steadfast pride
With its columned portico stretching wide;
No matter what fortunes and floods about,
The gate hangs open, the latchstring out.

But day by day past the great levee
The slow wide flood sweeps down to sea,
And dark and warm is the sandy silt
That the crawling current has dropped and spilt;
And the warm spring winds blow over the land
Till the chill and damp from the earth are fanned,
And the plowshare mints to a living gold
A harvest like Pharaoh's were of old.

Though it's far I am from the flood-plain's reach,
When the ice floats down and the winds beseech
And the great waves rise on the river's crest,
Then my heart flies home to its watery nest;
To dream old dreams of the years that were,
In the springs when wind and wave were astir
And over the long low land in the flood
Love sang with the stars in the solitude.





SALISBURY AXLES

The special processes of forging and heat treatment employed in the building of Salisbury Axles are in strict conformance with the most advanced principles of engineering practice. It has always been the Salisbury policy to adopt every means which would elevate the high standard of Salisbury Quality to an even more enviable plane.

Salisbury Axles have won a reputation for themselves as products of strength and stamina. These qualities have been unvarying ever since Salisbury, as the oldest institution in the industry, first began building axles for motor cars. And we have made a covenant with ourselves that the Salisbury standard thereby established shall never be departed from.

SALISBURY AXLE COMPANY, JAMESTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

JOSS

(Continued from Page 9)

jumped to his feet. He reached for the pick which lay beside him. He grabbed the gold pan with his left hand. As fast as his limping feet could travel he hobbled out of the bed of Cañon Creek. He trotted breathlessly across a thousand feet of rough open ground. He came upon an area of ground two hundred feet square which stood eight or ten feet above the country about it. This undisturbed area carried a thick growth of an underbrush from which lifted the green masses of a dozen tall trees. The old man clawed violently with his pick against the upper face of the gravel bank.

"Sixty years them danged stiffs has laid here dead," he breathed, "and nobody never thought of it before."

The compact gravel bank of the isolated area lay exposed before him. He picked up the gold pan and scraped it heavily against the face of the gravel until it was half filled. He retraced his steps toward the waters of Cañon Creek. In the lee of a great bowlder he dipped the edge of the gold pan under the surface of the eddying current. He clawed deep in the clouded slush of the pan, casting out the larger pieces of gravel as his trembling fingers encountered them. Carefully he trailed the remaining contents of the pan round the perimeter of its dished interior. In the tail of the stringing sand that raced in the groove of the pan he saw coarse gold. Between two pebbles in the pan there lay a yellow nugget.

"A buckshot slug!" he exulted. "Discovery Thirteen, an' a graveyard bonanza!" In five seconds his manner changed. "Steady, you ol' fool," he whispered. "The woods has eyes."

He made his way quickly to the site of his camp. He scooped out a hole in the sand with his gold pan and in it he buried his blankets and his little supply of food. He retrieved the short-handled pick and carried it a little way downstream where with the coffeepot and the gold pan it was submerged in the deep pool. He left the ashes of his camp fire and the other evidences of his visit without making any attempt to conceal them.

At eleven o'clock he boarded the south-bound train at Gold Run.

At ten o'clock that night he crossed from Oakland and walked into the Ferry Building at the foot of Market Street in San Francisco. Twenty minutes later he transferred from a Sacramento Street car to Hyde Street. At eleven o'clock he rang the bell at the entrance of Senator King's elaborate residence on Russian Hill.

"Tell Old Man King that Moccasin West wants to see him," he said to the man at the door.

"The senator is not in," the servant replied.

"I'll wait until he comes in," the old man said. "If his girl, Miss 'Lizabeth, is here, I'll talk to her until he gets back."

"Miss King has retired for the night."

"Tell her that Moccasin West is here," the old man commanded. "She'll git up."

On a day early in August Ming Sun Tai summoned his secretary.

"Please have the big touring car here at one o'clock this afternoon," he directed. "I shall journey to the hills of yesterday's treasure gold and kneel at the grave of my father. You will accompany me."

Alone, Ming Sun Tai set about the business of packing the impediments of his various religions. In a suitcase he placed the one-stringed banjo. Round the neck of it he coiled the beads of the rosary. Beside it, wrapped about the little statue of Milo Fo, was a prayer rug. These things he placed compactly in one end of the suitcase and against them, wrapped in squares of padded yellow silk, he packed a silver incense burner, two candlesticks and two silver flower vases. In the corner of the suitcase he placed a little case containing the steel necklace which carried the sapphire, the ruby, the emerald and the diamond. He wrapped a yard of raw silk about a crucifix. Over the contents of the suitcase he laid two flat ivory tablets on which were engraved the legends of his two ancestral names. In another suitcase he placed a box of cigars, twelve pounds of roast pork, still warm from the ovens of his kitchen, a roast chicken and two roast ducks.

At one o'clock Ming Sun Tai descended to the street, where before his house his touring car awaited him. His secretary, Gee Lum, sat beside him.

"We will go by way of Stockton," Ming Sun Tai directed, "and through Colfax to Gold Run."

In the senator's residence Moccasin West greeted Senator King with a respectful familiarity derived from an acquaintance of many years. The old man proceeded directly to business.

"Savin' the Bear Crick deal, which I'd ought to have knowed better, account of it bein' a ledge proposition, I never rung no false alarms or bought no chips in no game what didn't pan. I made twelve strikes. This thirteenth discovery, graveyard though she be, is the biggest of all!"

His voice trembled in his excitement.

"Steady down," the senator counseled. "Steady down and tell me about it. Have a drink. This was good bourbon before we saw the Centennial Show."

The old man waved the drink aside.

"I quit four years ago," he said, "when I went broke and got religion. In '51 she run a million to the acre south of Dutch Flat. Coarse gold from the grass roots down." His voice was labored. "And boy! There's an acre that ain't never been touched—the acre where the smallpox gang from the Bear Crick placers was buried in '52. There's a million dollars waitin' there, but she needs to be legislated loose—and a quick clean-up."

Senator King jumped to his feet.

"Great Jehoshaphat, Moccasin!"

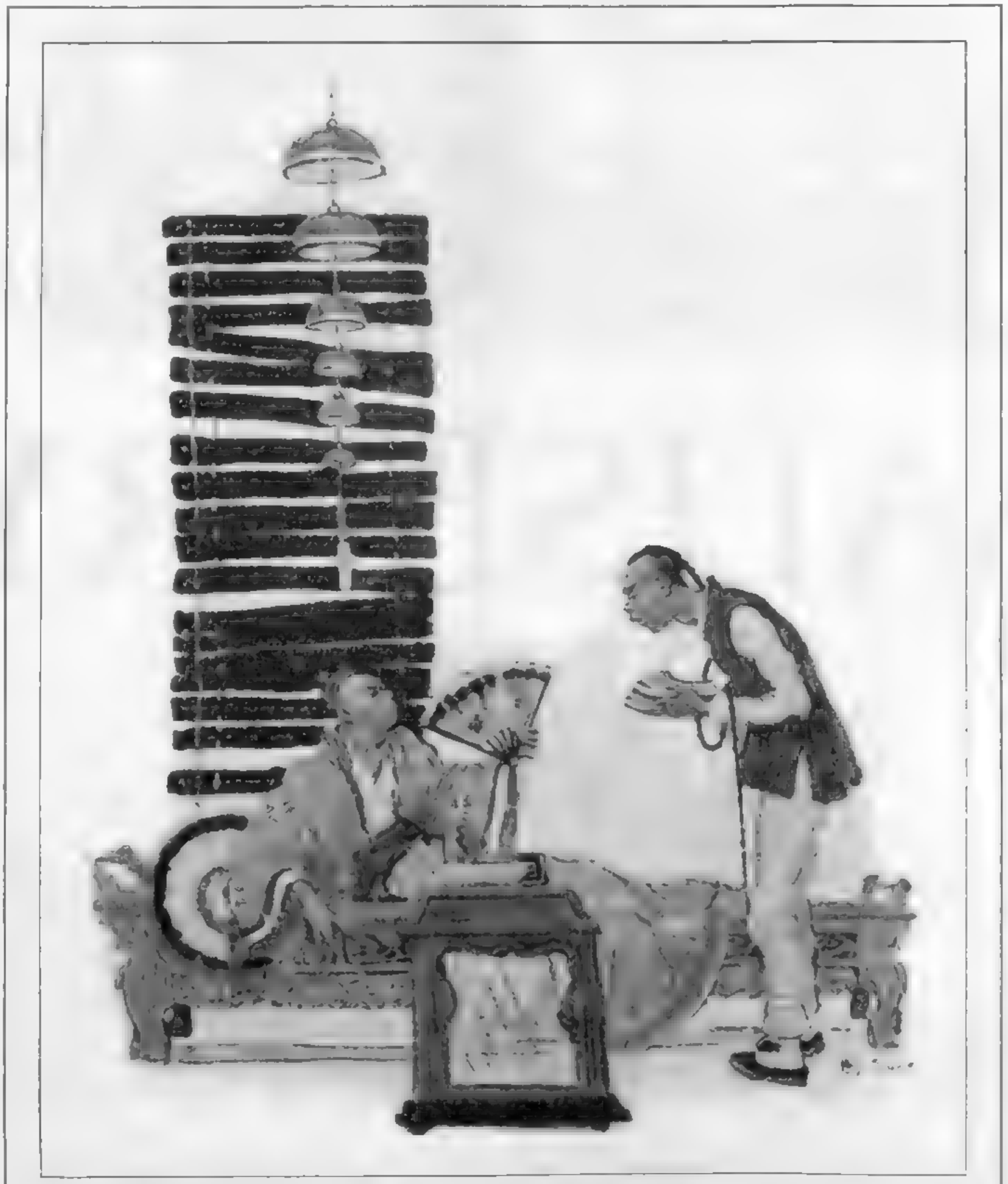
The senator gulped the drink which he had offered his companion a little while before. Then for a space of ten minutes he sat silent. He spoke slowly.

"Stake it!" he said. "Stake it as quick as you can get back. Clean up as quick as you can. I will have your crews started in there to-morrow and I'll square the legal end of it at the next session. We play it fifty-fifty after the bills are paid."

The old man stuck out his hand.

"You an' me—equal shares. That's done!" He breathed heavily. "Boy, I feel backslid enough to take a drink of that liquor now."

An hour later Moccasin West lay drunk in one of the guest rooms of Senator King's residence on Russian Hill.



At twilight in the placer-scarred bed of Cañon Creek south of Dutch Flat, Ming Sun Tai lighted a stick of incense from the glowing end of his fifty-cent cigar. The incense burned dull red at the origin of the twisted thread of smoke which spun in the early moonlight that lay on the western slope of Moody Ridge. He set the stick of incense on a gray bowlder and fixed it upright with three little pebbles.

"Pai seung tai," the Chinaman whispered. "In the love of a man's ancestors he accomplishes the worship of the gods."

He continued his course up the bed of Cañon Creek. A thousand feet farther on he lighted another stick of incense. To his left

(Concluded on Page 122)

YOUR MOST CONSCIENTIOUS WORKMAN

The present overwhelming demands for manufactured goods make increased production an immediate necessity.

Tests, carefully conducted by many industrial managers, have proved that good light, plenty of light, properly directed light—is the quickest and most inexpensive means of increasing production.

Industrial lighting which has not been modernized within the past five years is obsolete. In limiting production, obsolete lighting is an unnecessary, unwarranted expense.

An increased production of 10% to 15%, at a cost of about 1% of the pay-roll, has been accomplished by a higher intensity of light with Edison MAZDA lamps.

Definite facts and figures, which will be sent to any industrial manager on request, prove the saving and the earning power of better lighting in every manufacturing process.

EDISON MAZDA

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

PEERLESS
2 POWER RANGE EIGHT

"NOTHING GREAT WAS EVER ACHIEVED WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM"

IT IS CERTAIN that Emerson did not have in mind those temporary excitements that change with the wind; he was speaking of that enduring, forward-looking earnestness that achieves its finest expression in the attainment of a long-sought ideal.

Here in the Peerless factory we have no love for excitable people, the peaks and valleys of whose natures are reached with a sudden change of the weather, or the blare of a brass band, or a fluctuation of the stock market.

We have a task to perform here which requires poise, self-control; orderliness and concentration—a task that has meant for more than eighteen years the removal rather than the circumventing of obstacles.

We have held our course steady in storm and fair weather. We have seen many a motor car model come and go these past five years since the birthday of the Two-power-range, Eight-cylinder Peerless. We have seen the wind of public opinion blow hot and cold upon each new design. But this car, built upon a foundation of pioneering experience, designed to meet every demand, put together part by part from the product of our own factory, has remained fundamentally unchanged, the expression of a long-sustained enthusiasm for an ideal.

Those who are driving today the first cars of this great two-power-range, eight-cylinder line are experiencing the same deep satisfaction and pride of ownership as those who yesterday drove their new cars away from our sales rooms.

Touring Car or Roadster $2900 — Coupé $3500
Sedan $3700 — Sedan-Limousine $3900

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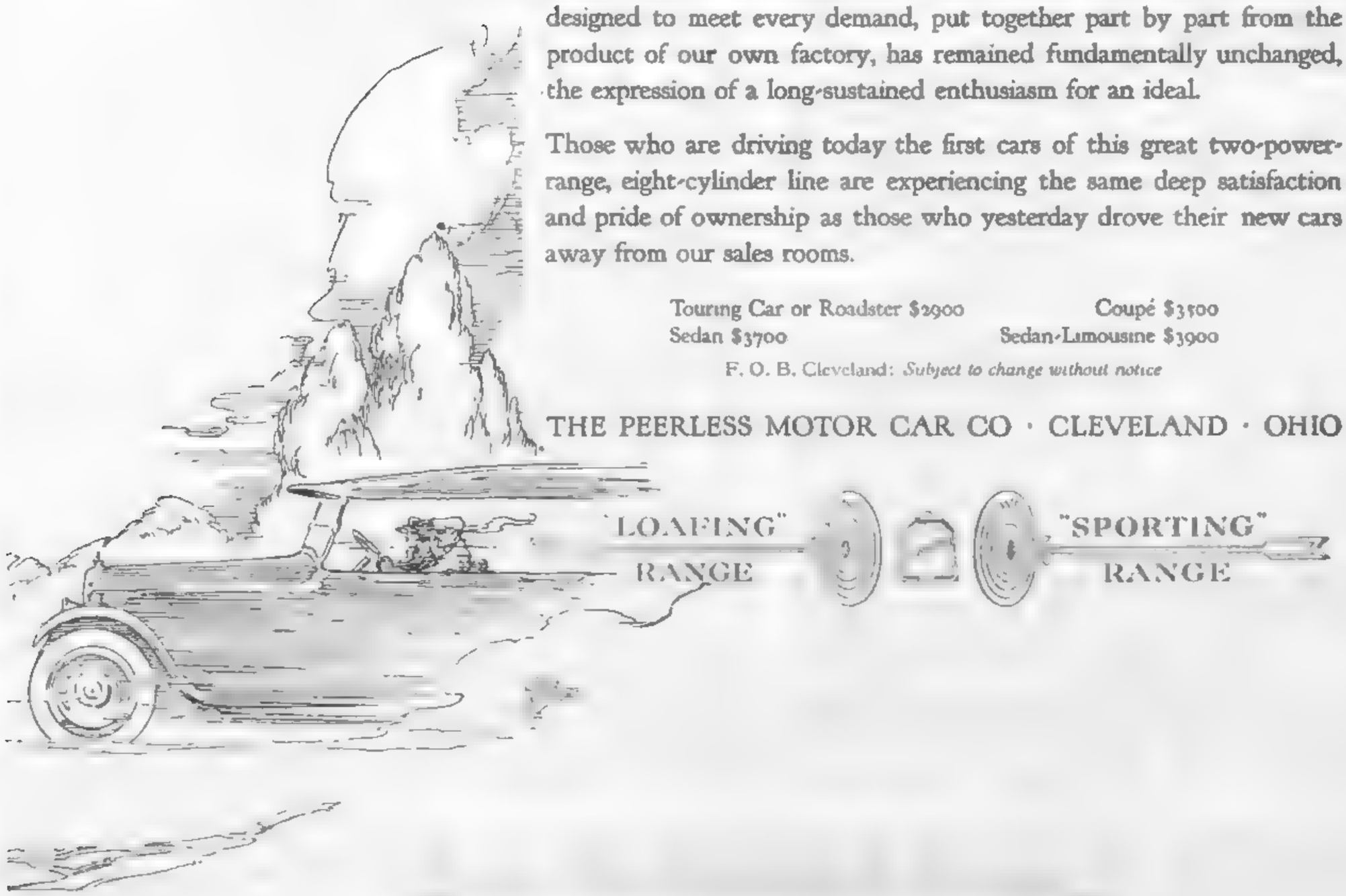

(Concluded from Page 118)

lay a half mile of open flat, slashed and bruised and welted from the conflict which had waged in the days when yellow gold lay from the grass roots to bed rock beneath.

Rising abruptly from the disturbed terrain about it, an area of ground two hundred feet square lay black beneath the trees which grew upon it. Across the flat toward this ground walked Ming Sun Tai. The loose gravel rolled under his feet as he climbed the six-foot slope which led to the shadows that fell from the silent trees. A little ledge of soil laced with roots rose in a three-foot face vertically before him. He gained the crumbling edge. For a moment he stood at his full height with his arms raised above him. He looked to the south, where in the evening sky hung the August moon.

"Nam Soy Sing Yan," he breathed. "Sleeping near me in his grave rests the beloved father whom I knew in my childhood."

He called to his secretary standing on the slope below him.

"Hand me the suitcases," he said. "Wait where you are for me. Before the new day dawns I shall have completed my devotions."

Eighty feet into the pool of darkness beneath the sentinel trees Ming Sun Tai looked above him and traced against the lighted sky the branching silhouette of a great pine. Near the base of this tree beside a weathered mound of earth he set the suitcases down. He opened one of them and from it he removed two ducks, the chicken and the twelve-pound piece of roast pork. He placed this food at the head of the mound of earth. From the other suitcase he removed the two flat ivory tablets on which were engraved the legends of his ancestral names. He fixed these upright at the foot of the mound of earth. He removed the silk winding sheet from about the crucifix. He set the crucifix between the two ivory tablets. He removed the statue of Milo Fo, and after spreading out the prayer rug in which the statue was wrapped he set the small idol upright before the crucifix. About the neck of the statue there hung the rosary.

"Each of the rivers of righteousness," he whispered, "has its source in the lake of heaven."

On the prayer rug in front of the statue of Milo Fo he placed the silver incense burner, the two candlesticks and the two silver flower vases. He lighted one of the yellow candles. For a moment he held a stick of incense in the candle flame. He placed the burning incense in its silver receptacle.

For an hour he knelt before this shrine, silent except for the whispered phrases of his various rituals. He lighted the candle in the second candlestick and extinguished the first one. He picked up the banjo with the single string. He held the banjo near to the lighted candle. From the tense string there sounded the whine of a sharp note.

The flame of the candle quivered its response. In the unsteady light the little wrinkles about the glowing eyes of the image of Milo Fo danced in the semblance of a smile.

About his own neck Ming Sun Tai placed the steel necklace and its four pendant jewels. The little steel hook clicked into the link from which the sapphire hung.

"Thy spirit lives," he said. "From thy throne beside the gods of yesterday look now upon thy son. Here in the darkness sleeps the clay that was thy temporary resting place. A little while, illustrious one and my unworthy soul shall join its source in the infinite blue of the sapphire skies."

The east was gray. Ming Sun Tai extinguished the candle. Presently the miscellany of his several religions was replaced in the suitcase. He made his way to the edge of the oasis of underbrush, where his secretary waited for him.

"We will return to San Francisco now," he said to Gee Lum.

Before the pair had moved a thousand feet down the bed of Cañon Creek an army of ants had opened an attack upon the two roast ducks. The twelve-pound roast of pork which lay near the head of the mound of earth fell prey to the fangs of a prowling coyote.

Moccasin West and a crew of twenty men got off the east-bound train at Gold Run three hours before Ming Sun Tai and his secretary drove upon the ferry at Oakland. At Gold Run various pieces of crated machinery were unloaded from the express car. Besides the machinery there were four heavy boxes of tools, two thousand fire brick, a cookstove, a thousand pounds of groceries and thirty kegs of spikes. On the road leading from Gold Run to Dutch Flat, opposite the sawmill near Little York, twelve truckloads of lumber awaited the orders of Moccasin West. Leading the convoy of loaded motor trucks were five light steam shovels, each in the wake of a vicious-looking gasoline tractor.

At nine o'clock that night in the flare of a string of carbide lights a thousand-foot flume had been built along the bed of Cañon Creek.

Five days later half of the area of the oasis about the grave of the father of Ming Sun Tai had been robbed of its gold by the sluices that lay beyond the flume. Moccasin West wrote a telegram that night addressed to Senator King.

"Better than an ounce to the yard," he advised. "Will clean up next week."

One week later Senator King's car drove through the red dust that lay on the road beyond Gold Run. A little beyond the place where the wagon road crosses the railway, halfway between Gold Run and Dutch Flat, the senator stopped. From a shack through the roof of which rose the stack of a temporary furnace Moccasin West stepped forth. He greeted the senator with an announcement of success.

"The clean-up makes fifteen thousand ounces. I just finished meltin' up the last bunch of dust. We got nearly a thousand pounds of bullion."

The senator held out his hand.

"Shake!" he said. "You're a whirlwind. Load it up and let's get out of here."

Chin Sang, the cake-baking pride of Pine Tree Lodge, cooked a pill of good black opium in his room which opened off the kitchen he ruled. With the reaction of his third deep drag the fatigue of eighty years of withering life on earth was forgotten. Chin Sang stowed his pipe away and dressed himself in a pair of substantial new overalls and a new blue-denim jumper. On his number-seven feet he wore a pair of comfortable number-twelve black shoes. He picked up a high-crowned black felt hat. Feeling himself ornately dressed, he sought the proprietress of Pine Tree Lodge.

"Miss Fan, I go San Francisco," he said abruptly. "Come back fo' day."

The lady boss looked at him.

"You are a month fast," she objected. "You're not due to go to San Francisco until September."

"Come back fo' day," the monarch of the kitchen repeated. "Goo'-by."

"The heathen!" thought the lady boss.

"I should worry," reflected Chin Sang. He boarded a train and sought seclusion in the heavy homelike air of the smoking car, where like an old beetle he sat quietly until he arrived at Oakland. He crossed the bay and walked up Sacramento Street from the Ferry Building in San Francisco. He turned on Grant Avenue and presently on Washington Street he stood at the entrance of the residence of Ming Sun Tai.

"Say that I would have speech with the honorable one," he directed when the door was opened.

Ming Sun Tai received the old man in a great room wherein an open fire burned brightly on a green stone hearth. Chin Sang proceeded directly to business.

"Last week the grave of your father was destroyed," he said. "The earth about it has been washed away by a group of men in quest of the gold that the ground contains."

Ming Sun Tai received this news in silence, and then in a voice stressed with an emotion which taxed his powers of control, "Tell me in detail what you know," he directed.

Chin Sang gave him the facts as he had learned them.

"The organization was directed by a miner of the old days—a prospector whom I have known for many years. His California name is West. They call him Moccasin West."

Ming Sun Tai summoned his secretary.

"Who is the man from whom a prospector by the name of West obtains his financial backing?"

The secretary left the room. He returned five minutes later.

"The miner, Moccasin West, was a guest at the house of Senator King sixteen days ago. On the morning of his departure for Gold Run he cashed a check for twelve thousand dollars. The check was signed by Senator King."

Ming Sun Tai addressed his countryman who had journeyed from Pine Tree Lodge.

"Return to your work," he said. "My secretary has a gift of gold for you."

The cake-baking king of Pine Tree Lodge left him. Ming Sun Tai sat alone for the space of an hour, then abruptly he made his way to the entrance hall of his house. He put on a shabby overcoat and a battered gray cap and walked into the night. Six minutes after midnight he ascended a dark stairway leading from a door that opened on Ross Alley. Halfway up these stairs he stopped. His exploring fingers brushed lightly over the rough wall paper. They encountered a ridge where the paper lay over a string that had been stretched on the surface of the plastered wall before the paper had been pasted thereon. His fingers followed this ridge to its end. He pressed lightly on the flat surface. Behind him on the opposite side of the stairway a door opened. He turned and entered this door. Twelve minutes later he returned to his home.

"To-morrow night," he said to his secretary, "at eight o'clock Senator King and his daughter will call at this house. I will receive them in this room. At some hour to-night the senator will arrive from the gold hills in Placer County. He is driving a dark-blue touring car. With him, besides his chauffeur, is one man. There is a thousand pounds of gold bullion in the car. Without injury to the senator or either of his companions see that this gold is removed from the car. Place it in the room of my devotions beneath the shrine of Milo Fo. I suggest that the work be accomplished in the shadows of the Ferry Building at Oakland."

On the following day the afternoon papers blazed with an inaccurate account of the bullion robbery. At four o'clock Ming Sun Tai telephoned to Senator King.

"It will give me great pleasure if you and your daughter will dine with me at my residence to-night. I wish to discuss the subject of foreign missions with her and with you"—he paused—"perhaps I can help you find the gold which you have lost."

That night at eight o'clock, besides the senator and his daughter, Ming Sun Tai entertained another guest.

"Song Lee," he said in introducing his countryman, "is the character actor of Canton."

Miss King smiled sweetly at Ming Sun Tai's guest.

"How interesting! Do you speak English?" she asked.

"I was educated at Oxford," Song Lee replied.

For a little while the senator held forth on the topic uppermost in his mind.

"Come easy, go easy," he said. "The three hundred thousand dollars don't worry me much, but I hate to look like a damn fool, and old Moccasin West promises to drink himself into an early grave at the age of seventy if we don't find the gold."

Ming Sun Tai smiled slowly.

"You will find the gold. There are many things in life that mean much more than gold. Work is the greatest thing—then love. Come with me," he said to the senator. "You are just now under great mental stress. I would show you the way to peace."

The senator followed Ming Sun Tai until they came upon the narrow door of carved ebony which opened into the little room wherein were the several deities. The Chinaman reached for a red silk coat which hung against the wall.

"Put this about you," he said to the senator. "On your head wear this mandarin cap. There, you are quite transformed. Be seated on that cushion."

Ming Sun Tai touched the eye of the gilded tiger carved in the wood of the shrine before them and from beneath the silver incense burner there slowly appeared the shallow drawer in which lay coiled the necklace of steel with its four flaming jewels. He lighted both of the candles which stood before the shrine. Smoke from a stick of incense spun softly from its glowing spark. With the little steel hook Ming Sun Tai fastened the necklace about the throat of Senator King.

"Wear this," he said. "The diamond is for earth, the ruby for the sun, green moonlight shines from the emerald and in the blue of the sapphire is the radiance of the celestial skies. And now for a little while remain here in meditation. Presently I will return."

Ming Sun Tai left the shrine room and sought Miss King and the character actor of Canton in the drawing-room. After a moment the actor bowed and left them.

"I have dreamed of a world," said Ming Sun Tai, "in which love would find expression in unselfishness. We possess life in its approximate perfection. We enjoy our right to life only after we buy it—after we pay the unit installments of our moral obligations—day by day and year by year, as long as life endures."

For a little while they talked together. They were interrupted by a servant of the house.

"The senator's chauffeur wishes to speak with Miss King," the servant announced. The man was admitted.

"I have been away for a few minutes, Miss King," he said. "I just now returned from taking Senator King to the Southern Pacific Station at Third and Townsend. He said to tell you that he did not know just when he would return."

At the moment in the shadows of the train shed of the Southern Pacific Station at Third and Townsend, Song Lee, the character actor of Canton, was removing the putty and wax and the paints which had given his face the semblance of that of Senator King.

The senator's chauffeur withdrew.

"The teachings of Christianity are beautiful," Ming Sun Tai continued to the senator's daughter. "To the practical moral code of Confucius they add the crowning quality of spiritual perfection."

He opened his check book. Presently he handed Miss King a check for three hundred thousand dollars.

"Accept this," he said. "It is my wish that the interest from this money be used under your direction for the work of the Christian missions in China. You will excuse me now? I shall escort you to your car."

After Miss King departed Ming Sun Tai made his way to the shrine room of his ancestral devotions.

"Now," he said to Senator King, who was seated before the shrine, "we will continue in our search for peace."

His hand reached for a crimson cloth which hung to the floor from the edge of the shrine. Quickly he snatched the cloth away. Piled solidly on the enameled tiles of the floor lay the bricks of gold bullion. In his surprise the senator leaned forward. Ming Sun Tai stepped close beside him. The Chinaman's swift fingers reached for the little steel hook of the necklace. He removed it quickly from the diamond of earth. The hook clicked sharply into the link above the sapphire of the skies.

Ming Sun Tai stepped backward through the narrow door. It closed behind him. Presently the eyes of Milo Fo smiled upon the senator's livid face. The fine steel links of the necklace were buried deep in the congested flesh of the senator's throat. For a little while the sapphire of the celestial skies pulsed in unison with the futile surges of the senator's heart. Then finally it was still.

Forty feet from the edge of the ferry slip near Fishermen's Wharf a closed car slowed to a four-mile speed. Its driver stepped from it to the deck of the pier. The slashing beam from the searchlight on Alcatraz Island stabbed through the night. For an instant its rays illuminated the interior of the plunging car. They fell upon the livid face of Senator King.

Five seconds later the light flashed again on the unquiet waters which had closed above the car and its occupant.

At the second hour of morning Ming Sun Tai returned to the shrine room of his ancestral devotions. About the neck of Milo Fo gleamed the four pendant jewels. Ming Sun Tai picked up the one-stringed banjo. The silence was broken by the whine of a sharp note. In the dim candlelight the little wrinkles about the eyes of Milo Fo quivered in the semblance of a smile.

"That is accomplished," whispered Ming Sun Tai. "Now into the celestial skies shall drift the incense of my devotion."

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Write today for a real business-building, profit-making proposition—literature and the book "How to Make a Phonograph Dept. Pay—BIG" will be included.

VITANOLA TALKING MACHINE COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

DRY MANHATTANS

(Continued from Page 14)

were hooked, and eventually decided to go through with it. They would be game anyway.

The Six-Day Race always begins at midnight of the first day of the week and ends at midnight Saturday. Out of mere curiosity many gathered outside the Garden—or attempted to gather there—that first night, just to see how the nonalcoholic show would take. The whole town was curious. New York after all is but a big village, and but for its size would dearly love to gather round the town pump and gossip.

The demand for tickets at the last moment luckily gave the promoters an inkling as to what they might expect. One of them, a former army officer, decided to prepare for any eventuality. He consulted the police, and it was fortunate that he did. For one time the police had imagination.

At ten o'clock that night a large force of reserves surrounded the Garden. Those in command had not miscalculated. But for this wise preparatory action there would have been a riot. Long before the starting hour the Garden was packed to capacity and an enormous crowd still hung on, willing to fight its way in. To prevent traffic from being blocked the police estimate that they turned away at least ten thousand!

Shops Empty on Saturday Night

To the growing amazement of the promoters, and the whole town, this state of affairs continued throughout the week. At ten o'clock of the closing night the turnstiles showed a total attendance well upward of a hundred thousand. Every seat had been filled every hour during the grind. The records of twenty-seven years had been completely smashed. And at that late hour thousands were outside clamoring to get in. And not a drink had been sold!

What is the answer?

Queer, unexpected things like that now furnish New York with most of its gossip. A man who celebrated success with the courageous promoters that night offers this view:

Whether the unexpected success was due to prohibition or to the mad wave of spending that is sweeping over New York is a question, but certainly the effect of prohibition is partly responsible. Look at it this way: There are approximately 11,000 saloons in Greater New York—or were. It is reasonable to estimate that at least ten men—and that is extremely conservative—were accustomed to hanging round each of those saloons a night, making a sort of club of it. With the clamping down of prohibition the saloons no longer held interest, and 110,000 men were turned loose on the streets at night, men who do not go home as a rule, but prefer to seek amusement. The Six-Day Race had furnished these men and many others their first opportunity of the winter for staying up all night. After twelve o'clock there was no other place to go.

Is that the answer? If it is so obvious why did nobody think of it in advance?

So do not draw a conclusion too quickly. Other odd quirks in Manhattan's daily life have bobbed up as a result of the great drought, just as surprising.

On the Saturday night following the close of the Six-Day Race a man—a man under rather direct authority of my wife—was detailed to purchase some odds and ends from a small department store on upper Broadway. The owner of this store—he was alone except for a none-too-busy clerk in the rear—appeared receptive to a bit of gossip. The Six-Day Race was a natural subject.

"I don't know whether it's prohibition or not," he declared, "but if you think that is a puzzle I can give you one really worth while.

"Perhaps you can offer an explanation of what's happening to our Saturday-night trade. You can see for yourself that this store is empty of customers. Look in any of the others along Broadway and you'll find the same thing."

Later I did, and confirmed his statement.

"It has come to such a state now," he went on, "that I am thinking seriously of closing up at five o'clock Saturday afternoon just like the big stores do downtown. The trade barely pays the lighting expense or the clerk hire. What's become of it?"

This situation, it developed, rose with the advent of prohibition. In the past the stores did their biggest business on Saturday night. The smaller uptown shops always had looked forward to that as the crowning event of the week. Many stores that formerly had to hire extra help now have to cut down. To make sure of the condition's being general inquiries were made on the East Side. Over there merchants were also trying to figure out the puzzle.

"I have come to the conclusion," declared the department-store man, "that it is due to the saloons' being closed. That may strike you as an odd statement, but wait till I show you the odd reason. A lot of men formerly came home with their pay envelopes on Saturday night and found their wives waiting for their share—the house-running funds. After turning over that money the man would take the rest and amuse himself at the corner saloon. The housewife took her money and bought up supplies for the week. It was her one chance and she took every advantage of making her purchases quickly. She knew her husband would not have much of his share left by Monday. Now what has happened? Why"—and he emphasized his conclusion with a positive nod of the head—"there is nothing in the saloons that the husband wants. He must have his amusement, so he goes to a moving-picture show and takes the wife with him. It's his night off and he's going to enjoy it somehow. Of course there are a few left who will buy drinks in speak-easy fashion, but there are mighty few men who will pay fifty or seventy-five cents for a single drink. Think what a round would cost! They simply can't do it."

"But what becomes of the marketing?" I asked.

Monday Morning Cash Hang-Over

"Why, they both have money left over on Monday, and the wife does it during the week. You see, my sales for the week are about as large as ever. There is no falling off in the gross."

Is that the answer?

A neighboring grocer saw nothing to worry about. He did not mind taking it easy on Saturday night.

"It's simply a shift of the money," he announced with finality. "The moving pictures are getting what the saloons missed, and we are breaking even. You see, a round of pictures does not cost so much as a round of drinks, and besides you never think of asking anybody to have another. What's left over the man can spend on theaters or sport. The main difference I notice is that I sell more coffee and candy. Of course I miss my wine sales, but I kinder feel lucky that they haven't stopped me from smoking cigarettes."

A dignified old manufacturer of foreign birth entered the discussion at a downtown club the next night—everybody is doing it now—and decried any suggestion that prohibition might account for the record-breaking attendance at places of amusement.

"Prohibition has nothing to do with it," he asserted. "I never went into a saloon in my life, and there are thousands of men just like me in New York. Still, I am attending more amusements than I ever did before. Why? I'll tell you. It's because the working people are making so much money they don't know what to do with it. For instance, I have a daughter who speaks three languages, and for the first time in her life she has taken a position. She does not have to work, but wants to. They are paying her a big salary. Why, on Christmas she received for a present a check for a hundred and twenty-five dollars. She has bought everything she needs or wants, and she still has extra money. What does she do with it? In an endeavor to show her prosperity she asks me and her mother nearly every night to let her take us to a theater. Prohibition has nothing to do with that. You'll find many others just like my daughter."

Gold Mines in Squared Circles

Among those interested in amusement enterprises there is no wild clamor to locate the exact cause of this rush to their turnstiles. They are rather content to chuckle and make hay while the sun shines. If it be due to prohibition these people, many of whom are strongly antiprohibition, declare that the joke is on the drys. They point out with great glee that many of the leaders in the prohibition movement were also leaders in a movement to stop boxing, Sunday baseball and Sunday moving-picture shows. By getting prohibition they have unwittingly brought prosperity to the other things they were against.

"Don't say a word," suggested a little fight club manager, "or they'll get on."

Over in New Jersey, where boxing clubs are permitted—they are not in New York—real-estate men are being rushed to find halls wherein such sport may be presented to the public. Until this odd turn of things became evident with the advent of the drought the pugilistic impresarios had much apprehension as to their future.

Just before Christmas one club in Newark announced an attractive card of bouts, feeling secure in having a hall that would seat three thousand. On the night of the show they were overwhelmed. A crowd of more than three thousand went over from New York alone. The price of tickets is not even considered nowadays. The attendance is limited only by capacity.

The baseball clubs, the race tracks and college football show record figures of attendance for the season. Baseball and racing were going at a lively clip, though, prior to the blight. Still, they showed a proportionate increase after June. Pool and billiard room keepers say their places are packed nightly. They attribute it to the fact that New Yorkers simply must have some place to go.

In New York we know that Manhattan is not considered representative of the country at large. Visitors have a habit of clearing up that point at the first opportunity. It is unlikely, though, that other cities have not encountered some of the blessings and tragedies—unexpected ones—that are now furnishing our town with gossip.

For instance, prohibition has rid us or deprived us—according to the way you look at it—of the after-dinner speaker. With a dignified reluctance he is slowly following the retreat of the high hat, the hansom and the highball. The club raconteur and the old-time saloon comedian are at his heels. The death knell of the after-dinner speaker sounded when the Volstead Enforcement Act began its real offensive.

Do not get the impression that the raconteur and dinner orator has run out of material. Far from it. He is gorged with material, in fact. But he has run out of listeners. It develops now that it was the listeners who made the after-dinner speaker possible, not the contrary.

All of us can remember the old days—or nights—when even the rakish tilt of the toastmaster's cigar was good for a hearty chuckle. But no more. An unliquored audience at a dinner doesn't seem to see anything funny in anything any more. One of the most famous after-dinnerites in America declared rather peevishly at a club the other night that he would never make a dinner speech again in his life. In the midst of his funniest passage he discovered three guests looking out the window and another group figuring on the price of oil stocks.

To lose this man seemed a catastrophe. Ways and means were put in motion to have at least one more good laugh before everything had been enveloped in the pall. The dinner committee of this club devised a new form of invitation, which has been taken up by similar institutions round town. In place of the time-honored R. S. V. P. which formerly decorated the left-hand corner of the invitation there now appears a cryptic B. Y. O. L. And it wasn't so cryptic, at that. In response to the first invitation of the club fifty per cent of the guests actually did bring their own liquor.

The Humiliation of Broadway

This sop to the after-dinner speaker staved off his inevitable effacement one more step, but after all it proved just a sop. Succeeding dinners at that club fell short of calculated results. At others second attempts are also failing. The person possessed in fee simple of any liquor that he may call his own is taking few chances with such treasure among a lot of diners. Round town there is an unprinted and unofficial yet perfectly accurate census of persons possessed of rich cellars. These barons—formerly prodigals—are invited to all dinners—a careful committee sees to that—but their growing and canny conservatism is one of the impending perils of us dry Manhattans. These spirituous and vinous Croesuses may tolerate an after-dinner speech for old times' sake, but to furnish ammunition for the audience is another matter.

Verily New York is dying hard. With its polyglot citizenship, its convivial night life, so attractive to visitors, its habits of European importation fused with a few added touches of its own, and its resentment at what it considers outside interference—Broadway is not easily comforted. And the worst of it is, there is a feeling that outsiders are poking fun at us.

One indignant boulevardier called attention the other night to the stinging taunts of his friend who had come to town with five hundred dollars to spend in looking the old burg over—and not a place to look.

(Concluded on Page 127)

Barrett Everlastic Roofings
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BARRETT EVERLASTIC ROOFS are made in four styles suitable for every type of steep-roofed structure.
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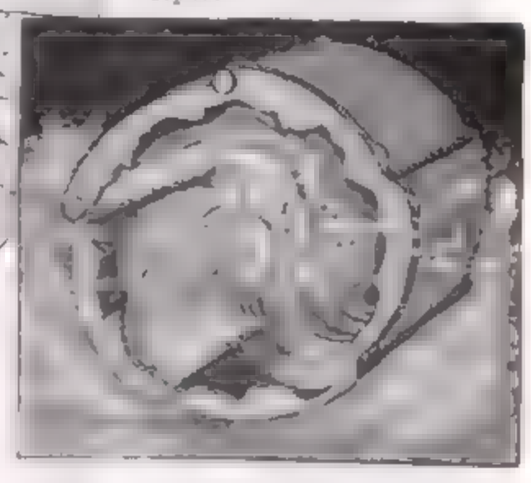
The old-time millrace which inspired the Maytag millrace principle.



End of cylinder cut away showing action of water produced by the millrace principle.

Because of the scientific millrace principle the Maytag Cabinet Electric Washer will cleanse your daintiest frocks, blouses or lingerie or your heaviest blankets, sheets, spreads, underwear, etc.

-even better than hands and wash board

This wonderful Maytag millrace principle—the result of 14 years experience—is based on the fact that all cloth is woven like a piece of wire screen—that most dirt in a soiled piece of fabric is in the *meshes* or *pores*.

This being true, the natural and thorough way to clean clothes is to flush hot suds *through the material* and flush out the dirt that clogs the meshes. To do this the hot sudsy water *must be active*.

The Maytag cylinder has only 5 openings. Each of these is designed on the principle of the old-fashioned millrace. As the cylinder revolves the hot, soapy water is forced through these millrace gates. It enters the inside with a forceful churning action which thoroughly flushes the water *through the material*. At least 5 times during each revolution of the cylinder, or about 200 times per minute, this action takes place.

The results are simply amazing. Washings usually requiring 15 to 25 minutes come out beautifully done in 10 to 12 minutes. Blankets, portieres, spreads, rag rugs—as well as clothing with the dirt ground in are perfectly *cleaned*, and without the terrific wear of washboard rubbing.

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"The gray machine with the red spots."

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(Concluded from Page 124)

The hotels and theaters did a pretty good job in depleting the bank roll, but even that did not satisfy. He had come to New York to spend it all, and wanted to buy no clothes or furniture. He expressed the final opinion that he could have done as well in Altoona.

An arrival from Paris dropped into one of his former clubs bemoaning his fate of being retarded in the distribution of a bank roll that he had saved up for the express purpose of wakening Broadway in the cork-popping style of old. His verbal shots, poured into a humility already oppressive, became actually offensive. There was a momentary rally of the old Broadway spirit. A volunteer was found who later in the evening took our visitor to one of the roof gardens. It developed that he could have served a fruit cup containing about four glasses of kickless drink.

A discerning waiter cautiously informed the returned prodigal that it was possible to enliven the fruit punch a bit by adding a stick of whisky. Fine!

The check for the four glasses, thus reenforced, came to thirty-five dollars plus the tip. Our friend felt better.

"That," he observed, reaching for the wallet that had burned, "is doing very well—I'll say it is."

After all it is this man from out of town who becomes querulous and plaintive over the restrictions imposed by the drought, sowing seeds of discontent among the natives, who no longer can help him spend his money. For years he has been in the habit of saving up for one big splurge in Manhattan, and usually had it on time. This man accepts, as a matter of course, the situation in his home town. But, he figures, surely he can get what he wants in New York. Failure in that direction he takes as a personal affront, and old Broadwayites become the object of his derision. Among New Yorkers themselves the percentage of these prodigals is small. A Manhattanite has to live on the island every day, while the trips of the plungers are periodical and well spaced. Old-timers are complaining that exuberant and well-heeled visitors seem unable to understand that.

It is quite humiliating for a New Yorker to permit live one after live one to get away without spending all his money, but such is the effect of the great drought. For a long time to come there will be a little left for those who care for neither the method nor the price, but the high cost of lawbreaking is already prohibitive for the average New Yorker.

On the lips of nearly every visitor there is an inquiry as to the possibility of prohibition enforcement in the big city. There is no doubt on that subject in the minds of the home folk. As a matter of fact prohibition is enforcing itself. As an army depends upon supplies for success, so does the drinking habit.

One of the difficulties in enforcing state prohibition in the past was the manufacture of whisky and beer in adjoining states. It is different now. No whisky has been distilled for three years, and the breweries suspended operations with the passage of the Volstead Act. Sooner or later the supply is bound to become exhausted. Those who have hoarded are holding on to their treasure with a deathlike grip.

It is possible to get a drink in New York, but it is not possible for the average man to continue paying from fifty cents to one dollar for a tablespoonful of whisky. Beer is not procurable even in places that wink at the law's violation.

In addition to price enforcing the law there is an added element of fear. The numerous deaths from wood alcohol and the cases of serious illness from other concoctions sold for whisky have made New Yorkers hesitate, even when money is not a consideration. The man who imbibes illegally has no recourse if displeased or injured. He is a party to the violation.

A feeling of helplessness came over the metropolis with the advent of the Christmas holidays. Was it possible to enjoy Christmas without at least a nip or two? New York had never done that. Then rose the more serious thought of New Year's Eve. To go through that without a celebration—well, it was simply out of the question. That was going too far.

A hotel man—many consider him a patriot now—saved the situation. He was determined to have the New Year celebrated in his hotel somehow or other. From the Federal authorities he received advices that prior to January sixteenth anyone had a legal right to move his supply of liquors to his private home or to give it away to his friends. Ah, just the thing!

It was decided among several hotel men that they would give their stock—or part of it—away. They would make the usual—some made it a little unusual—cover charge for patrons who reserved tables for the celebration. These patrons would then be given all they wanted to drink. It might not be so profitable as in the old days, but there would be a New Year's celebration. And that is the way they did it.

In one place every diner was presented with a pint of champagne and the table supplied with a bottle of whisky free of charge. Those not so fortunate as to have reserved tables, content to celebrate on the streets, brought theirs with them. Many a little hoard disappeared that night. But it was a great night.

In all its years of wild flings New York never saw anything like it. Prohibition may clamp down as hard as the authorities may care to turn the thumbscrews, but New York has had its New Year's Eve. It did not stop with eve, either. At daylight there was still desultory firing.

The next morning dawned cold, but the icy wind was no more bleak than the innermost soul of those who had had their last fling. In the mad joy of the night men revelers had forgotten a time-honored institution that by all tradition should follow.

In the forenoon of the New Year they had to nurse their own wounds. There was nothing left for tapering off. There was no ministering attendant—he of the snow-white apron, the bald head, the clean shave, the soft fat hands, the eye with the sympathetic twinkle. The man who could talk to one across the bar and give one something for what ailed him was no more. His function had ceased with the coming of the law and the lack of supplies. He had been licked up in the wave of prohibition. The barkeep had gone out with the tide.

"What has become of him?" whimpered New York on that bleak morning after.

The answer is not easy. It may be, though, that he is one of those who went to the Six-Day Bicycle Race and is now crowding the Broadway theaters and the movie shows.

THE WIT CRACKER JAY

By ENOS A. MILLS

WITH much ado a flock of long-crested jays divided the contents of a vanity bag which they found by the trail. Each bird that secured a trinket flew with it into a tree for closer examination. One of the jays carrying a tiny red box in his claw alighted on a limb near where I was watching. He was followed by three or four other jays, each curious for closer inspection of the article. Handsome fellows they were in rich dark blue with long tails and high shiny black crests.

The one with the box eyed it briefly, then began pecking and hammering away at the cover. The cover dropped and the jay raised the prize in a claw for closer examination. It was a looking-glass and this flashed the sunlight in the face of a close-by staring jay. With a squawk he back-somersaulted and fled. The other jay spectators also took to the woods.

It fell to my lot to raise an orphan jay, and a most wide-awake youngster he proved. In common with his species he had wit—superior mentality—and a definite desire to enjoy himself by shouting, by playing pranks and by plaguing other fellows in feathers. Only once in a long series of deviltry did I know of his coming to grief—and this from a hen.

A Plymouth Rock with ancient instincts and strong wings flew over the high fence of the hen yard and hid a nest among bushes. Not knowing the superstition that hens' eggs are not supposed to hatch in high altitudes, she hatched her setting. Full of common sense, she used the hen yard for food and safety. Nightly she flew over the top and hovered her chicks inside the yard. Each morning after breakfast she flew out and made journeys with her chicks.

One day immediately after a summer shower she and her chicks were spied by the handsome young jay dandy. He flew to the top of a near-by pine, where for some minutes he chuckled—enjoyed in advance the panic he planned to produce. I watched him, little dreaming what was coming—nor did he.

He dived from the tree top straight for the chicken family. With whistling wings and screech he mimicked a hawk and struck among the scampering chicks beside the startled hen. She kicked him flat on his back in the mud, whacked him with her wings and trampled him with muddy feet. He escaped to the tree top, where he spent an hour or longer talking to himself while doing dry-cleaning.

A few weeks later I was writing in the sunshine just outside my cabin door when he came along and eyed me curiously. There was something on his mind. He was content to shout at a passing magpie instead of giving the usual chase. Above my head he clutched the eaves with claws, leaned far out, head downward and tail in the air, and gazed at my pencils, then gave a shrill whistle.

As he alighted in the grass near my seat I tossed a Teddybear toward him. He must have leaped ten feet into the air. From a near-by tree he scolded until I put this monster out of sight. Then he swooped down upon and clutched wildly at the several pencils and made a caricature of the pictured emblematic eagle clutching arrows. With three pencils in claws he flew to the roof. In alighting one pencil was pushed from his claws; in trying to rescue this another was dropped and both rolled off the roof. But he clung to the red pencil. The one that had caught his eye was a large one with red lead and the maker's name stamped in gilt. Holding this pencil in one claw, he tilted his head and focused one eye upon it as though trying to read the maker's name. He moved it forward and backward as though needing glasses. Finally he bit off a part of the red point. After holding this a few seconds he dropped it on the roof and watched it roll overboard.

Taking the end of the pencil in one claw and clinging desperately to it, he flew to a near-by tree as though to make his mark. The pencil collided with a twig and was knocked from his grasp. He darted to catch it. In falling it struck a limb and bounded at him. He dodged with a screech. Then he grabbed it in his bill and flew again to the roof. I tossed another pencil near; he scolded and stamped his feet. Carrying the pencil in his mouth with the red point forward, he flew off down the yard.

Why did the name jay ever become synonymous with greenhorn, country bumpkin and the victim of sharpers? All members of the jay family are famed for their wit. The jay—often a plunderer—is the intellectual of the bird world, and is aristocratic, autocratic and domineering—the acknowledged superior of other birds. He is handsome, a wearer of bright clothes, and acts and looks the part that should go with royal purple. The European jay runs to the reddish; the American or eastern jay is light blue; a fellow down by the Rio Grande wears green; while the cock of the family—the wit of wings—is the stellar or long-crested jay, clad in deep blue with jet black crest and head and touches of turquoise, purple and black on wings and tail.

The handsome long-crested or stellar jay inhabits all the mountain ranges of Western North America and is one of the lords of the earth. He is a character second to none in the entire bird world. He is brilliant, wise, versatile and aggressive. This jay is eternally, efficiently vigilant. If there come new food to his locality he takes possession before other birds discover it; if new danger, he will be the first to detect it; if opportunity for fun, he first uses it; but if there is nothing doing he starts something.

At one new camp in the woods I had an excess of food which a home-bound hunter had left for disposal. The jays were cautious as usual, but they quickly discovered that I was harmless. Inside of twenty-four hours every jay within five miles was among those present. For a few days they swarmed over camp. But late one night a young fellow with a gun came along. Not a jay called or came near that we saw while he remained. Yet there were loud calls when he showed signs of leaving and before he was gone five minutes the jays possessed camp.

Generally each spring the numerous jays near my cabin go up the mountain to timber line or into the north. But one spring the parents of my young jay evidently concluded to remain and nest where they could have peanuts and raisins rather than the jolly adventures of migration. The nest built the first week in May had five eggs. Three youngsters hatched. When these were nearly ready to fly two youngsters and the two old birds vanished without a clew as to where they had gone.

The second summer my lively jay mated and built a nest in a pine near where his parents had nested. The nest was about twenty-five feet up in a pine and in this six eggs were laid. These hatched and five youngsters were raised. As soon as the nest-building began this noisy fellow became silent. For weeks he had the secret of the nest to keep and he suppressed his enthusiasm and kept it perfectly. No movement or note of his hinted concerning the place of the tree-top nest.

Devotedly he carried food to his mate on the nest. To her he was ever most polite and gallant. Often he sat close to her and spoke in low sweet tones and sometimes addressed her in a loving plaintive prattle. The instant the young first called he rushed over the neighborhood making announcements and proclaiming their presence from the tree tops. Of course he was eager to kick any intruder off the premises and would have protected his family with his life.

The male and the female of this species are identical in dress and disposition. Once the family left the nest, mother, father, brothers and sisters looked so much alike that I could not tell one from the other. The marked difference in appearance of the male and the female of the species of most birds—whatever the benefit to them—certainly is a useful arrangement to those who are interested in whether it is he or she. But with the long-crested or stellar jay it is most of the time impossible to tell her from him. I cannot think of any other species in which the male and female birds are so nearly alike.

The long-crested jay has traits in common with the eastern blue jay and is about the same size. But he is of superior mentality—a greater personality. He is far more showy, handsome and aggressive.

These jays feed on the seeds of pines and spruces, they successfully hunt grasshoppers, pick up stray mice and eat any kind of dead meat found in the wilds. Near camp and cabin they have relished raisins, nuts, candy, corn, wheat, oats and wild-flower seeds.

Like all red-blooded beings, this jay's bump of curiosity is large—he must know about things. A strange old jay had seen my youngster go into my cabin and come out with wonder raisins. Why not he? Using all his caution, he came to the porch. He alighted in the doorway. He heard something which caused him to back-somersault and retreat with a dash. But he came back and advanced across the floor tiptoe, eyes and ears working, and edging sidewise, ready to escape quickly. And thus a jay often explores—dares possible dangers but is wary of possible ambush.

(Concluded on Page 129)

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(Concluded from Page 127)

He is a scout. Never does his curiosity or eagerness betray him into danger. Seeing something at a distance that he simply must know about, he will dart about, squawk, circle and do all he can to draw out possible danger. It must be safe and sane before he advances for a close look at the new object.

Often he is a soldier of fortune; his love of adventure is predominant. His is adventure for the fun of it without concern as to whether this troubles or amuses those who have second parts thrust by him upon them. With endless energy and alertness his incessant stir must in the bird world be an evolutionary factor stimulating wide-awakeness.

It appears a part of the daily program of a crested jay to amuse himself by causing disturbance among neighboring birds. A flock of goldfinches were cheerily feeding among the wild flowers of my yard when a jay from the closest tree hurled himself like a hawk among them. They retreated in a panic. Yet they were not feeding on anything that he wanted. He flew back into a near-by tree top and jeered in glee.

Another time I saw one disturb a flock of pine siskins that were feeding in tree tops on aspen catkins. Often I have seen one drive chipmunks into hiding and it is common for one to dash unannounced upon a robin evidently just to heckle; in fact he enjoys a daily row with robins. They often meet for a few minutes of hot words. A deadly war ever seems impending, but rarely are blows exchanged.

On the wild world's stage many an unexpected scene is enacted but once. The unexpected happened one morning on the mountain side behind my cabin. Two robins set up a great ado as I was approaching a lone pine. Robins so often are predicting the end of the world or something that never happens that I paid no heed to these until they darted at me with angry chatter. Unable from the ground to see the cause of this demonstration, I started to climb up in the pine. The robins objected and darted about, denouncing me vigorously. On a large limb sat an aged and helpless old jay. His feathers were disarranged, beak and claws worn and blunt, both eyes blind. Ancestral feuds and recent fights were forgotten. These robins fed this old jay until he tumbled lifeless from his last retreat.

Crafty and Quarrelsome

Robins and jays often nest in the same neighborhood. Both are good policemen and scouts and rarely does a hawk venture into their neighborhood. They will cooperate to battle a hawk or other undesirable fellow in feathers that invades the locality. And woe to the owl that concludes to have a quiet day in their territory. He is almost certain to be discovered and his whereabouts and undesirable presence noised over the neighborhood.

A clamor of many kinds of birds one morning called me into a near-by grove. There on a limb sat an owl, chagrined and annoyed with the consternation and clamor of a whole mixed flock of birds that were keeping up a constant disorder of noisy name-calling. He left the neighborhood in disgust and was conducted by a noisy mob of excited resident robins.

One day a hawk made a dash for a dove, missed and lighted in a tree on the edge of this grove. He was seen by a robin whose alarm cries brought the surrounding bird population to the scene. While the hawk was noticing the confusion and probably watching an opportunity he was struck by a jay that had darted in unseen. Off the hawk flew with the jay battering him vigorously, a few flying feathers showing that he was hammering the invader hard. All the way back the jay shouted his triumph.

Though useful to many birds in fighting off birds of prey, he is not popular. Ever crafty and quarrelsome, he is too much given to scolding, persecuting and even stealing from other birds. He is accused of sometimes robbing nests of other birds of their eggs and even of their young. But this I think is rare; perhaps one sometimes does, but it is not a general custom of the species. Anyway I have not seen one take eggs or young from a nest.

Characteristic Behavior

He is eager to talk, freely gives opinions and advice. He has a keen interest in world affairs. Each has opinions—his mind is quickly made up. Of course having opinions and decisions he is eager to express himself publicly. He is also eager to show his other accomplishments. Like all great talkers he wants a big audience, and sometimes secures a mixed one by raising his crest and hollering—an alarm call that brings all bird neighbors pell-mell to the place. His vocabulary is unequaled and his tones transfer love, victory, war, distress and anguish; and are appealing, mandatory, insinuating, oratorical and wise. But rarely has he a sense of values. He may declare war on a grasshopper or a hawk with equal energy. He has a peculiar cry that when uttered brings every bird in the neighborhood ready to follow his leadership and repel a monstrous invader. But this cry may be uttered when there is nothing to repel. If there be a big job he handles it alone and boasts of it afterward. He is ever hollering round; constantly raising and lowering and gesturing his crest. With crest and attitude he expresses curiosity, anger, contempt, pride and superiority. Yet these noisy birds take life seriously and during nesting time are retiring and silent.

One day a few friends oversupplied my jay with shelled and nonshelled peanuts, together with raisins, bits of chocolate and sandwiches. The richness of opportunity excited him and he hurried to store all that he could among the needles of a near-by pine. The first few he concealed, but after this he aimed simply to place the nuts or raisins where they would stay, though they were in plain sight. After loading the pine with the fullness of a Christmas tree he flew off.

An hour later when the jay came shouting back to the cabin a gray Fremont squirrel was busy harvesting his Christmas tree. He darted like lightning and knocked the surprised squirrel off a limb; then pursued and battered him all over the tree with wings and bill until the squirrel found a place of safety behind thick small limbs. The squirrel from this refuge gave the jay a large-sized piece of his mind.

He had keen eyesight and good memory—the common qualities of his tribe. Often I threw nuts or raisins into the grass while he was apparently not looking and even when I knew he was watching something else. But down he would drop from a tree top and without effort pick up the prize.

Taking four peanuts one morning I tossed them in rapid succession into the grass—to the right, to the left, to the right and then at him. He watched from a tree limb about ten feet from me. The nuts fell about four feet apart and as the last one bounced he flew toward it and picked it out of the tall grass. Then he flew to each of the others, not in the order in which they fell but to the nearest. He went directly to each nut, something I could not have done. Another of his species was tried out with four nuts and it readily duplicated this performance.

Even when tamed and subdued he maintains a certain wildness, an inquiring interest in the new and an individuality that never surrenders to ease or routine. Almost every new thing was an interest my jay wanted to examine and he had more than a superficial interest in it. Sometimes he would become impatient and stamp his feet if not successful in quickly fathoming the thing in question.

A glass twine holder on the table caused him long entertainment. He walked round it, pecked it, tried to peep in where the string came out. I held it up for him to look at and pulled out several yards of string. While still examining it he became entangled in the string. With a squawk he darted out of the cabin, pulling dozens of feet far out into the yard. Unable to untangle it, he alighted and fought it. He was not panic-stricken or afraid. He leaped into the air and came down stiff-legged upon the string, beating it with his wings.

Though a rare personality the long-crested jay takes ideas from the birds round him. Often he applies the idea more efficiently than the specialist from whom it was appropriated. He excels in the climbing and acrobatic stunts of woodpeckers, crossbills and chickadees. The climbing performances of slow parrots he does on high gear.

The Ways of the Jays

One day I saw a matter-of-fact and good-natured woodpecker stop and admire a jay peck open a nut. When the jay has something to open he stands on a limb or some secure spot with the object clutched between his toes. Tilting back, he swings body, neck and head forward, his bill striking the object like a pick. He strikes rapidly and with surprising force.

In carrying off shelled peanuts to the young or to store for times of food shortage he takes from four to seven nuts in his mouth, then one in his bill, and bursting with treasures flies leisurely off. The thing stored is placed under bark or in cracks of a dead tree. But if there is much to be stored the objects are placed in the thick needle clusters or in the heart of weed clumps.

I have never seen the equal of this jay as a mimic. The mocking bird is famous for reproducing the songs of other birds—and so is this fellow. But he mimics songs, calls, squawks, warnings, threats and actions with marked success and often to the astonishment or confusion of other birds. In California I heard one confidently and successfully imitating a mocking bird.

The first time that a flock of crossbills came along my jay youngster gave full attention to their actions—to their climbing through the tops of bushes and among the outer twigs of pines getting easily into every possible position. I had supposed that later he would try to repeat their performances, and perhaps he did But he presently began to mimic the bell-like notes and strange calls that the crossbills had kept up.

Much of the time this jay is with a flock of his own species; sometimes with mixed flocks of magpies and Clark's nutcrackers. Full of energy and ability, he likes to entertain all birds with speech or prank or be among those present when some other fellow is doing this.

He often plays. Agile, alert and cynical, his plays frequently are a series of pranks and sometimes are but little less than rowdyism. Still he is strong for vaudeville and farce.

In amazement I have watched crowds of jays do their stunts. Each in turn impersonated another species. The stork would have been amazed to see himself thus caricatured, and so too would the owl. There was endless mockery. They posed, kicked, jumped up and down, hopped and somersaulted, each action generally with studied awkwardness.

Several pretended to be crippled—walked and hobbled with a broken leg or flew with one wing broken. But hurling themselves off and trying to fly upside down was the popular exhibition.

Squawker and Singer

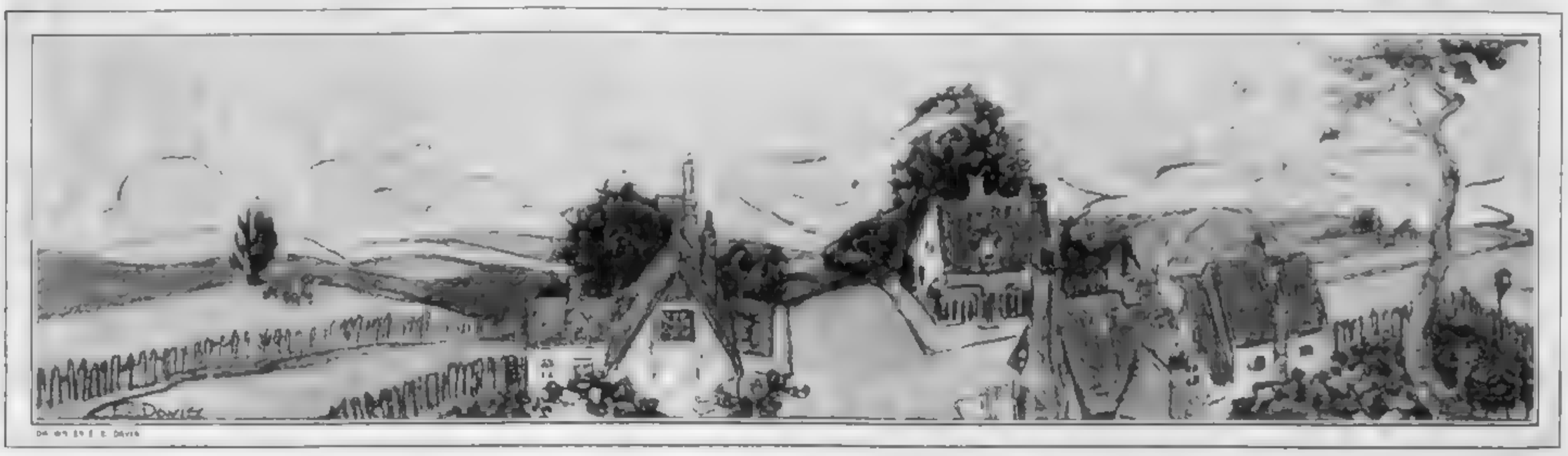
His species is known for harsh squawks and calls. Yet he is a singer. He is exceedingly alert and shy and keeps well away from people, and many who have known the jay for years are not aware of his ability as a singer. They never dreamed of it. Yet he sometimes sings an hour at a stretch, one song after another; it may be his own or it may be a reproduction of another bird. Many times I have watched the jay plainly rehearsing—trying over and over again to perfect a mimicked song or call. This practice is performed with contentment and immense satisfaction.

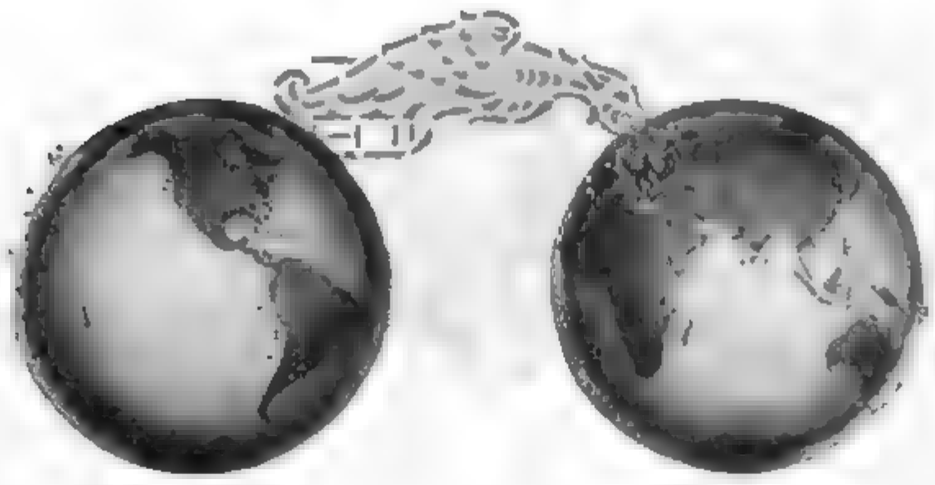
The jay is progressive. Though he spends most of his time with the noisy crowd having a rollicking time, he does enjoy being alone and frequently deliberately withdraws from the crowd. In the privacy of a leafy tree top he sits and thinks; he philosophizes, he talks to himself, he holds a whispered conversation with an imaginary bird; he rehearses, calls and sings and perhaps he plans some new pestiferous surprise on feathered neighbors.

He is full of surprises and there ever is something doing when he is round. He is watchful for new advantages; is the first to try new fields.

The long-crested or stellan jay is the most talked-about fellow in his territory. He ever is in the public eye. The hawk is an unseen bogy of many birds, but every bird knows the noisy and prank-loving jay and numbers have a speaking acquaintance with him.

He ranges over Western America wherever there are forests and is seen at the seashore, up through the mountains, and explores above the timber line. His voice and colors have welcomed me in nearly every far-off wilderness visited. In Mexico, California, Vancouver and on the summit of Longs Peak in the Rockies he has been the wit and clown of my lonely rambles. Once in the mountains of Colorado I came upon him in magnificent pose standing upon the back of a grand old grizzly that stood in repose. Here together were the two dominating wilderness characters that most impressed me among a thousand camp fires.





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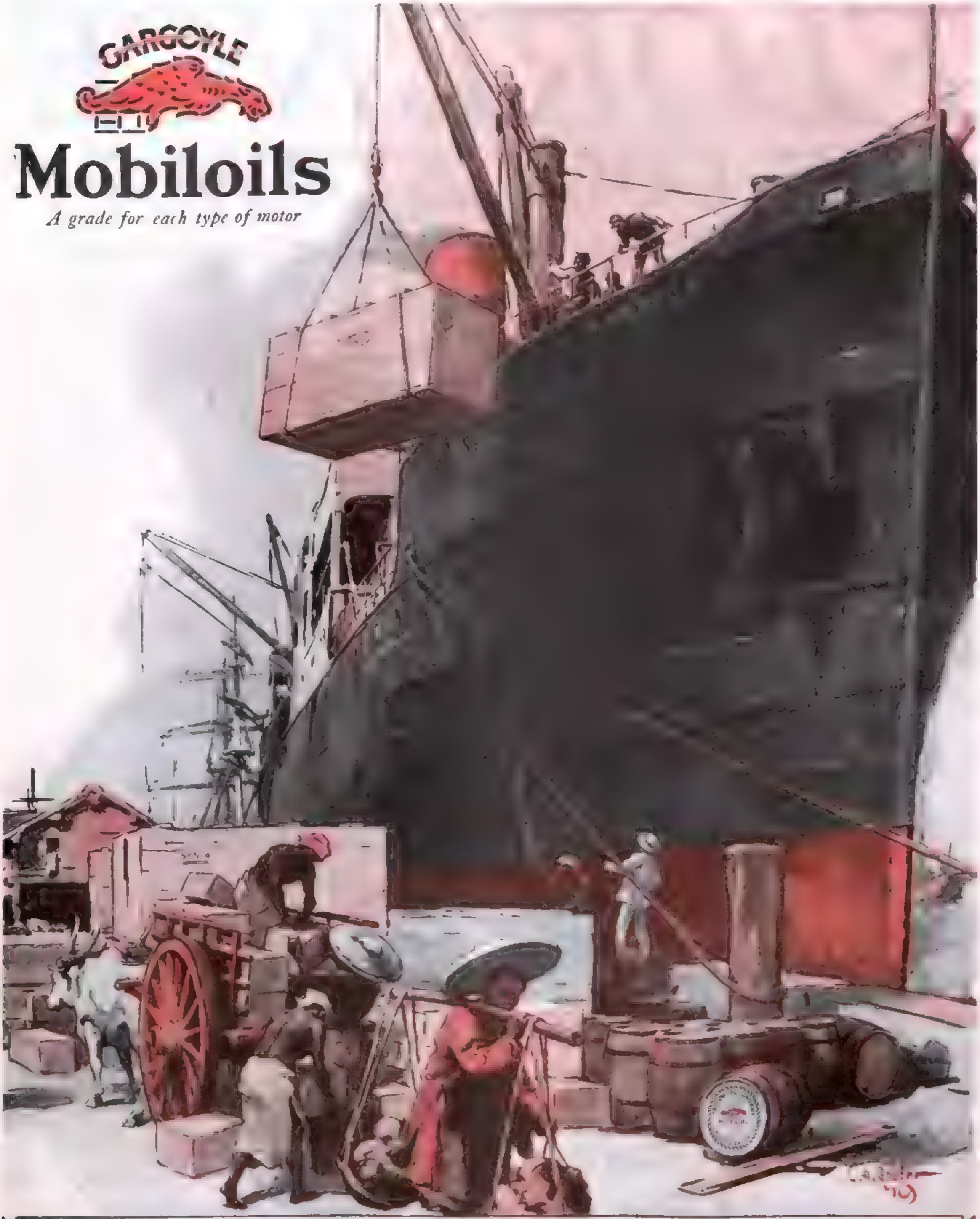

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More Heat
Less Care

THE POSSIBILIST

(Continued from Page 27)

"No," said Spinner. He was in dangerous waters now, in the wild cross currents of intrigue at the meeting of state and labor politics. "I guess not," he said, cutting off any further developments in that direction. "Nothing like that."

"Think it over," said the operator, unperturbed.

Soon afterward Spinner was going out the entrance, through the gateway of the iron fence of the pale pea-green mansion in the section of the high bourgeois—started already in the direction of the labor temple in the grimy center of the city.

XII

THE labor headquarters—or temple, as it is called in many cities—was a dingy stone-faced building, the rendering, not uncommon in city blocks of thirty-five or forty years ago, of the note of classic architecture made generally popular in this country through the Capitol at Washington—whose offspring are still found reëxpressing their parent's dignity in every state capital and county seat and business center throughout the broad interior of the United States.

In this building were the old-established seats of that old labor autocracy, which the radicals claim forms a kind of priestly class; a class made up of men marked by some gift of oratory or quick wit in their earlier career, and selected and drawn up by an ever-watchful self-perpetuating organization at the top into a kind of hierarchy of priests of labor, which is never really broken and from which no one who is once taken up into any upper order ever returns to the ranks of manual workers.

"It is a bourn," John Spinner used to say to his street audiences, "from which no traveler ever returns into his class. You know, fellow workers, what it is that's happened to him. He's gone there up above, with the capitalists, where the weary cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest."

He would go on to claim, of course, as the radicals do—citing a variety of cases—that even if they lost their offices or did not finally become capitalists for themselves, as many did, never under any circumstances did these men work with their hands again. Political jobs, work of traveling salesmanship, the sale of insurance—but never again manual labor! They were of another class now, set apart—labor skates or labor fakers, the radicals called them, justly or unjustly, lumping all kinds together according to the usual unfair habit of mind of the bitter controversialist.

Spinner passed into a dark, old-fashioned, not overtidy hallway of the labor building, walked upstairs, the elevator apparently not being in a working condition, and came at last into one of the small bare inside offices which led off the narrow hall. A miscellaneous assortment of cheap wooden chairs stood along the wall, and a bare table; at the farther inside corner a large man sat at a littered roll-top desk working, looking up when Spinner entered.

He was a man of forty-five or fifty, of the general type at which Spinner had so frequently railed when among his radicals. He was black-coated, and wore a black bow tie; he had a sharp nose and a quick suspicious eye which was contradicted by the somewhat oversuave benevolence of a wide mouth and a rounded chin. Part priest in type perhaps, one might say; part provincial statesman—in general appearance not entirely unlike those peculiarly American political representatives which the rural West and South have not infrequently produced and sent out into Congress and the Chautauqua circuits.

He was as a matter of fact one of the lieutenants in the new national labor-political movement, which has had its leadership in Chicago.

The man at the desk, looking up, greeted Spinner with the same odd combination of suspicion and hearty fellowship which showed in his appearance.

"Well, how goes it?" he asked in the manner of an old acquaintance with a well-established understanding.

"I've landed it!" stated Spinner briefly.

"You have not!" the other cried, with the stress of unbelief upon the second word; and pushed his old desk chair back toward the wall.

"I have though!" said Spinner, with a close approach to a note of triumph in his voice; and took the chair beside the desk.

He went over then all the details of the opportunity given him by the mine operator, Brown—a chance which should ultimately bring thousands of new members into the Mine Workers' Union; might even start an entering wedge of unionism into a whole section. Spinner brought out everything in detail. For this was the man who had his lines—official, personal, political—out through the federation into the Mine Workers; this was the man who had felt out and planned for Spinner through the union end the opportunity to carry through the arrangement to unionize these miners under his own personal direction if he could secure—as no one dreamed he could—the right to do so.

"Will they keep their bargain?" Spinner asked concerning the other man's union allies.

"If you can yours," said the other, still not fully reconciled to crediting Spinner's unexpected success. "How can they help themselves when you're able to offer all of that upon a platter? They'll let you organize that field all right. I could promise you that myself—without any of your own connections which you have made already.

"They can't refuse us radicals anything nowadays. See how we've gone straight along doing what we wanted to since the beginning. Refuse us, I guess not! They know we'd snatch their hides off—the way things are going now in labor. And it's worse still with the miners, I believe," he said, reiterating the operator's judgment, "than anywhere. The radicals have got the old crowd there running circles with their tongues out all the time more and more the last few years. Since your old friends, the wobblies, have been getting in round all the mining districts so strong—and the radical vote inside the Miners has been growing, growing every year."

He went on proclaiming the successes of "us radicals," while Spinner with unchanged face kept his usual interior mental reservations. The meaning of "radical" varies naturally very largely in the minds of its users—more perhaps than any other English word.

"You've got something big for them too. They'll see that," the labor politician went on. "The headquarters will, even if the district gang don't. Your man Brown was exactly right. They can't turn you down publicly now—after you bringing them what you do, and they knowing that you and all the radicals will know just what they do. They couldn't turn you down. And I don't think myself their national headquarters would want to anyhow. You'll get your chance, all right; if for nothing but the fact that they wouldn't dare have you go out loose again, after your coming over with them from the wobblies, and tell all their membership how they deliberately threw down what you offered them. They've got too many radicals in their rank and file now hollering that their officers are crooks and grafters and operators' pet dogs to want anybody like you soap-boxing round giving proof of it.

"You'll get your chance all right," he reasserted; "as they agreed; to organize and see for yourself that the place is organized, with no holdouts or strings to it. You've earned your chance, but that's just where your real troubles start. You know what you're up against in that field, I suppose?" he said suggestively to Spinner.

"I ought to," Spinner stated.

"You're in line for the biggest double crossing that can be framed by an outfit that can't be beaten at that in the world."

"I've been there," Spinner stated laconically.

"Chicago used to be raw," continued his adviser, chewing tobacco nervously in the intervals of speech. "I was here in the Skinny Madden days, when there were gobs of blood on every street corner round a strike district. I've seen the inside of the machinery of murder and the machinery of getting the murderers off again. But there was nothing rawer here than can be pulled off in those dark narrow valleys where you are going. I hate the place myself—villages and woods, villages and woods."

He recalled then with an agreeable thrill of reminiscence the older days of violence and sudden death in Chicago labor troubles, presenting as he did so the incongruous spectacle of a statesman priest from some Chautauqua circuit discussing in intimate detail the art of murder with political safety, chewing his tobacco earnestly and nervously in the intervals.

"Chicago was never what you might call peaceful in labor troubles; and it's still alive," he claimed. "I understand when they want any rough stuff pulled in outside strikes to-day it's here they come to get the real live wrecking crews, just as they always did. I don't know that of my own knowledge, understand. I make it my business not to. I pass all that kind of stuff up now. But I do overhear the boys talking occasionally. I'm not deaf yet. But down there where you are going, if I figure them out right they've got both sides—a real scissors hold on you."

He proceeded then to discuss the situation in the locality Spinner was about entering, from the standpoint of the labor leader with a general political interest and knowledge.

"What it is," he said, "without a doubt, as I get it: Your man Brown is out for the senatorial nomination. But the state machine won't give it to him. They've decided in favor of a still bigger man." He named another mine operator. "They pass the senatorial nomination round between them down there, those operators," he asserted, "like a box of cigars. Each one takes one—or expects to get one when it comes his turn. But every now and then—like all the rest of us—they get fighting over one, naturally. And now your friend is peeved and tired of waiting—the rest of them figuring he is still too young and tender to get it probably."

"That's the way I figured it," said Spinner.

"So he's broken out and kicked over the traces—and is coming to us. And the big fight is on there in that district! You know the general deal they've got down there," he said. "There's nothing like it in the United States—quite. They've got the state political machine, and all the capital, and the local labor machine—all in their hands. They've got their man slated and they mean to put him through. And the man that comes into that district and fights them and they really want to put away is out of luck! They won't kill him, that ain't enough. They'll kill him first, and try him afterward, and hang his body for treason and attempted suicide."

"I've seen some things at times myself," John Spinner said laconically.

"All right," said his adviser. "Then you'll see some more now pretty quick. I never liked the country anyhow," he went on. "Those valleys where the sun goes down at four o'clock—black holes in the hills—full of anarchists and foreign wildmen, and these raw-boned murderers from the mountains, who start in when they're seven years old killing off each other's families. It gets my goose flesh some. And I'm some huskier than you are," he asserted, closing.

"I'll go down there heeled—myself—a little bit," Spinner told him; and outlined the scheme he had arranged for in advance.

"Even at that, there are some few things to be said," the other prophesied. "He's good. I don't doubt that. They all are before they get down there. But you've got a peculiar combination down there, which can make a good quick job of a boy like him. They can turn him up, say, for instance—having just that double hold they have—with the state police for carrying concealed weapons, and take them away anyhow. And when his gun is gone it's safe enough for some thug to come along and get him—and plant another gun on the body; showing a shooting in self-defense plain enough for any trial you'll get down there. Oh, no, you can't tell me," said the labor politician, "about that place!"

Spinner smiled again in answer.

"Well, just the same," his adviser persisted in a parting admonition, "don't you go out much, wandering down those black valleys after dark yourself. It's bad for the health—that night air down there. If they wanted you—and caught you out just right—you'd have just the same expectation of life as a good live angleworm in the bait box when the fish are starting biting."

Spinner left him, still undisturbed.

XIII

SPINNER felt, in fact, a sense of achievement and exuberance, which for the present precluded any other emotion—even fear. He had accomplished the first great step he had been planning; he had worked himself finally, he thought, into a position as an active factor in the great radical still hunt inside the American Federation of Labor which, starting approximately at the time of this country's entrance into war, was coming now to its height.

The main outlines of this somewhat complicated struggle within American labor are no doubt more or less known. It was a three-cornered intrigue. The first party in it, the party of attack, was that of the extremist organizing the lowest-paid labor on the old I. W. W. formula of dissatisfaction, class hatred. These men had by the end of 1918 organized hundreds of thousands of these low-paid workers into the federation and its unions. The mental affiliations of these men were with anarchy and syndicalism and communism.

The second party—and the ally of the first for the time being—was that led by old-time labor leaders who had the ambition to form a national labor party in the United States.

The third faction was the old inside circle of federation officials who, having hundreds of thousands of new members turned into that body by the radical organizers, could do no less than accept them—even though they could see that since the war began there was a rising tide of radical membership which threatened to make, if it did not already make, an actual majority against them in that body, in the membership of its greatest unions. All these men could hope to do, however, was to smile and outwit these radicals politically, and wait for this movement to subside as similar radical movements had subsided in the past, without obtaining control of consequence in the management of their organization. But would this greater movement do this? That was the natural anxiety in their minds as they sat and watched it.

Spinner while he was still in Chicago waiting and preparing for his next move discussed this situation as it had now developed with his friend Frenac in the radical waiters' rooms.

"You are fortunate," said Frenac, congratulating him. "You are about to become a part of a greatly extraordinary movement—a most striking event; a great main step in the revolution itself. I refer, of course," he said, "to the destruction of the craft union—our approaching control of your Federation of Labor."

Spinner sat watching him over his glass as he analyzed the situation and its philosophy as he saw it.

"It will be a movement perhaps," he proceeded, "much written of in future history. On what is the capitalist system founded? Regularity, is it not? A mechanicalization of society, so to say; the power of the capitalist to bring together his machinery and the worker—and make the latter function regularly as a part of one continuously operating mechancial process. Very well," he said, stroking his silky beard with the somewhat foppish motion of his slender hand. "Now, what is the power of the worker founded on? In essence? In the union? The only power he has: It is the power not to deal, not to work, not to become part of that machine, that desired orderly process of the capitalist. It is the power to strike. Very well. The worker forms then, after the course of many years of struggle, the old-time craft union.

"Now then, this being done, the capitalist, having his machinery, having absolute necessity for its orderly supply of labor, must do what? He must deal with the heads of the craft union to secure that regular supply of labor over stated periods, at stated prices, without which his operation is unprofitable, unthinkable! He must have some reliable contract or understanding with the craft union which assures this. So then he enters into relations with the heads of unions; if necessary he corrupts or even chooses them so that he may have with certainty the uniformity and reliability of contract upon which his system entirely depends. So in the end the craft union must necessarily be an integral part of the capitalistic system, which at the beginning it was formed to oppose. If you can doubt this—read Foster's book."

Spinner smiled. He was far from doubting that naturally; and he knew Foster's

(Continued on Page 137)

TO AMERICAN FLOUR CONSUMERS

DURING the war, twelve million American housewives pledged, by a signed card, to follow the suggestions of the Food Administrator, and thereby accomplished marvels in food saving.

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Julius H Barnes.

United States Wheat Director.

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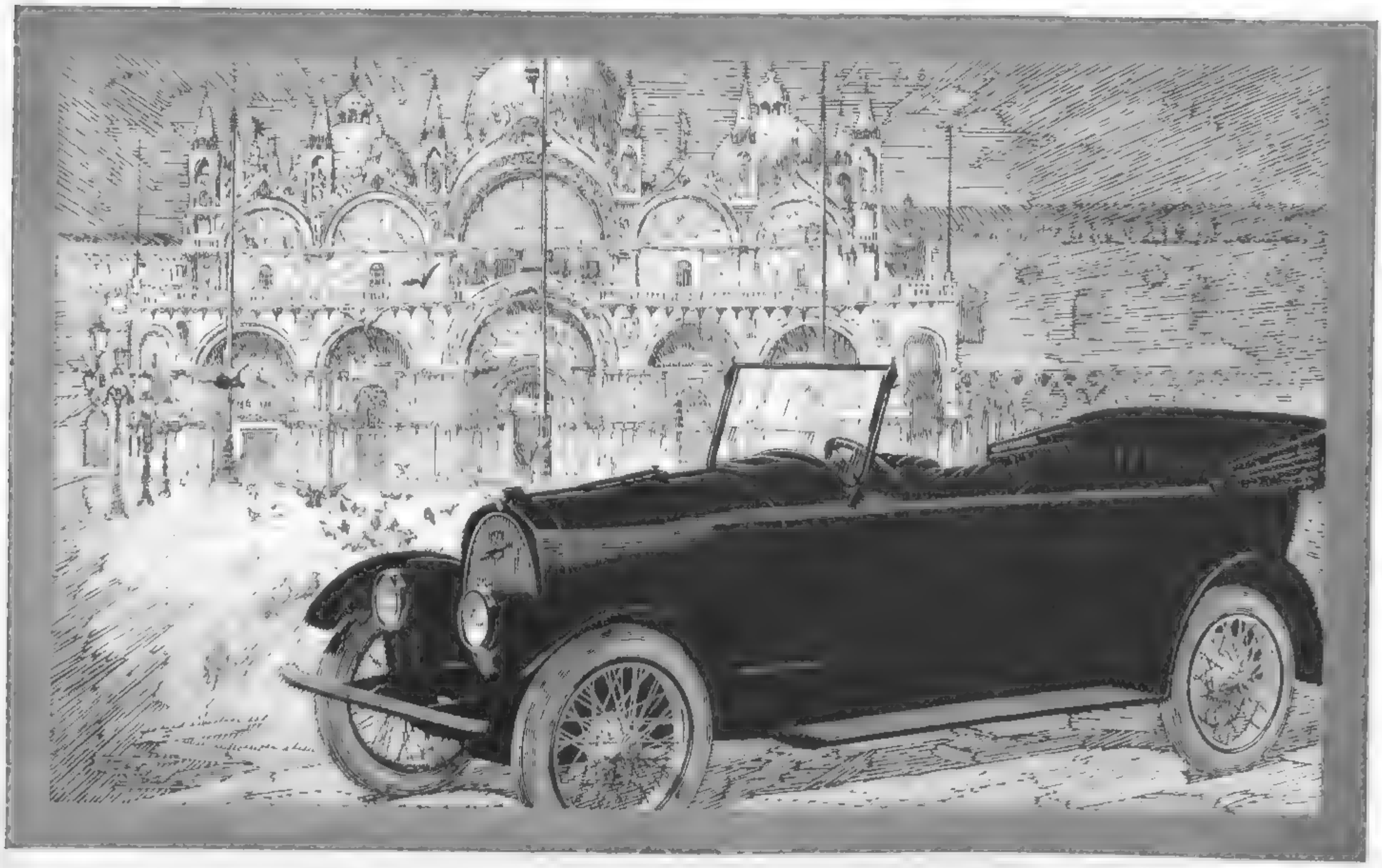

CREATIVE GENIUS

APPERSON

The Eight with Eighty Less Parts

CREATIVE GENIUS, whether it builds cathedrals or motor cars, is never satisfied; never at the end of its endeavor. Year by year the creative genius of the Apperson Brothers has enriched the motor car industry; mechanically and artistically.

Creative genius made them the trail-blazers; the creators of the first side door car, the first double opposed motor, first float feed carburetor, first car with electric ignition. The marvelous Apperson motor of today, simplified with eighty less parts, is the culmination of Apperson creative genius in mechanics.

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This year-by-year creation has produced results. The Apperson rushes from one mile an hour in high to a 40-mile speed in 20 seconds; brakes to a dead stop from a 40-mile speed in 4 seconds; turns on its 130-inch wheel base in a 38¼ foot circle; has dependability that lives through the years—and economy of operation and upkeep.

The surface beauty of the Apperson is apparent to every beholder, but the beauty of its performance must be experienced by personal contact. Drive an Apperson first—then decide.

Dynamic America Demands Results—Apperson Produces Them

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Kokomo, Ind.
EXPORT DEPARTMENT: ONE HUNDRED WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

APPERSON

(Continued from Page 133)

book on syndicalism, and this radical argument, of course, by heart.

"What then," Frenac was going on, "has happened in this? In brief the capitalist has again controlled—as he must—the one power of the worker, the power to strike. Now then," he asked Spinner with a more than usual intensity of interest, "what is the answer to-day of the worker to this? What is the only answer possible to him? Again it is the only one he has: It is a new strike. It is the strike against the strike power, is it not? They forced this structure down upon the workers, this new extension of capitalism through the craft union. Very well, what then does the worker do? He refuses to deal with capitalism—either his employer or the higher officers of his union. He strikes for himself—against his own union—using his only power.

"What is the great outcry to-day," he asked, "by capitalists everywhere? Unauthorized strikes, is it not? Every capitalist newspaper is full of it. But what is this strike essentially? It is the strike of the worker against his own delegated strike power. And what is this—this strike against the strike power? It is practical anarchy, the capitalists cry; and they are right—except they do not proceed far enough. It is both practical and theoretical anarchy. It is their form of society disintegrating naturally into anarchy.

"What has always been the weapon of the weak," he asked, considering this process more in detail, "against the strong; of the slave, the child, the woman? It has been the power to elude, to escape, to trick. The lie, the trick—it is as truly Nature's weapon as is the fist or claw. It functions all through the animal world—in the tricks of animals playing dead, and so on. Very well; we anarchists as the exponent of the weaker reserve this natural right to ourselves always—and systematize it. We reserve always to ourselves the right to strike, the right to refuse to deal with any power or individual at any time or any place we choose; we refuse to give capital the contract right to our labor, upon which it can found its processes in advance. At any time we reserve the right to withdraw from this organization of his, and to throw the organization into chaos when it suits us. And we reserve the right, in doing this, to every form of trick and deceit and craft and lie, and what they will call treachery. We destroy them and their society by our unauthorized strikes—our spontaneous and even organized state of general unreliability, which sooner or later must destroy their so-called organized society."

Spinner nodded grimly, agreeing with him.

"Anarchy, in other words, is but a philosophy of the action of all Nature. To an infinite power it presents, to win, an infinite elusiveness. It brings the unorganized strike, the sabotage, the small day's work, the general instinctive trickery of the weak—constantly growing here since the beginning of this war. It is through this process — the unauthorized strike, especially—that you will obtain control of your American Federation of Labor. The leader of the craft union no longer can give the capitalist system, of which he is a part, the one thing the capitalist must have—a dependable contract for future labor supply on which to base his civilization. The craft-labor leader then is of no more use to the capitalist—no longer of interest to him. The worker in the union is against him obviously, by the declaration of his unauthorized strikes. The old craft-labor political machine then, without support from above or below, swings in the air like the coffin of Mohammed. It is nothing. And the radicals, the anarchist-syndicalists, at last obtain control—as they have in my own France."

Spinner laughed a thin laugh of interest and amusement.

"You laugh!" said Frenac. "So do I. And especially to see you and your colleagues now at work. You possibilists, working now with these others, your natural enemies in spite of themselves, they knowing always that you use in every possible way every force which they start into action in their society now to destroy themselves, yet must always walk along beside you. They make always agreements, tacit contracts of action with the men whom they know by principle make no contracts or agreements which they will keep with their enemies; who plan and work continually for a world without contracts, in which each man and woman will be free, without the bonds of contract, to go as far—and no farther—with any other man or woman as the mutual interests of each may keep them together."

He stopped with a musing smile on his lips.

"A bargain with an anarchist—a possibilist anarchist! It is inconceivable in its terms. I know nothing so excruciating! And yet always they will make them with their enemies by force of circumstances!"

He laughed with unaccustomed vigor, Spinner smiling his still smile while he did so.

"What could be so amusing," inquired the anarchist, "as now to see everywhere how you possibilists make one by one unwilling or unconscious stepping-stones of your enemies and their agreements as you mount toward your goal—to the new world which we shall hope soon at some time now to see, where no man or woman is bound to any other man or woman; and no day to any other day, past or present, by the antique tyranny of contract—to the new world of anarchy?"

He laughed again softly.

"Yet they cannot see it—those others," he said; "the capitalists least of all. They cannot conceive of a society not founded upon contract, so they are blind. In this—in every way. Most fortunately for us, for you possibilists. If they realized all—all the possibilities of advance they now offer you they would be less crude in other ways also; in their dealings with labor, in their effort to control its leaders. They would at least study with some concern and intelligence the fundamentals of the general situation, of which, outside of their own immediate concerns, they are now as ignorant as their ancestors fifty years ago, in the time of the hand forge and the village shoemaker."

Spinner smiled again, remembering his young friend the heir of the mines; his shrewdness in obtaining his own immediate desires; his apparent unconcern for general principles.

"It is beautiful," Frenac reasserted when they parted, "the position in which the possibilist now finds himself during and since the war."

Spinner recalled snatches of the theorist's talk and prophecies often in the next few days, while he busied himself with his preparations for his change of scene, leading out of Chicago into the mine regions.

Again, as he had feared, the insistence of Sonia for a greater and more active part—to go with him into the organizing field instead of remaining under cover here—came up now to annoy him. It was an entirely impractical thing: her place was obviously still in Chicago. But she would not let the idea go.

"I worked it out just as much as you did," she insisted. "More. Why shouldn't I get the chance to carry it out just as much?"

"To get the public credit, you mean?" he said disagreeably, for her continual desire for public recognition grew more and more distasteful to him. "The glory?"

"Well, why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't I have some of the glory too?" she asked baldly; "if that's what you want to call it? As well as the hard work? Why shouldn't I have some of the excitement, anyhow?"

"And in the meanwhile who would stay here and watch this end?" he inquired.

There was, of course, information to be had through the obvious and transparent mind of Mrs. Brown-Tucker—of the state of mind and developing sentiments of her brother. There was the touch with the purposes of the I. W. W., which her connection there still maintained for him. There was the information of all kinds from the swiftly changing radical situation in Chicago, so impossible to secure accurately except from within.

"What can you do with those foreigners?" she persisted, not answering him, "whose languages you do not speak at all? I speak three at least which might be of use for you. You need me there—more than here!"

"I can get along—don't worry," said Spinner. "I always have." She annoyed him more and more.

"You need me yourself—to take care of you. You know you never could take care of yourself," she still persisted, now bringing in the note of personal concern, of the relation of the woman to the man; which under the circumstances he found especially distasteful, but which, however, in spite of himself, forced him to some concessions.

"I can do this," he said, "later, when matters clear a little here. I believe I can fix it for you to come down. I'll try to."

She yielded her position reluctantly after this promise.

"You have more dangers than one down there," she said. "That gunman—that strangler Hecker you take with you—don't take care of your health—against your own carelessness. See that you have decent warm clothes to wear."

She had been resentful apparently of that other man's companionship on the trip ever since Spinner had told her he had sent word to him to come. But in the end she made no objection to Spinner's plan for her—breaking down, as usual, in a last storm of weeping. They were bound together, of course, by no definite contract; merely by their mutual interests and work. Unfortunately the woman was very fond of Spinner, which of course brought in the complications natural to such a situation.

There would be probably no such complications with the companion he was to take with him in his enterprise—the gunman Hecker—out for the reëxcitement of a hardened nervous system in a new field of adventure.

He was late in coming; only arrived in fact on the day of departure. But John Spinner was relieved when he saw that he had come. It seemed good to him—in spite of his own cold courage—to see again the round, broad, smiling face and merry reckless eyes of the bump-off man waiting before the train gate at the lower level of the dilapidated old station from which they took the night train together out of the field of intrigue into the field of possible violence.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EVERED

(Continued from Page 5)

a pen with board walls higher than a man's head and cedar posts as thick as a man's leg set every four feet to support the planking of the walls. As the horse stopped in the farmyard and Evered and his son alighted a sound came from this stall—a low, inhuman, monstrous sound, like the rumbling of a storm, like the complaint of a hungry beast, like the promise of evil things too dreadful for describing, the muffled roaring of Evered's great red bull, disturbed by the sound of a horse. John Evered stood still for an instant, listening. It was impossible for most men to hear that sound without an appalling tremor of the heart. But Evered himself gave no heed to it. He spoke to the horse.

He said "Hush, now. Still."

The horse was as still as stone, yet it trembled as it had trembled at Will's store. Evered gathered parcels from beneath the seat; and John filled his arms with what remained. They turned toward the house together, the son a little behind the father.

There was a light in the kitchen of the farmhouse; and a woman had come to the open door and was looking out toward them. She was silhouetted blackly by the light behind her. It revealed her figure as slim and pleasantly graven. The lamp's rays turned her hair into an iridescent halo about her head. She rested one hand against the frame of the door; and her lifted arm guided her body into graceful lines.

She called to them in a low voice, "Do you need light?"

Evered answered, "If you were out of the door there'd be light enough," he said.

The woman lifted her hand to her lips in a hurt little gesture; and she stepped aside with no further word. She still stood thus, at one side of the door, when they came in. The lamplight fell full upon her, full upon her countenance.

The woman's face, the face of this woman whose body still bore youthful lines, was shocking. There were weary lines in it; there were shadows of pain beneath the eyes; there was anguish in the mobile lips. The hair which had seemed like a halo showed now like a white garland; snow white, though it still lay heavy and glossy as a girl's. She was like a statue of sorrow; the figure of a sad and tortured life.

The woman was Evered's second wife; Evered's wife, Mary Evered. His wife, whom he had won in a courtship that was like red flowers in spring; whom he had made to suffer interminably, day by day, till suffering became routine and death would have been happiness; and whom—believe it or no—Evered had always and would forever love with a love that was like torment. There is set perversely in man and woman alike an impulse to tease and hurt and distress those whom we love. It is of this stuff that lovers' quarrels are made; it is from this that the heartbreaks of the honeymoon are born. The men and women of the fairy tales, who marry and live happily ever after, are fairy tales themselves, or else they never loved. For loving, which is sacrifice and service and kindness and devotion, is also misunderstanding and distortion and perversity and unhappiness most profound. It is a part of love to quarrel; for the making-up is often so sweet it justifies the anguish of the conflict. Mary Evered knew this. But Evered had a stiff pride in him which would not let him yield; be he ever so deeply wrong he held his ground; and Mary was sick with much yielding.

Annie Paisley, who lived in the next farm on the North Fraternity road, had given Mary Evered something to think about when Paisley died, the year before.

For over Paisley's very coffin Annie had said in a thoughtful, reminiscent way: "Yes, Mary; Jim 'uz a good husband to me for nigh on thirty year. A good pervider, and a kind man, and a good father. He never drunk, nor ever wasted what little money we got; and we always had plenty to do with; and the children liked him. Kind to me, he was. Gentle." Her eyes had narrowed thoughtfully. "But Mary," she said, "you know I never liked him."

Mary Evered had been a girl of spirit and strength; and if she had not loved Evered she would never have stayed with him a year. Loving him she had stayed; and the bitter years rolled over her; stayed because she loved him, and because she—like her son—understood the heart of the man, and knew that through all his ruthless strength and hard purpose with all his might he loved her.

She said now in the kitchen: "You got the salt pork?"

"Of course I got the salt pork," Evered told her in a level tone that was like a whip across her shoulders. He dumped his parcels on the table, pointed to one; and she took it up in a hurried furtive way and turned toward the stove. John laid down his bundles, and Evered said to him: "Put the horse away." The young man nodded, and went out into the farmyard.

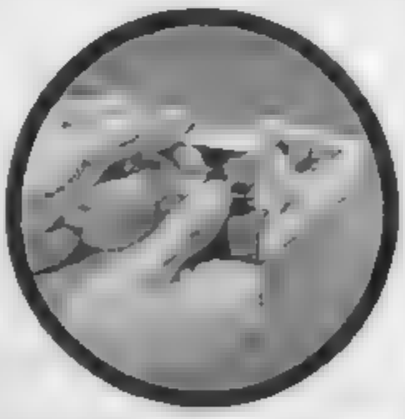
The horse still stood where Evered had bade it stand. John went to the creature's head and laid his hand lightly on the velvety nose, and spoke softly, and after a moment the horse mouthed his hand with its lips. He took the bridle and led it toward the stable. There was a lantern hanging by the door, but he did not light it. The young man loved the still darkness of the night; there was some quality in the damp cool air which was like wine to him. And he needed no light for what he had to do. He knew every wooden peg in the barn's stout frame, blindfolded; for the barn and the farm had been his world for more than twenty years.

Outside the stable door he stopped the horse and loosed the traces and led it out of the thills, which he lowered carefully to the ground. The horse turned, as of habit, to a tub full of water which stood beside the barn door; and while the creature drank John backed the buggy into the carriage shed and propped up the thills with a plank. When he came to the stable door again the horse was waiting for him; and he heard its breath whir in a soundless whinny of greeting. He stripped away the harness expertly, hanging it on pegs against the wall, and adjusted the halter. Once, while he worked, the red bull in its closed stall on the farther side of the barn bellowed softly; and the young man called

(Continued on Page 141)

COLUMBIAN

A MINIATURE MOVIE showing actual motion pictures of the sledge-test of Columbian Vises and an interesting booklet, "Actually Sledge-Tested", will be sent to any vise buyer who will write for them upon his business stationery.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST

BIAN

Doing the Impossible—A Story of Success

AMONG the many examples which American business has given the world, there is no more significant story of success than the one which lies hidden in the phrase "World's largest makers of vises and anvils."

The fact of success is always conspicuous enough—but the reason for it is often a mystery. It should not be.

Success is always the fruition of intelligent effort and indomitable persistence in the pursuit of ideals. Before there can be accomplishment there must be vision—and after vision, long, hard work.

Five years ago there was not a malleable iron vise or a successful all-steel one-piece anvil or a non-crawling clamp in America. Three universally used tools of industry—vises, anvils, clamps—had not been radically improved in a hundred years.

Yet out of one institution in five years of hard work have come the most far-reaching and radical improvements that have ever been made in vises, anvils and clamps. Each was a true invention.

Many manufacturers had tried to make a malleable iron vise and had failed. Throughout the industry a malleable iron vise was considered a chimera, something impossible. Yet Columbian designers finally solved the problem by inventing the hollow jaw construction which permitted complete malleableizing of the iron. This construction (shown in the illustration) is patented—Columbian Sledge-Tested Vises are the only malleable vises made and are twice as strong as cast iron.

The all-steel one-piece anvil was another ideal which had occurred to more than one manufacturer. But all attempts to cast a steel anvil in one solid piece were failures until Columbian founders worked out the chilled-mold process and achieved the impossible for a second time.

The Columbian Non-Crawling Clamp is the first clamp that will not crawl or cause the work to creep. Its principle is entirely new. In tightening the clamp the screw is not rotated but is forced straight downward by a wing-nut. Though the Columbian Clamp is the youngest of Columbian products it seems likely soon to take its place with Columbian Vises and Anvils as the largest selling make in the United States.

Columbian improvements in vises, anvils and clamps are of practical, dollars-and-cents importance. They are radical improvements which increase the production value of the tools.

Every type of vise or anvil used in metal and wood-working industries and a wide range of sizes in C-clamps are included in the Columbian line. If you want the most modern vise or anvil or clamp, specify Columbian.

THE COLUMBIAN HARDWARE COMPANY
CLEVELAND, U. S. A.

MAKERS OF VISES AND ANVILS

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

The Ideal Five-Passenger Car

It required only thirty days for our new five-passenger "Glenbrook" to establish itself as one of the most popular cars on the American market.

Now, its reputation has become International and the demand from Great Britain alone is far in excess of our export allotment.

The "Glenbrook" is a tremendous success—there can be no doubt about that. It has won its way into the hearts and minds of the Motoring World almost over night.

It has made more real friends, in a shorter space of time, than any other model ever produced by this Company. If you are at all familiar with Paige history, you will appreciate the significance of this statement.

There is, of course, a very definite reason for such universal endorsement of our new car. You will find it in the single word, *Performance*, as expressed through a strictly modern power plant and chassis.

The "Glenbrook" is not a racing car, though it is easily capable of sixty miles per hour. What is vastly more important, it is an utterly dependable car—one of the most thoroughly *satisfactory* motor vehicles that has ever been developed for the road.

By "Satisfactory," we mean that it possesses all the power and speed that a sane man could possibly desire. We mean that it offers the true luxuries of exquisite design, ample room, soft upholstering and velvety spring suspension—all these without the burden of excessive upkeep.

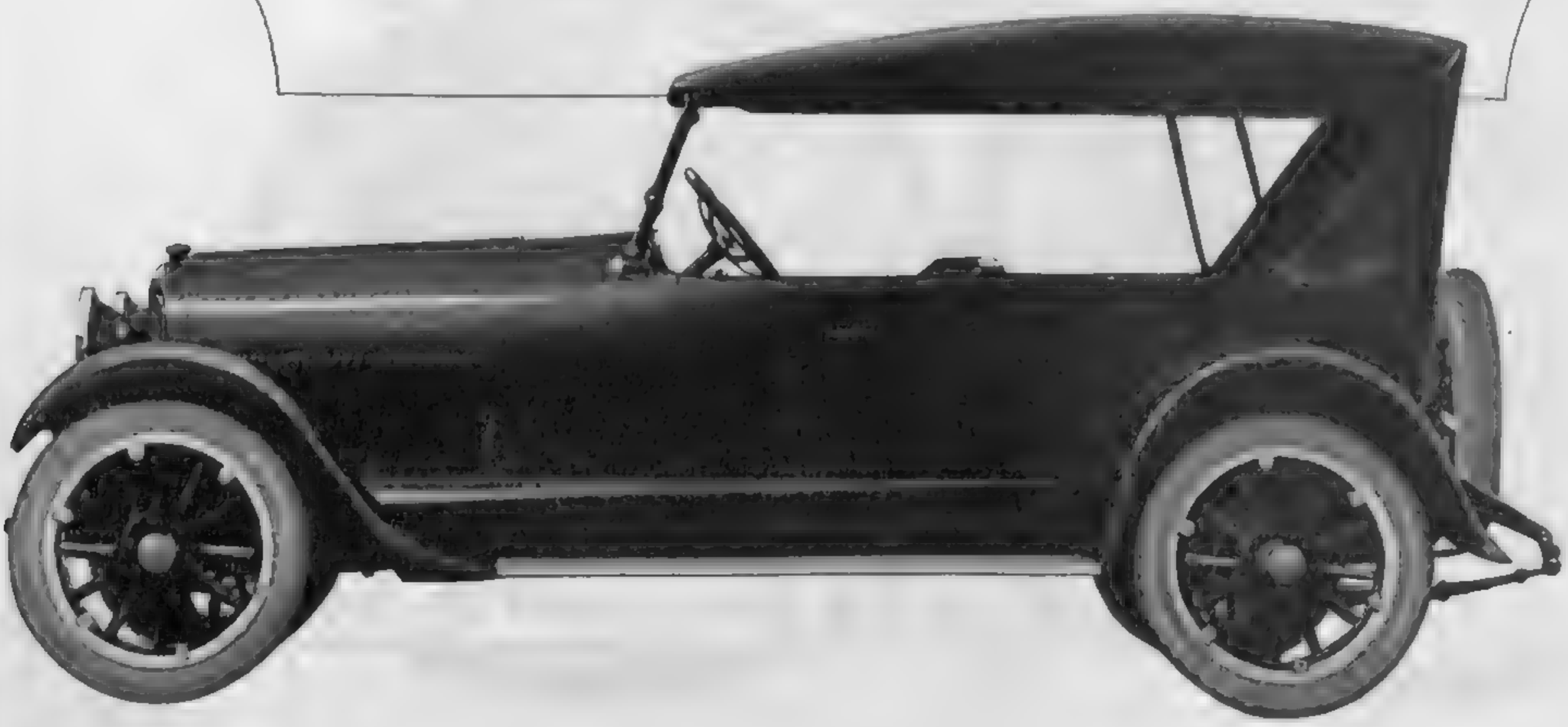
It is, in a phrase, the Ideal five-passenger motor car—an incomparable investment in six-cylinder transportation. The logical recognition of this fact has resulted in a permanent demand that is World Wide.

We predict that you are going to hear the "Glenbrook" referred to as the greatest dollar-for-dollar value on the American market. It possesses such obvious advantages over the usual type of five-passenger car that this conclusion would seem to be inevitable.

However, you alone must be the judge of comparative values. We merely ask you to take one ride in the "Glenbrook" and form your own opinion. On this basis we are content to rest our case because we know that our three years of experimental work and testing have, indeed, produced the finest of all light sixes.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Michigan*

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks



(Continued from Page 137)

to the beast in a tone that was at once strong and kindly.

He put the horse in its stall, tied the halter rope, and stepped out into the open floor of the barn to pull down hay for the creature. It was when he did so that he became conscious that someone was near. He could not have told how he knew; but there was, of a sudden, a warmth and a friendliness in the very air about him, so that his breath came a little more quickly. He stood very still for a moment; and then he looked toward the stable door. His eyes, accustomed to the dark, discovered her. She had come inside the barn and was standing against the wall, watching him. He could see the dim white blur of her face in the darkness; he could almost see the glow that lay always in her eyes for him.

He said quietly, "Hello, Ruth."

And she answered him, "Hello, John."

"I've got to pull down a little hay," he said. It was as though he apologized for not coming at once to her side.

"Yes," she told him, and stood there while he finished tending the horse.

When he had done he went toward her slowly and stood before her, and she moved a little nearer to him, so that he put his arms awkwardly round her shoulders and kissed her. He felt her lips move against his; felt her womanly and strong. There was no passion in their caress; only an awkward tenderness on his part, a deep affection on hers.

"I'm glad you came out," he said; and she nodded against his shoulder.

They went into the barnyard, and his arm was about her waist.

"It's warm to-night," she told him. "Summer's about here."

He nodded. "We'll have green peas by the Fourth if we don't git a frost."

Neither of them wanted to get at once to the house. There was youth in them; the house was no place for youth. She was Ruth MacLure, Mary Evered's sister. Not, by that token, John Evered's aunt; for John Evered's mother was dead many years gone, before Evered took Mary MacLure for wife. A year ago old Bill MacLure had died and Ruth had come to live with her sister. John had scarce known her till then; since then he found it impossible to understand how he had ever lived without knowing her. She was years younger than her sister, three years younger than John Evered himself; and he loved her.

They crossed the barnyard to the fence and looked down into the shadowy pit of blackness where the swamp lay, half a mile below them. They rested their elbows on the top bar of the fence. Once or twice the bull muttered in his stall a few rods away. They could hear the champ of the horse's teeth as the beast fed before sleeping; they could hear Evered's cows stirring in their tie-up. The night was very still and warm, as though heaven brooded like a mother over the earth.

The girl said at last, "Semler was here while you were gone."

The young man asked slowly, "What fetched him here?"

"He was on his way home from fishing, down in the swamp stream."

"Did he do anything down there?"

"Had seventeen. One of them was thirteen inches long. He wanted to leave some, but Mary wouldn't let him."

They were silent for a moment, then John Evered said, "Best not tell my father."

The girl cried under her breath, with an impatient gesture of her hand, "I'm not going to. But I hate it. It isn't fair. Mary wants him to keep away. He bothers her."

"I can keep him away."

"You did tell him not to come."

"I can make him not come," said John Evered; and the girl fell silent, and said at last, "He's writing to her. Oh, John, what can she do? More than she has done?"

"I'll see to't he stays away," the young man promised; and the girl's hand fell on his arm.

"Please do," she said. "He's so unfair to Mary."

A little later, when they turned at last toward the house, John said half to himself: "If my father ever heard, he'd bust that man."

"I wish he would," the girl said hotly. "But—I'm afraid he'd find some way to blame Mary. He mustn't know."

"I'll see Dane Semler," John promised.

On the doorstep they kissed again. Then they went into the house together. Evered sitting by the lamp with his paper looked up at them bleakly, but said no word. Mary Evered smiled at her sister, smiled at John. She loved her husband's son, had loved him like a mother since she came to the house and found him, a boy not four years old, helping with the chores as a grown man might have done. She had found something pitiful in the strength and the reserve of the little fellow; and she had mothered out of him some moments of softness and affection that would have surprised his father.

There was a certain measure of reassurance in his eyes as he returned her smile. But when he had sat down across the table from his father, where she could not see his face, he became sober and very thoughtful. He was considering the matter of Dane Semler.

IV

FIRST word of the tragedy came to Will Bissell's store at seven o'clock in the evening of the next day but one; and the manner of the coming was this:

The day had been lowering and sultry; such a day as Fraternity was accustomed to expect in mid-August, when the sun was heavy on the land and the air was murky with sea fogs blown in from the bay. A day when there seemed to be a malignant spirit in the very earth itself; a day when to work was torment, and merely to move about was sore discomfort. A day when dogs snarled at their masters, and masters cursed at their dogs; when sullen passions boiled easily to the surface, and tempers were frayed to the last splitting strand.

No breath of air was stirring as the evening came down. The sun had scarce shown itself all day; the coming of night was indicated only by a growing obscurity, by a thickening of the murky shadows in the valleys and the gray clouds that hid the hills. Men slighted their evening chores, did them hurriedly or not at all, and made haste to get into the open air. From the houses of the village they moved toward Will's store; and some of them stopped on the bridge above the brook, as though the sound of running water below them had some cooling power; and some climbed the little slope and sat on the high steps of the store. They talked little or none, spoke in monosyllables when they spoke at all. They were too hot and weary and uncomfortable for talking.

No one seemed to be in any hurry. The men moved slowly; the occasional wagon or buggy that drove into town came at a walk; even the automobiles seemed to move with a sullen reluctance. So it was not surprising that the sound of a horse's running feet coming along the Liberty road should quickly attract their ears.

They heard it first when the horse topped the rise above the mill, almost a mile away. The horse was galloping. The sounds were hushed while the creature dipped into a hollow, and rang more loudly when it climbed a nearer knoll and came on across the level meadow road toward the town. The beat of its hoofs was plainly audible; and men asked each other whose horse it was, and what the hurry might be; and one or two, more energetic than the rest, stood up to get a glimpse of the road by which the beast was coming.

Just before it came into their sight they heard it stop galloping and come on at a trot; and a moment later horse and rider came in sight, and every man saw who it was.

Jean Bubier exclaimed, "It is M'sieu' Semler."

And Judd echoed, "Dane Semler. In a hell of a hurry too."

Then the man pulled his horse to a stand at the foot of the store steps and swung off. He had been riding bareback; and he was in the garments which he was accustomed to wear when he went fishing along the brooks. They all knew him; for though he was a man of the cities he had been accustomed to come to Fraternity in June for a good many years. They knew him, but did not particularly like him. There was something of patronage in the man's attitude, and they knew this and resented it.

Nevertheless, one or two of them answered his greeting. For the rest, they studied him with an acute and painful curiosity. There was some warrant for their curiosity. Semler, usually an immaculate man, was hot and dusty and disordered; his face was white; his eyes were red and shifting, and there was an agonized haste in his bearing which he was unable to hide.

He asked, almost as his foot touched ground, "Anyone here got a car?"

Two or three of the men had come in automobiles; and one, George Tower, answered, "Sure."

Tower was a middle-aged man of the sort that remains perpetually young; and he had recently acquired a swift and powerful roadster of which he was mightily proud. It was pride in this car, more than a desire to help Dane Semler, that prompted his answer.

Semler took a step toward him and lowered his voice a little. "I've had bad news," he said. "How long will it take you to get me to town?"

That was a drive of ten or a dozen miles, over roads none too good.

Tower answered promptly: "Land you there in twenty minutes."

"I'll give you a dollar for every minute you do it under half an hour," said Semler swiftly; and Tower got to his feet.

"Where's your grip?" he asked.

Semler shook his head. "I'm having that sent on. Can't wait. I'm ready to start now." He looked toward the men on the steps. "Some of you take care of the horse," he said quickly. "Garvey will send for it."

Garvey was the farmer at whose house Semler had been staying. Will Bissell took the horse's bridle and promised to stable the beast till Garvey should come. Tower was already in his car; Semler jumped in beside him. They were down the hill and across the bridge in a diminuendo roar of noise as the roadster, muffler cut out, rocketed away toward town. Two or three of the men got to their feet to watch them go, sat down again when they were out of sight.

There was a moment's thoughtful silence before someone said, "What do you make o' that? Semler in some hurry, I'd say."

Jean Bubier laughed a little. "One damn' hurry," he agreed.

"Like something was after him—or he was after someone."

Judd the mean cackled to himself. "By Gad," he cried, "I'll bet Evered's got on to him. I'll bet Evered's after that man. No wonder he run."

The other men looked at Judd, and they shifted uncomfortably. Will Bissell had gone round to stable the horse; Lee Motley had not yet come to the store, nor had Jim Saladine. Lacking these three there was no one to silence Judd, and the man might have gone on to uglier speech.

But he was silenced, and silenced by so inconsiderable a person as Zeke Pitkin. Zeke drove up just then, drove hurriedly; and they saw before he stopped his horse that he was shaking with excitement.

He cried out, "Hain't you heard?"

Judd answered, "Heard what? What ails you, Zeke?"

Pitkin scarce heard him, he was so intent on crying out his dreadful news. It came in a stumbling burst of half a dozen words.

"Evered's red bull's killed Mis' Evered," he stammered.

EVERED'S red bull was a notorious and dangerous figure in the countryside. As tall at the shoulder as a small man, it was like some primordial monster of the forests, and full as fierce of temper. Evered had bought it two years before, and two men on horseback, with ropes about the creature's neck, brought it from town to his farm. Evered himself, there to receive it, scowled at their precautions. There was a ring in the monstrous beast's nose; and to this ring Evered snapped a six-foot stick of ash, seasoned and strong. Holding the end of this stick he was able to control the bull; and he set himself to teach it fear. That he succeeded was well enough attested. The bull did fear him, and with reason. Nevertheless, Evered took no chances with the brute, and never entered its stall without first snapping his ash stick fast to the nose ring. Those who watched at such times said that the bull's red eyes burned red and redder so long as Evered was near; and they were apt to warn the man to take care. But Evered paid no heed to their warnings; or seemed to pay no heed.

The bull had never harmed a human being, because it had never found the opportunity. Men and women and children shunned it, kept well away from its stout-fenced pasture or its high-boarded pen or its stall. The creature was forever roaring and bellowing; and when the air was still its clamor carried far across the countryside and frightened children and women, and made even men pause to listen and to wonder whether Evered's bull was loose at last. Small boys used to come and take a fearsome joy from watching the brute; and at first they liked to tease the bull, pelting it with sticks and stones. Till one day they came—Jimmy Hills, and Will Motley, and Joe Suter, and two or three besides—with a setter pup of Lee Motley's at their heels. The pup watched their game, and wished to take a hand, so slipped through the fence to nip at the great bull's heels; and the beast wheeled and pinned the dog against the fence with its head like a ram, and then trod the pup into a red pudding in the soft earth, while Will Motley shrieked with rage and sorrow and fear.

Evered heard them that day, and came down with a whip and drove them away; and thereafter a boy who teased the bull had trouble on his hands at home. And the tale of what the brute had done to that setter pup was told and retold in every farmhouse in the town.

Evered, even while he mastered the bull and held it slave, took pains to maintain his dominance. The stall which housed it was stout enough to hold an elephant; the board-walled pen outside the stall was doubly braced with cedar posts set five feet underground; and even the half-mile pasture in which, now and then, he allowed the brute to range, had a double fence, of barbed-wire inside and stone wall without.

This pasture ran along the road and bent at right angles to work down to the edge of the swamp. It was, as has been said, about a half mile long; but it was narrow, never more than a few rods wide. It formed the southern boundary of Evered's farm; and no warning signs were needed to keep trespassers from crossing this area. When the bull was loose here it sometimes ranged along the fence that paralleled the road, tossing its great head and snorting and muttering at people who passed by, so that they were apt to hurry their pace and leave the brute behind.

It was timid Zeke Pitkin, on his way to North Fraternity, who saw the bull break its fence on the afternoon that Mary Evered was killed. Zeke did not usually take the road past Evered's place, because he did not like to pass under the eye of the bull. But on this day he was in some haste; and he thought it likely the bull would be stalled and out of sight, and on that chance took the short hill road to his destination.

When he approached Evered's farm he began to hear the bull muttering and roaring in some growing exasperation. But it was then too late to turn back without going far out of his way, so he pressed on until he came in sight of the pasture and saw the beast, head high, tramping up and down along the fence on the side away from the road. Zeke was glad the bull was on that side, and hurried his horse, in a furtive way, hoping the bull would not mark his passing.

When he came up to where the brute was he saw that the bull was watching something in Evered's woodlot, beyond the pasture, and Zeke tried to see what it was. At first he could not see; but after a moment a dog yapped there, and Zeke caught a glimpse of it; a half-bred terrier from some adjacent farm, roving the woods.

The dog yapped; and the bull roared; and the dog, its native impudence impeding it, came running toward the pasture, and began to dance up and down, just beyond the bull's reach, barking in a particularly shrill and tantalizing way.

Zeke yelled to the dog to be off; but the dog took his yell for encouragement, and barked the harder; and then Zeke saw a thing which made him turn cold.

He saw the bull swing suddenly, with all its weight, against the high wire fence; and he saw one of the posts sag and give way, and another smashed off short. So, quicker than it takes to tell it, the bull was floundering across the barbed wires, roaring with the pain of them, and Zeke saw it top the wall, tail high and head down, and charge the little dog.

Zeke might have tried to drive the bull back into its pasture; but that was a task for a bold man, and Zeke was not bold. He whipped his horse and drove on to warn Evered; and when he looked back from the top of the hill the bull and the dog had disappeared into the scrub growth of alder and hardwood along a little run that led down to the swamp. He whipped his horse again, and turned into the road that led to Evered's farmhouse.

When he got to the farmhouse there was no one at home; and after he had convinced himself of this Zeke drove away again, planning to stop at the first neighboring farm

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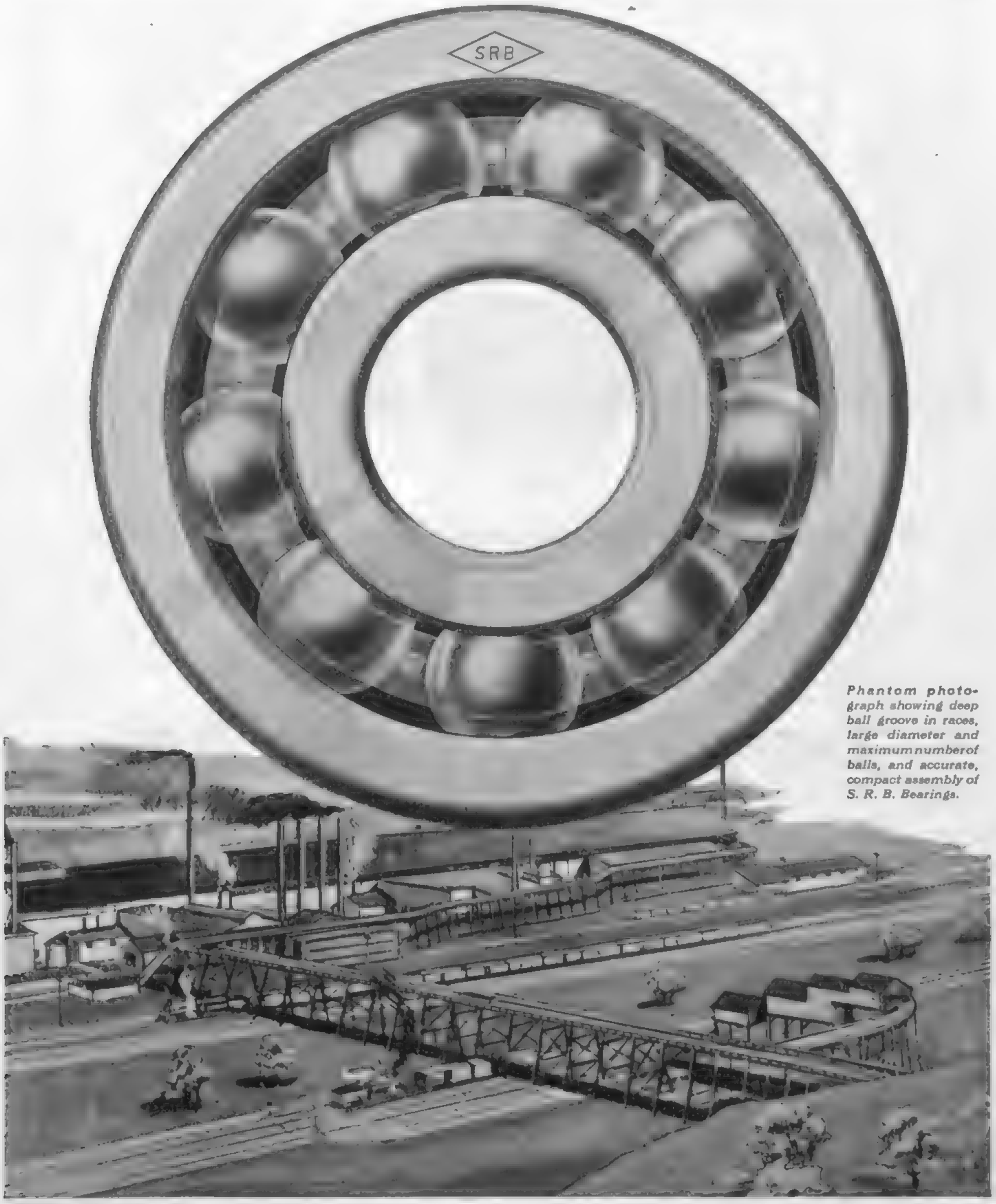

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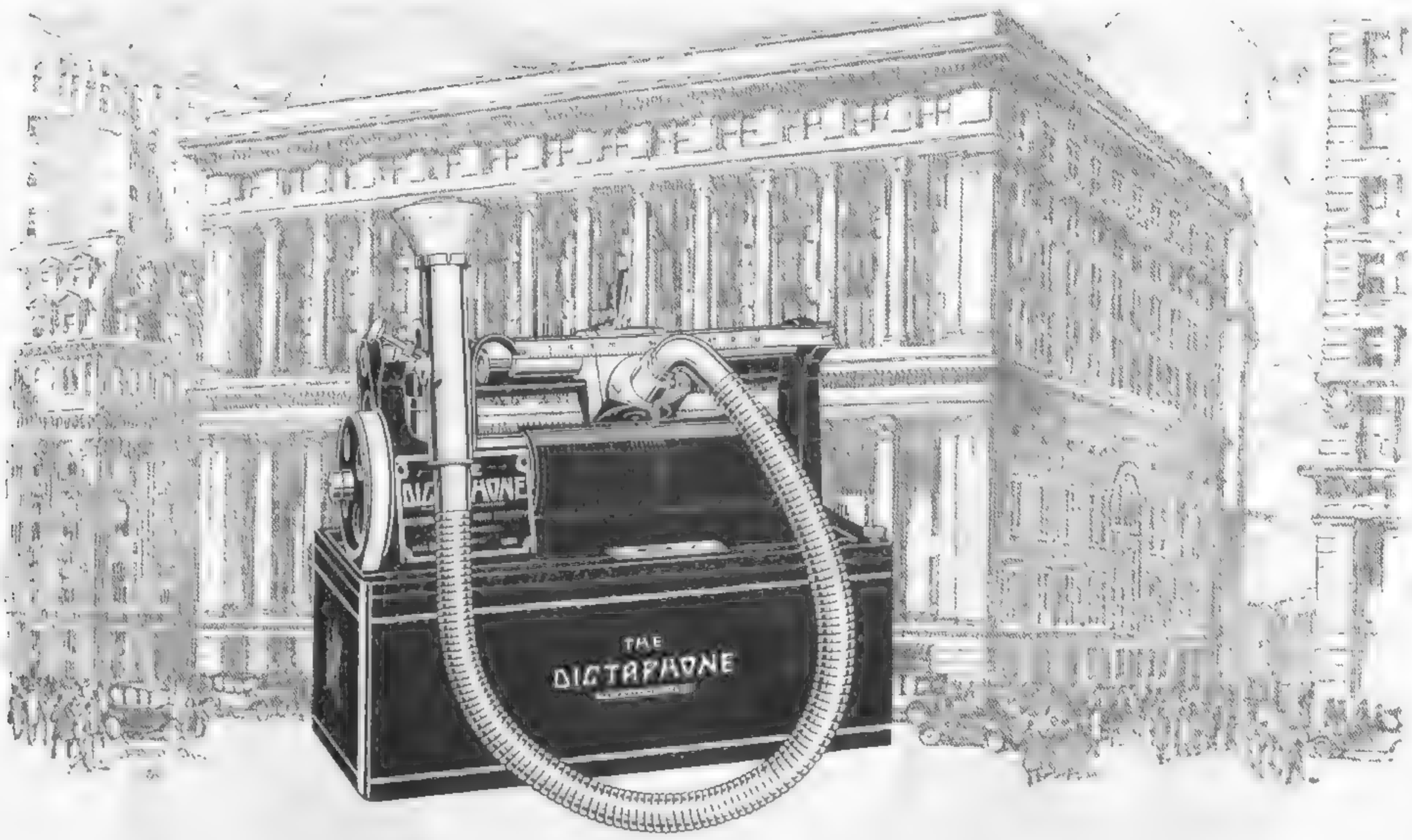

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(Continued from Page 141)

and leave word for Evered. But after a quarter of a mile or so he met the butcher, and stopped him and told him that the bull was loose in his woodlot.

Evered asked a question or two; but Zeke's voluble answers made him impatient, and he left the other and hurried on. At home he stabled his horse, got his ash stave with the snap on the end, and as an afterthought went into the house for his revolver. He had no illusions about the bull; he knew the beast was dangerous.

While he was in the house he marked that his wife was not there, and wondered where she was, and called to her, but got no answer. He knew that John and Ruth MacLure, his wife's sister, were in the orchard on the other side of the farm from the pasture and woodlot; and he decided that his wife must have gone to join them there. So with the revolver in his pocket and the stave in his hand Evered went down past the barn and through the bars into the woodlot. Somewhere in the thickets below him he expected to find the bull. He could hear nothing, so he understood that the little dog which had caused the trouble had either fled or been killed by the beast. He hoped for the latter; for he was an impatient man, and angered at the whole incident. Also, the sultry heat of the day had irked him; irked him so that he had cursed to himself because his wife was not at home when he wished to speak to her.

In this impatient mood he began to work down through the woodlot. He went carefully, knowing the treacherous temper of the brute he was hunting. He passed through a growth of birches along a little run, and across a rocky knoll, and through more birches, and so came out upon the lower shelf of his farm, a quarter of a mile from the house, and halfway down to the borders of the swamp.

He remembered, when he had come thus far, that there was a spring in the hillside a little below him, with two or three old trees above it, and some clean grass beside it. His wife occasionally came here in the afternoon, when her work was done, to sit and read or rest or give herself to her thoughts. Evered knew of this habit of hers, but till this moment he had forgotten it. The spot was cool, it caught what air was stirring. He had a sudden conviction that she might be there now; and the idea angered him. He was angry with her because by coming down here she had put herself in a dangerous position. He was angry with her because he was worried about her safety. This was a familiar reaction of the man's irascible temperament. Two years before, when Mary Evered took to her bed for some three weeks' time with what was near being pneumonia, Evered had been irritable and morose and sullen until she was on her feet again. Unwilling to confess his concern for her, he expressed that concern by harsh words and scowls and bitter taunts, till his wife wept in silent misery. His wife whom he loved wept in misery because of him.

Thus it was now with him. He was afraid she had come to the spring; he was afraid the bull would come upon her there; and because he was afraid for her he was angry with her for coming.

He went forward across the level rocky ground, eyes and ears alert, and so came presently atop a little rise from which he could look down to the spring. And at what he saw the man stopped stock-still, and all the fires of hell flared up in his heart till he felt his whole body burn like a flaming ember.

His wife was there; she was sitting on a low smooth rock a little at one side of the spring. But that was not all; she was not alone. A man sat below her, a little at one side, looking up at her and talking earnestly; and Mary Evered's head was drooping in thought as she listened.

Evered knew the man. The man was Dane Semler. Dane Semler and his wife, together here, talking so quietly.

They did not see him. Their backs were toward him, and they were oblivious and absorbed. Evered stood still for a moment; then he was so shaken by the fury of his own anger that he could not stand, and he dropped on one knee and knelt there, watching them. And the blood boiled in him, and the pulse pounded in his throat, and the breath choked in his lungs. His veins swelled, his face became purple. One watching him would have been appalled. Evered was in that moment a terrible and dreadful spectacle, a man completely given over to the ugliest of angers, to the black and tempestuous fury of jealousy.

He did not stop to wonder, to guess the meaning of the scene before him. He did not wish to know its explanation. If he had thought soberly he must have known there was no wrong in Mary Evered. But he did not think soberly; he did not think at all. He gave himself to fury. Accustomed to yield to anger as a man yields to alcohol, accustomed to debauches of rage, Evered in this moment loosed all bounds on himself. He hated his wife as it is possible to hate only those whom we love; he hated Dane Semler consumingly, appallingly. He was drunk with it, shaking with it; his lips were so hot it was as though they smoked with rage.

The man and the woman below him did not move. He could catch, through the pounding in his own ears, the murmur of their voices. Semler spoke quickly, rapidly, lifting a hand now and then in an appealing gesture; the woman, when she spoke at all, lifted her head a little to look at the man, and her voice was very low. Evered did not hear their words; he did not wish to. The very confidence and ease and intimacy of their bearing damned them unutterably in his eyes.

He was like a figure of stone, there on the knoll just above them. It seemed impossible that they could remain unconscious of his presence there. The unleashed demons in the man seemed to cry out, they were almost audible.

But the two were absorbed; they saw nothing and heard nothing; nothing save each other. And Evered above them, a concentrated fury, was as absorbed and oblivious as they. His whole being was so focused in attention on these two that he did not see the great red bull until it came ponderously round a shoulder of the hill, not thirty paces from where the man and woman sat together. He did not see it then until they turned their heads that way, until they came swiftly to their feet, the man with a cry, the woman in a proud and courageous silence.

The bull stood still, watching them. And in the black soul of Evered an awful triumph leaped and screamed. His ash stave was beside him, his revolver was beneath his hand. There was time and to spare.

He flung one fist high and brought it smashing down. It struck a rock before him and crushed skin and knuckles till the blood burst forth. But Evered did not even know. There was a dreadful exultation in him.

He saw the bull's head drop, saw the vast red bulk lunge forward, quick as light; saw Semler dodge like a rabbit, and run, shrieking, screaming like a woman; saw Mary Evered stand proudly still—as still . . .

In the last moment Evered flung himself on the ground; he hid his face in his arms. And the world rocked and reeled round him so that his very soul was shaken.

Face in his arms there, the man began presently to weep like a little child.

VI

AFTER an interval, which seemed like a very long time, but was really only a matter of seconds, Evered got to his feet, and with eyes half averted started down the knoll toward the spring.

Yet even with averted eyes he was able to see what lay before him; and a certain awed wonder fell upon the man, so that he was shaken, and stopped for a moment still. And there were tremorous movements about his mouth when he went on.

His wife's body lay where it had been flung by the first blunt blow of the red bull's awful head. But—this, was the wonder of it—the red bull had not trampled her. The beast stood above the woman's body now, still and steady; and Evered was able to see that there was no more murder in him. He had charged the woman blindly; but it was now as though, having struck her, he knew who she was and was sorrowing. It was easy to imagine an almost human dejection in the posture of the huge beast.

And it was this which startled and awed Evered; for the bull had always been, to his eyes, an evil and a murderous force.

A few feet from where the woman's body lay Evered stopped and looked at the bull; and the bull stood quite still, watching Evered without hostility. Evered found it hard to understand.

He turned to one side and knelt beside his wife's body; but this was only for an instant. He saw at once that she was dead, beyond chance or question. There was no blood upon her, no agony of torn flesh; her garments were a little rumpled, and that was all. The mighty blow of the bull had been swift enough, and merciful. She lay a little on her side, and her lips were twisted in a little smile, not unhappily.

Evered at this time was not conscious of feeling anything at all. His mind was clear enough; his perceptions were never more acute. But his emotions seemed to be in abeyance. He looked upon his wife's body and felt for her neither the awful hate of the last minutes nor the torturing love of the years that were gone. He looked simply to see if she were dead; and she was dead. So he took off his coat and made of it a pillow for her, and laid her head upon it, and composed her where she lay. And the great red bull stood by, with that unbelievable hint of sorrow and regret in its bearing; stood still as stone, and watched so quietly.

Evered did not think of Semler; he had scarce thought of the man at all, from the beginning. When he was done with his wife he went to where the bull stood, and snapped his ash stave fast to the creature's nose. The bull made no move, neither backed away nor snorted nor jerked aside its vast head. And Evered, his face like a stone, led the beast to one side and up the slope and through the woodlot toward the farm.

As he approached the barn he turned to one side and came to the boarded pen outside the bull's stall. He led the beast inside this pen, loosed the stave from the nose ring, and stepped back outside the gate. Watching for a moment he saw the red bull walk slowly across the pen and go into its stall; and once inside it turned round and stood with its head in the doorway of the stall, watching him.

He made fast the gate, then passed through the barn and approached the kitchen door. Ruth, his wife's sister, came to the door to meet him. His face was steady as a rock; there was no emotion in the man. Yet was there something about him which appalled the girl.

She asked huskily, "Did you get the bull in? I heard him, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Evered. "He's in."

"I heard him bellowing," she explained. "And then I saw a man run up across the side field to the road."

"That was Semler," Evered explained coldly. "Dane Semler. He was afraid of the bull."

"I was worried," the girl persisted timidly, not daring to say what was in her mind. "I was worried—worried about Mary."

"The bull killed her," said Evered; and passed her and went into the kitchen.

Ruth backed against the wall to let him go by; and she pressed her two hands to her lips in a desperate frightened way; and her eyes were wide and staring with horror. She stared at the man, and her hands held back the clamor of her grief. She stared at him as at a monstrous thing, while Evered washed his hands at the sink and dried them on the roller towel, and combed his hair before the clean mirror hanging on the wall. There was a dreadful deliberation about his movements.

After a moment the girl began to move; she went by little sidewise steps as far as the door, and then she leaped out into the barnyard, and the screams poured from her in a frenzy of grief that was half madness. Evered turned at the first sound and watched her run, still screaming, across the barnyard to the fence; and he saw her fumble fruitlessly with the topmost bars, and at last scramble awkwardly over the fence itself in her stricken haste. She was still crying out terribly as she disappeared from his sight in the direction of the woodlot and the spring.

Evered watching her said to himself bitterly: "She knew where Mary was; knew where to look for her."

He flung out one hand in a weak gesture of despair that came strangely from so harshly strong a man; and he began to move aimlessly about the kitchen, not knowing what he did. He took a drink at the pump; he changed his shoes for barnyard boots; he cut tobacco from a plug and filled his pipe and forgot to light it; he stood in the door, the cold pipe in his teeth, and stared out across his farm; and his teeth set on the pipestem till it cracked and roused him from his own thoughts.

Then he heard someone running, and his son, John Evered, came from the direction of the orchard, and flung a quick glance at his father, and another into the kitchen at his father's back.

Evered looked at him, and the young man, panting from his run, said, "I heard Ruth cry out. What's happened, father?"

Evered's tight lips did not stir for a moment; then he took the pipe in his hand, and he said stiffly, "The red bull killed Mary."

They were accustomed to speak of Evered's second wife as Mary when they spoke together. John, though he loved her, had never called her mother. He loved her well; but the blood tie was strong in him, and he loved his father more. At his father's word now he stepped nearer the older man, watching, sensing something of the agony behind Evered's simple statement; and their eyes met and held for a little.

Then Evered said, "She was with Dane Semler at the spring."

The gentler lines of his son's face slowly hardened into a likeness of his own. The young man asked, "Where's Semler?"

"Ran away," said Evered.

"I had wanted a word with him."

Evered laughed shortly; and it was almost the first time that John had ever seen him laugh, so that the sight was shocking and terrible. Then the older man turned back into the house.

John followed him and asked quickly, "It was at the spring?"

"Yes. The bull broke down his fence to get at a dog."

"We must bring her home," the son suggested quietly. "Where is Ruth?"

"Down there," Evered told him.

John turned to the door again. "We'll bring her home," he said, and Evered saw the young man go swiftly across the farmyard and vault the fence and start at an easy run in the direction Ruth had gone.

Evered stayed in the house alone for a moment; and when he could bear to be alone no longer he went out into the farmyard. As he did so Zeke Pitkin drove in, on his way back from that errand in North Fraternity.

The bleak face of Evered appalled the timid man and frightened him; and he stammered apologetically: "W-wondered if you got the b-bull in."

"Yes," said Evered; "after he had killed Mary."

Zeke stared at Evered with a face that was a mask of terror for a moment, and Evered stood still, watching him. Then Pitkin gathered the reins clumsily, and clumsily turned his horse, so sharply that his wagon was well nigh overthrown by the cramped wheel. When it was headed for the road he lashed out with the whip, and the horse leaped forward. Evered could hear it galloping out to the main road, and then to the left, toward Fraternity.

"Town'll know in half an hour," he said half to himself.

The man was still in a stupor, his emotions numb. But he did not want to be alone. After a moment he went out into the stable and harnessed the horse to his light wagon and started down a wood road toward the spring. The wagon would serve to bring his wife's body home.

The vehicles on a Fraternity farm are there for utility, almost without exception. Evered had a mowing machine, a rake, a harrow, a sledge, a single-seated buggy and this light wagon. He was accustomed to take the wagon when he went butchering; and it had served to haul the carcasses of any number of sheep or calves or pigs or steers from farm to market. He had no thought that he was piling horror on horror in taking this wagon to bring home his wife's body.

He laid a double armful of hay in the bed of the wagon before he started; and he himself walked by the horse's head, easing it over the rough places. The wood road which he followed would take him within two or three rods of the spring.

John Evered, going before his father, had found Ruth MacLure passionately sobbing above the body of her sister. And at first he could not bring himself to draw near to her; he was held by some feeling that to approach her would be sacrilege. There had been such a love between the sisters as is not often seen; there was a spiritual intimacy between them, a sympathy of mind and heart akin to that sometimes marked between twins. John knew this; he knew all that Ruth's grief must be. And so he stood still, a little ways off from her, and waited till the tempest of her grief should pass.

When she was quieter he spoke to her; and at the sound of his voice the girl

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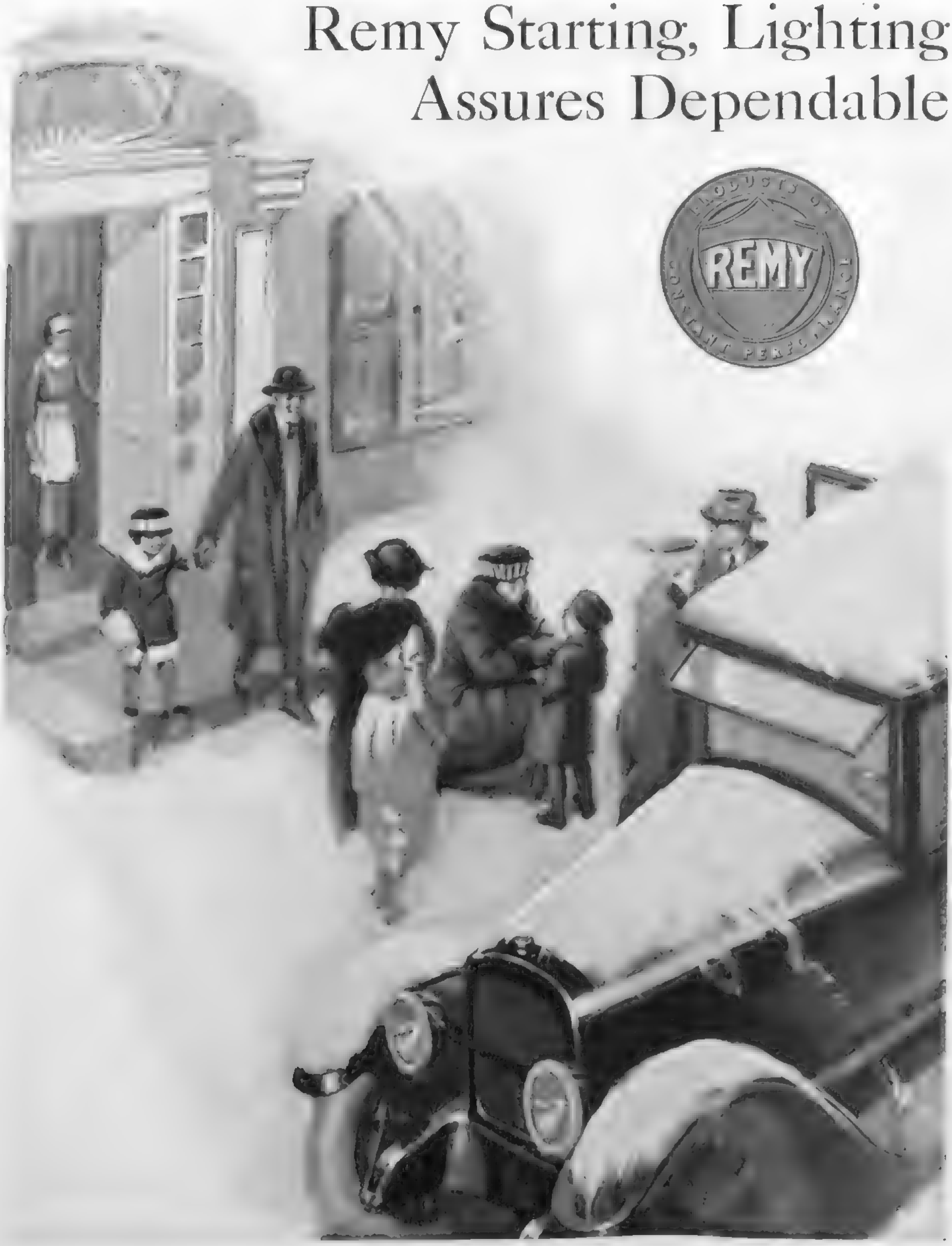

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whirled to face him, still kneeling; and there were no more tears in her. He was frightened at the stare of challenge in her eyes. He said quickly, "It's me."

She shook her head as though something blurred her sight. "I thought it was your father," she told him, and there was a bitter condemnation in her tone.

John said, "You mustn't blame him."

"He's not even sorry," she explained softly, thoughtfully.

"He is," John insisted. "You never understood him. He loved her so."

She flung her head to one side impatiently and got to her feet, brushing at her eyes with her sleeve, fumbling with her hair, composing her countenance. "It's growing dark," she said. "We must take her home."

He nodded. "I'll carry her," he said; and he crossed and bent above the dead woman, and looked at her for a moment silently. The girl, watching him, saw in the still strength of his features a likeness to his father that was suddenly terrible and appalling.

She shuddered; and when he would have lifted her sister's body she cried out in passionate hysterical protest, "Don't touch her! Don't touch her! You shan't touch her, John Evered!"

John looked at her slowly; and with that rare understanding which was the birthright of the man he said, "You're blaming father."

"Yes, yes," she cried, "I am."

"It was never his fault," he said.

"He kept that red, killing brute about," she protested. "Oh, he killed her, he killed Mary, he killed my sister, John."

"That is not fair," he told her.

Before she could answer they both hushed to the sound of the approaching wagon; and Evered came toward them, leading the horse, and he turned it and backed the wagon in below the spring.

They did not speak to him, nor he to them. But when he was ready he went toward the dead woman to lift her into the wagon bed; and Ruth pushed between them and cried: "You shan't touch her! You shan't touch her, ever!"

Evered looked at her steadily; and after a moment he said, "Stand to one side."

The girl wished to oppose him; but it was a tribute to his strength that even in this moment the sheer will of the man overpowered her. She moved aside; and Evered lifted his wife's body with infinite gentleness and disposed it upon the fragrant hay in the wagon bed. He put the folded coat again beneath his wife's head as a pillow, as though she were only sleeping.

Still with no word to them he took the horse's rein and started to lead it toward the road and up the hill. And Ruth and John, after a moment, followed a little behind.

When they came up into the open, out of the scattering trees, a homing crow flying overhead toward its roost saw them. It may have been that the wagon roused some memory in the bird, offered it some promise. At any rate the black thing circled on silent wing, and lighted in the road along which they had come, and hopped and flopped behind them as they went slowly up the hill toward the farm.

Ruth saw the bird and shuddered; and John went back and drove it into flight; but it took earth again, farther behind them.

It followed them insistently up the hill; and it was still there, a dozen rods away, as they brought Mary Evered home.

VII

WHEN they came into the farmyard night was falling. In the west the sky still showed bright and warm; and against this brilliant sky the hills were purple and deeper purple in the distance. In the valleys mists were rising and black pools of night were forming beneath these mists; and while Evered bore his wife's body into the house and laid it on the bed in the spare room these pools rose and rose until they topped the hills and overflowed the world with darkness. The air was still hot and heavy, as it had been all day; and the sultry sky which had intensified the heat of the sun served now to hide the stars. When it grew dark it was as dark as pitch

The blackness seemed tangible, as though a man might catch it in his hand.

Ruth stayed beside her sister; but John built a fire in the stove while Evered sat by in stony calm, and he made coffee and fried salt pork and boiled potatoes. There were cold biscuits which Mary Evered had made that morning, and doughnuts from the crock in the cellar. When the supper was ready he called Ruth; and she came. The most tragic thing about death is that it accomplishes so little. The dropping of man or woman into the pool of the infinite is no more than the dropping of a pebble into a brook. The surface of the pool is as calm, a little after, as it was before. Thus, now, save that Mary was not at the table, their supping together was as it had always been. And after they had eaten they must go with the familiarity of long habit about their evening chores. Ruth washed the dishes; John and his father fed the beasts and milked the cows; and when they came in John turned the separator while Ruth attended to the milk and put away, afterward, the skim milk and the cream.

By that time two or three neighbors had come in, having heard of that which had come to pass. There was genuine sorrow in them, for Mary Evered had been a woman to be loved; but there was also the ugly curiosity native to the human mind; and there was speculation in each eye as they watched Evered and John and Ruth. They would discuss, for days to come, the bearing of each one of the three on that black night.

For Evered the man was starkly silent, saying no word. He sat by the table, eyes before him, puffing his pipe. Ruth stayed by her sister as though some instinct of protection kept her there. John talked with those who came, told them a little. He did not mention Semler's part in the tragedy.

He said simply that the bull had broken loose; that Mary Evered was by the spring, where she liked to go; that the bull came upon her there.

They asked morbidly whether she was trampled and torn; and they seemed disappointed when he told them that she was not, that even the terrible red bull had seemed appalled at the thing which he had done.

And through the evening others came and went, so that he had to say the same things over and over; and always Evered sat silent by the table, giving no heed when any man spoke to him; and Ruth, in the other room, kept guard above the body. The women went in there, some of them; but no men went in.

John had telephoned to Isaac Gorfinkle, whose business it was to prepare poor human clay for its return to earth again; and Gorfinkle came about midnight and put all save Ruth out of the room where the dead woman lay. Gorfinkle was a little fussy man; a man who knew his doleful trade.

Before day he and Ruth had done what needed doing; and Mary Evered lay in the varnished coffin he had brought. Her white hair and the sweet nobility of her countenance, serenely lying there, made those who looked forget the ugly splendor of Gorfinkle's wares.

It was decided that she should be buried on the second day. On the day after her death many people came to the farm; and some came from curiosity, and some from sympathy, and some with an uncertain purpose in their minds.

These were the selectmen of the town—Lee Motley, chairman; and Enoch Thomas, of North Fraternity; and Old Man Varney. Motley, a sober man and a man of wisdom, was of Evered's own generation; Enoch Thomas and Varney were years older. Old Varney had a son past thirty, whom to this day he thrashed with an ax stave when the spirit moved him, his big son good-naturedly accepting the outrage.

Thomas and Varney came to demand that Evered kill his red bull; and Motley put the case for them.

"We've talked it over," he said. "Seems like the bull's dangerous; like he ought to be killed. That's what we've—what we've voted."

Evered turned his heavy eyes from man to man; and Old Varney brandished his cane and called the bull a murdering beast, and bade Evered take his rifle and do the thing before their eyes. Evered's countenance changed no whit; he looked from Varney to Thomas, who was silent, and from Thomas to Lee Motley.

"I'll not kill the bull," he said.

Before Motley could speak Varney burst into abuse and insistent demand; and Evered let him talk. When the old man simmered to silence they waited for Evered to answer, but Evered held his tongue till Lee Motley asked, "Come, Evered, what do you say?"

"What I have said," Evered told them.

"The town'll see," Old Varney shrilled, and shook his fist in Evered's face. "The town'll see whether a murdering brute like that is to range abroad. If you've not shame enough—your own wife, man—your own ——" He wagged. "The town'll see!"

Said Evered, "I'll not take rifle to the bull; but if any man comes here to kill the beast I'll have use for that rifle of mine."

Which fanned Varney to a fresh outbreak, till Evered flung abruptly toward him, and abruptly said, "Be still!"

So were they still; and Evered looked them in the eye, man by man, till he came to Motley; and then he said, "Motley, I thought there was more wisdom in you."

"Aye," cried Varney. "He's as big a fool as you."

And Motley said, "I voted against this, Evered. The bull's yours, if you've a mind to kill him. I'm not for making you. It's your own affair, you mind. And—the ways of a bull are the ways of a bull. The brute's not overmuch to be blamed."

Evered nodded and turned his back on them; and after a time they went away. But when Evered went into the house he met Ruth, and the girl stopped him and asked him huskily, "You're not going to kill that red beast?"

Evered hesitated; then he said, with something like apology in his tones, "No, Ruth."

She began to tremble, and he saw that words were hot on her lips; and he lifted one hand in a placating gesture. She turned into the other room, and the door shut harshly at her back. Evered's eyes rested on the door for a space, a curious questioning in them, a wistful light that was strange to see.

All that day Ruth was still, saying little. No word passed between her and Evered, and few words between her and John. But that night, when they were alone, John spoke to her in awkward comfort and endearment.

"Please, Ruthie," he begged. "You're breaking yourself. You'll be sick. You must not be so hard."

He put an arm about her, as though he would have kissed her; but the girl's hands came up against his chest, and the girl's eyes met his in a fury of horror and loathing, and she flung him away.

"Don't! Don't!" she cried in a voice that was like a scream. "Don't ever! You—his son!"

John, inexpressibly hurt, yet understanding, left her alone; he told himself she was not to be blamed, with the agony of grief still scourging her.

One of the neighbor women came in that night to sit with Ruth; and Ruth slept a little through the night. John was early abed; he had had no sleep the night before, and he was tired. He sank fathoms deep in slumber; a slumber broken by fitful, unhappy dreams. His own grief for the woman who had been mother to him had been stifled, given no chance for expression, because he had fought to comfort Ruth and to ease his father. The reaction swept over him while he slept; he rested little.

Evered, about nine o'clock, went to the room he and his wife had shared for so many years. He had not, before this, been in the room since she was killed. Some reluctance had held him; he had shunned the spot. But now he was glad to be alone, and when he had shut the door he stood for a moment, looking all about, studying each familiar object, his nerves reacting to faint flicks of pain at the memories that were evoked.

He began to think of what the selectmen had said, of their urgency that he should kill the bull. And he sat down on the edge of the bed and remained there, not moving, for a long time. Once his eye fell on his belt hanging against the wall, with the heavy knife that he used in his butchering in its sheath. He reached out and took down the belt and drew the knife forth and held it in his hands, the same knife that had killed drunken Dave Riggs long ago. A powerful weapon, it would strike a blow like an ax; the handle of bone, the blade heavy and keen and strong. He balanced it between his fingers, and thought of how he had struck it into the neck of Zeke Pitkin's bull, and how the bull had dropped in midlife and never stirred more.

The knife fascinated him; he could not for a long time take his eyes away from it. At the last he reached out and thrust it into its sheath with something like a shudder, strange to see in so strong a man.

Then he undressed and got into bed, the bed he had shared with Mary Evered. He had blown out the lamp; the room was dark. There was a little current of air from the open window. And after a little Evered began to be as lonely as a boy for the first time away from home.

There is in every man, no matter how stern his exterior, a softer side. Sometimes he hides it from all the world; more often his wife gets now and then a glimpse of it. There was a side of Evered which only Mary Evered had known. And she had loved it. When they had come to bed together it always seemed to her that Evered was somehow gentler, kinder. He put away his harshness, as though it were a part he had felt called upon to play before men. The child in him, strong in most men, came to the surface. He was never a man overgiven to caresses, but when they were alone at night together, and he was weary, he would sometimes draw her arm beneath his head as a pillow or take her hand and lift it to rest upon his forehead, while she twined her fingers gently through his hair.

They used to talk together, sometimes far into the night; and though he might have used her bitterly through the day, with caustic tongue and hard, condemning eye, he was never unkind in these moments before they slept. A man the world outside had never seen. It was these nights together which had made life bearable for Mary Evered; and they had been dear to Evered too. How dreadful and appalling, then, was this, his first night alone.

Her shoulder was not there to cradle his sick and weary head; her gentle hand was not there to cool his brow. When he flung an arm across her pillow, where she used to lie, it embraced a gulf of emptiness that seemed immeasurably deep and terrible. After a little a faint perspiration came out upon the man's forehead. He turned on his right side, in the posture that invited sleep; but at first sleep would not come. His limbs jerked and twitched; his eyelids would not close. He stared sightlessly into the dark. Outside in the night there were faint stirrings and scratchings and movings to and fro; and each one brought him more wide awake than the last. He got up and closed the window to shut them out, and it seemed to him the closed room was filled with her presence. When he lay down again he half fancied he felt her hand upon his hair, and he reached his own hand up to clasp and hold hers, as he sometimes used to do; but his groping fingers found nothing, and came sickly away again.

How long he lay awake he could not know. When at last he dropped asleep the very act of surrender to sleep seemed to fetch him wide awake again. Waking thus he thought that he held his wife in his arms; he had often wakened in the past to find her there. But as his senses cleared he found that the thing which he held so tenderly against his side was only the pillow on which her head was used to lie.

The man's nerves jangled and clashed; and he threw the pillow desperately away from him as though he were afraid of it. He sat up in bed; and his pulses pounded and beat till they hurt him like the blows of a hammer. There was no sleep in Evered.

He was still sitting thus, bolt upright, sick and torn and weary, when the gray dawn crept in at last through the window panes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Making the Years Bring Youth

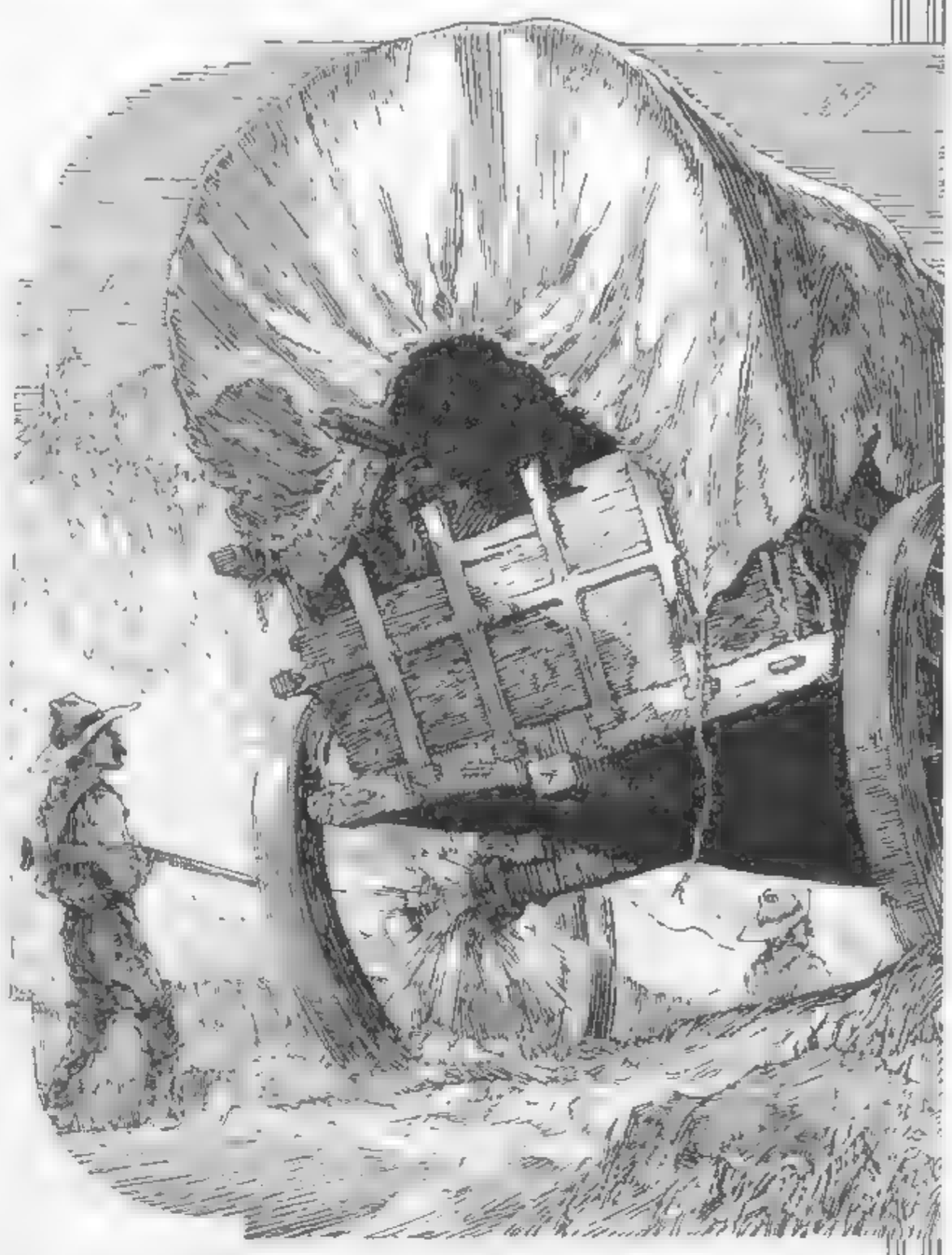
WHEN you think of our country's growth, you cannot leave out of the story the part that the Conestoga wagon played in it. It was the ship of the trackless prairie and the trails that led courageous men and unfaltering women through rugged, sullen mountain country, to the promised land of virgin plenty.

In 1849, when the gold rush started, the House of Masury was fourteen years old and well established. And Masury Paints gave prairie-schooners protection against rain and sun and the grating wear of a rutted desert of grass and the stony mountain trails. Those were rough times for paint. It *had* to be good and it was.

Today the builders of the finest coaches and motor cars use Masury Superfine Colors because they are not to be excelled by any other colors for the purpose. When Masury Superfine Colors were first made they were made as well as human skill could do it. They have always been ahead of their day.

The years have brought youth to the House of Masury. The only thing old about it is its treasured good name. It is more than abreast of the times. It is ahead of them with a stride that still leads into the gold country of accomplishment. We follow the only royal road to achievement—the road of quality.

The House of Masury makes paints and varnishes for every purpose. The list is long but every Masury item is first class. No Masury paint-can ever did, or ever will, hold a "second." The leading group is called the Masury Big Six and is led by Cosmolac, that one varnish for every purpose. The Big Six is listed on the opposite page.



Send us your name and address, with ten cents, stamps, to pay packing and postage, and we'll mail to you our fine book The Partnership of Paint. It treats of the domestic and industrial uses of Paints and Varnishes in a new and original way. It is interesting, refreshing and good reading for an evening. It would bring a dollar in any book store. Address us please, at 50 Jay Street, Brooklyn, New York.

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It Will Pay You to Know the Big Six

COSMOLAC is for use indoors or out. It is weather-proof. Heat, cold or seasonal changes have no effect on it. Soap or soap powder doesn't harm it. Heels can't scuff it nor mar it. It doesn't turn blue, white nor cloudy. Cosmolac will not yield to steam nor water, hot or cold. It covers all surfaces like glass.

Masury Perfection Flat White and Colors for walls and broad surfaces. They dry without gloss, without brush marks. Soft and restful to the eye and endure in a way peculiar to all Masury products. Easily cleaned with soap and water. Many pastel tones—but only one grade.

Masury China Gloss White Enamel is really white. It covers woodwork with a smooth, hard coat that shimmers like moonlit water. It is easily kept clean and is not dulled by soap and water. And it is as good for use on metals as it is for woodwork.

Masury Liquid House Paints cannot be surpassed for outdoor use. They stay fresh and bright through severe weather punishment because they are pure lead and zinc paints—and so guaranteed. Many colors and tones but only one grade, like all Masury products.

Masury Pure Colors in Oil are standard products used by first class painters for tinting white lead and zinc in mixing of paint for first grade work. They enjoy renown because they are true to name and nicety of requirement. Specify their use by your painter for satisfactory results from every point of view.

Masury Superfine Colors are for use on motor cars, coaches and carriages. Insist upon them for your vehicle and you will get a first class result. Only a first class mechanic should use them. Masury Superfine Colors are used by the builders of the very finest of motor cars.

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No plant equipment returns its cost so quickly. Toledo Cranes save time, labor, space and money. They speed operation and enlarge plant capacity.

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"ELECTRIC TRAVELING"

Toledo Cranes

THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY

(Continued from Page 25)

this pretty, sensible girl, through no fault of her own, was in the shadow of some actual if unknown danger. And Cutty wanted her out of town for a few days. Burlingame had intended sending Kitty out of town on an assignment during Easter week. An exchange of telegrams that morning had closed the gap in time.

"Well, you might say good morning."

"I beg your pardon, Burly!" In newspaper offices you belong at once or you never belong; and to belong is to have your name sheared to as few syllables as possible. You are formal only to the city editor, the managing editor and the auditor.

"What's the matter?"

"I've been set in the middle of a fairy story," said Kitty, "and I'm wondering if it's worth the trouble to try to find a way out. A Knight of the Round Table, a prince of chivalry. What would you say if you saw one in spats and a black derby?"

"Why," answered Burlingame, "I suppose I'd consider July first as the best thing that could happen to me."

Kitty laughed; and that was what he wanted.

What had that old rogue been doing now—offering Kitty his eighteen-story office building?

"It's odd, isn't it, that I shouldn't possess a little histrionic ability. You'd think it would be in my blood to act."

"It is, Kitty; only not to mimic. You're an actress, but the Big Dramatist writes your business for you. Now, I've got some fairly good news for you. An assignment."

"Work! What is it?"

"I am going to send you on a visit to the most charming movie queen in the business. She is going to return to Broadway this autumn, and she has a trunkful of plays to read. I have found your judgment ace-high. Mornings you will read with her; afternoons you will visit. She remembers your mother, who was the best comedienne of her day. So she will be quite as interested in you as you are in her. I want you to note her ways, how she amuses herself, eats, exercises. I want you to note the contents of her beautiful home; if she likes dogs or cats or horses. You will take a camera and get half a dozen good pictures, and a page yarn for Easter Sunday. Stay as long as she wants you to."

"But who?"

Burlingame jerked his thumb toward a photograph on the wall.

"Oh! This will be the most scrumptious event in my life. I'm wild about her! But I haven't any clothes!"

Burlingame waved his hands. "I knew I'd hear that yodel. Eve didn't have anything to speak of, but she traveled a lot. Truth is, Kitty, you'd better dress in monotones. She might wake up to the fact that you're a mighty pretty young woman and suddenly become temperamental. She has a husband round the lot somewhere. Make him think his wife is a lucky woman. Here's all the dope—introduction, expenses and tickets. Train leaves at two-fifty. Run along home and pack. Remember, I want a page yarn. No flapdoodle or mush; straight stuff. She doesn't need any advertising. If you go at it right you two will react upon each other as a tonic."

Kitty realized that this little junket was the very thing she needed—open spaces, long walks in which to think out her problem. She hurried home and spent the morning packing. When this heartrending business was over she summoned Tony Bernini.

"I am going out of town, Mr. Bernini. I may be gone a week."

"All right, Miss Conover." Bernini hid a smile. He knew all about this trip, having been advised by Cutty over the wire.

"Am I being followed any more?"

"Not that we know of. Still, you never can tell. What's your destination?" Kitty told him. "Better not go by train. I can get a fast roadster and run you out in a couple of hours. Right after lunch you go to the boss' garage and wait for me. I'll take care of your grips and camera. I'll follow on your heels."

"Anybody would consider that Karlov was after me instead of Hawksley."

Bernini smiled. "Miss Conover, the moment Karlov puts his hands on you the whole game goes blooey. That's the plain fact. There is death in this game. These madmen expect to blow up the United States on May first. We are easing them along because we want the top men in our net. But if Karlov takes it into his head to get you, and succeeds, he'll have a stranglehold on the whole local service; because we'd have to make great concessions to free you."

"Why wasn't I told this at the start?"

"You were told indirectly. We did not care to frighten you."

"I'm not frightened," said Kitty.

"Nope. But we wish to the Lord you were, Miss Conover. When you want to come home wire me and I'll motor out for you."

Another fragment: Karlov's agent sought his chief and found him in the cellar of the old house, sinisterly engaged. The wall bench was littered with paraphernalia well known to certain chemists. Had the New York bomb squad known of the existence of this den the short hair on their necks would have risen.

"Well?" greeted Karlov moodily.

"I have found the man in the dress suit."

"Ah!"

"He and the Conover girl left that office building together this morning, and I followed them to Park Row. This man uses the loft of the building for his home. No elevator goes up unless you have credentials. Our man is hiding there, Boris."

Karlov dry-washed his hands. "We'll send him one of the samples if we fail in regard to the girl. You say she arrives daily at the newspaper office about nine and leaves between five and six?"

"Every day but Sunday."

"Good news. Two bolts; one or the other will go home."

About the same time in Cutty's apartment rather an amusing comedy took place. Professor Ryan, late physical instructor at one of the aviation camps, stood Hawksley in front of him and ran his hard hands over the young man's body. Miss Frances stood at one side, her arms folded, her expression skeptical.

"Nothin' the matter with you, bo, but the crack on the conk."

"Right-o!" agreed Hawksley.

"Lemme see your hands. Humph. Soft. Now stand on that threshold. That's it. Walk t' th' end o' the hall an' back. Step lively."

"But ——" began Miss Frances in protest. This was cruelty.

"I'm the doctor, miss," interrupted Ryan crisply. "If he falls down he goes t' bed, an' you stay. If he makes it he follows my instructions."

When Hawksley returned to the starting line the walls rocked, there were two or three blinding stabs of pain; but he faced this unusual Irishman with never a hint of the torture. A wild longing to be gone from this kindly prison—to get away from the thought of the girl.

"All right," said Ryan. "Now toddle back t' bed."

"Bed?"

"Yep. Goin' t' give you a rub that'll start all your machinery workin'."

Docilely Hawksley obeyed. He wasn't going to let them know, but that bed was going to be tolerably welcome.

"Well!" said Miss Frances. "I don't see how he did it."

"I do," said the ex-pugilist. "I told him to. Either he was a false alarm or he'd attempt the job even if he fell down. The hull thing is this: Make a guy wanta get well an' he'll get well. If he's got any pride dig it up. Go after 'em. He hasn't lost any blood. No serious body wound. A crack on the conk. It mighta killed him. It didn't. He didn't wabble an' fall down. So my dope is right. Drop in in a few days an' I'll show yuh."

Miss Frances held out her hand. "You've handled men," she said with reluctant admiration.

"Oh, boy!—millions of 'em, an' each guy different. Believe me! Make 'em wanta."

Cutty attended his conferences. He learned immediately that he was booked to sail the first week in May. His itinerary began at Piræus, in Greece, and might end in Vladivostok. But they detained him in Washington overtime because he was a fount of information the departments found it necessary to draw upon constantly. The political and commercial aspects of the polyglot peoples, what they wanted, what they expected, what they needed; racial enmities. The bugaboo of the undesirable alien was no longer bothering official heads in Washington. Stringent immigration laws were in the making. What they wanted to know was an American's point of view, based upon long and intimate associations.

Washington reminded him of nothing so much as a big sheep dog. The hazardous day was over; the wolves had been driven off and the sheep into the fold; and now the valiant guardian was turning round and round and round preparatory to lying down to sleep. For Washington would go to sleep again, naturally.

Often it occurred to him what a remarkable piece of machinery the human brain was. He could dig up all this dry information with the precise accuracy of an economist, all the while his actual thoughts upon Kitty. His nights were nightmares. And all this unhappiness because he had been touched with the lust for loot. Fundamentally, this catastrophe could be laid to the drums of jeopardy.

The alluring possibility of finding those damnable green stones—the unsuspected kink in his moral rectitude—had tumbled him into this pit. Had not Kitty pronounced the name Stefani Gregor—in his mind always linked with the emeralds—he would have summoned an ambulance and had Hawksley carried off, despite Kitty's protests; and perhaps he would have seen her but two or three times before sailing, seen her in conventional and unemotional parts. At any rate there would have been none of this peculiar intimacy—Kitty coming to him in tears, opening her young heart to him and discovering all its loneliness. If she loved some chap it would not be so hard, the temptation would not be so keen—to cheat her. Marry her, and then tell her. This dogged his thoughts like a murderer's deed, terrible in the watches of the night. Marry her, and then tell her. Cheat her. Break her heart and break his own.

Fifty-two. Never before had he thought old. His splendid health and vigorous mentality were the results of thinking young. But now he heard the avalanche stirring, the whispering slither of the first pebbles. He would grow old swiftly, thunderously. Kitty's youth would shore up the debacle, suspend it indefinitely. Marry her, cheat her and stay young. Green stones, accursed.

Kitty's days were pleasant enough, but her nights were sieges. One evening someone put Elman's rendition of Schubert's Ave Maria on the phonograph. Long after it was over she sat motionless in her chair. Echoes. The Tschaikowsky waltz. She got up suddenly, excused herself and went to her room.

Six days, and her problem was still unsolved. Something in her—she could not define it, she could not reach it, it defied analysis—something, then, revolted at the idea of marrying Cutty, divorcing him and living on his money. There was a touch of horror in the suggestion. It was tearing her to pieces, this hidden repellence. And yet this occult objection was so utterly absurd. If he died

(Continued on Page 156)

Westinghouse

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"What Make is the Motor?"

Get the answer to that question when you're selecting your washing machine, vacuum cleaner, ironing machine or other electric household appliance.

No question you may ask the dealer is more important, for you will find that in service no other part of the appliance itself is more important.

The motor is the part that gives it life—that puts at your command the force of electricity in the performing of your household tasks.

"Why," you may say, "I didn't know there was much difference in motors."

Take insulation, however, as an example. Motors differ greatly in this respect. You may know little about insulation and care less, but if you are to be protected against disappointment some wash-day, someone has to give a lot of attention to this subject. So with motor ventilation and other similar important problems.

Only by knowing the make of the motor can you judge its character when you're buying.

If it bears the Westinghouse name, you will know that it was designed and built by an organization famous for its achievements in the electrical field, with unusual experience in manufacturing motors.

Westinghouse Trouble-Proof Small Motors for electric household appliances have made an enviable reputation among both appliance manufacturers and users because they're always on the job when they're needed.

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SMALL MOTORS FOR HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES

(Continued from Page 153)

and left her a legacy she would accept it gratefully enough. Cutty's plan was only a method of circumventing this indefinite wait.

Comforts, the good things of life, amusements—simply by nodding her head. Why not? It wasn't as if Cutty was asking her to be his wife; he wasn't. Just wanted to dodge convention, and give her freedom and happiness. He was only giving her a mite out of his income. Because he had loved her mother; because, but for an accident of chance, she, Kitty, might have been his daughter. Why, then, this persistent and unaccountable revulsion? Why should she hesitate? The ancient female fear of the trap? That could not be it. For a more honorable, a more lovable man did not walk the earth. Brave, strong, handsome, whimsical—why, Cutty was a catch!

Comfy. Never any of that inherent doubt of man when she was with him. Absolute trust. An evil thought had entered her head; fate had made it honorably possible. And still this mysterious repellence.

Romance? She was not surrendering her right to that. What was a year out of her life if afterward she would be in comfortable circumstance, free to love where she willed? She wasn't cheating herself or Cutty; she was cheating convention, a flimsy thing at best.

Windows. We carry our troubles to our windows; through windows we see the stars. We cannot visualize God, but we can see his stars pinned to the immeasurable spaces. So Kitty sought her window and added her question to the countless millions forlornly wandering about up there and finding no answer.

But she would return to New York on the morrow. She would not summon Bernini as she had promised. She would go back by train, alone, unhampered.

And in his cellar Boris Karlov spun his web for her.

XXVI

HAWKSLEY heard the lift door close, and he knew that at last he was alone. He flung out his arms ecstatically. Free! He would see no more of that nagging beggar Ryan until to-morrow. Free to put into execution the idea that had been bubbling all day long in his head, like a fine champagne, firing his blood with reckless whimsicality.

Quietly he stole down the corridor. Through a crack in the kitchen door he saw Kuroki's back, the attitude of which was satisfying. It signified that the Jap was pegging away at his endless studies and that only the banging of the gong would rouse him. The way was as broad and clear as a street at dawn. Not that Kuroki mattered; only so long as he did not know, so much the better.

With careful step Hawksley maneuvered his retreat so that it brought him to Cutty's bedroom door. The door was unlocked. He entered the room. What a lark! They would hide his own clothes; so much the worse for the old beggar's wardrobe. Street clothes. Presently he found a dark suit, commendable not so much for its style as for the fact that it was the nearest fit he could find. He had to roll up the trouser hems.

Hats. Chuckling like a boy rummaging a jam closet he rifled the shelves and pulled down a black derby of an unknown vintage. Large; but a runner of folded paper reduced the size. As he pressed the relic firmly down on his head he winced. A stab over his eyes. He waited doubtfully; but there was no recurrence. Fit as a fiddle. Of course he could not stoop without a flash of vertigo; but on his feet he was top hole. He was gaining every day.

Luck. He might have come out of it with the blank mind of a newborn babe; and here he was, keen to resume his adventures. Luck. They had not stopped to see if he were actually dead. Some passer-by in the hall had probably alarmed them. That handkerchief had carried him round the brink. Perhaps Fate intended letting him get through written on his pass an extension of his leave of absence. Or she had some new torture in reserve.

Now for a stout walking stick. He selected a blackthorn, twirled it, saluted and posed before the mirror. Not so bally rotten. He would pass. Next he remembered that there were some flowers in the dining room window boxes with scarlet geraniums. He broke off a sprig and drew it through his buttonhole.

Outside there was a cold pale April sky, presaging wind and rain. Unimportant. He was going down into the streets for an hour or so. The color and action of a crowded street; the lure was irresistible. Who would dare touch him in the crowd? These rooms had suddenly become intolerable.

He leaned against the side of the window. Roofs, thousands of them, flat, domed, pinnacled; and somewhere under one of these roofs Stefani Gregor was eating his heart out. It did not matter that this queer old eagle whom everybody called Cutty had promised to bring Stefani home. It might be too late. Stefani was old, highly strung. Who knew what infernal lies Karlov had told him? Stefani could stand up under physical torture; but to tear at his soul, to twist and rend his spirit!

The bubble in the champagne died down—as it always will if one permits it to stand. He felt the old mood seep through the dikes of his gayety. Alone: A familiar face—he would have dropped on his knees and thanked God for the sight of a familiar face. These people, kindly as they were—what were they but strangers? Yesterday he had not known them; to-morrow he would leave them behind forever. All at once the mystery of this bubbling idea was bared: He was going to risk his life in the streets in the vague hope of seeing some face he had known in the days before the world had gone drunk on blood. One familiar face.

Of course he would never forget—at any rate not the girl whose courage had made possible this hour. Those chaps, scared off temporarily, might have returned. What had become of her? He was always seeing her lovely face in the shadows, now tender, now resolute, now mocking. Doubtless he thought of her constantly because his freedom of action was limited. He hadn't diversion enough. Books and fiddling, these carried him but halfway through the boredom. Where was she? Daily he had called her by telephone; no answer. The Jap shook his head; the slangy boy in the lift shook his.

She was a thoroughbred, even if she had been born of middle-class parentage. He laughed bitterly. Middle class. A homeless, countryless derelict, and he had the impudence to revert to comparisons that no longer existed in this topsy-turvy old world. He was an upstart. The final curtain had dropped between him and his world, and he was still thinking in the ancient make-up. Middle class! He was no better than a troglodyte, set down in a new wilderness.

He heard the curtain rings slither on the pole. Believing the intruder to be Kuroki he turned belligerently. And there she stood—the girl herself! The poise of her reminded him of the Winged Victory in the Louvre. Where there had been a cup of champagne in his veins circumstance now poured a magnum.

"You!" he cried.

"What has happened? Where are you going in those clothes?" demanded Kitty.

"I am running away—for an hour or so."

"But you must not! The risks—after all the trouble we've had to help you!"

"I shall be perfectly safe, for you are going with me. Aren't you my guardian angel? Well, rather! The two of us - people, lights, shop windows! Perfectly splendiferous! Honestly, now, where's the harm?" He approached her rapidly as he spoke, and before the spell of him could be shaken off Kitty found her hands imprisoned in his. "Please! I've been so damnably bored. The two of us in the streets, among the crowds! No one will dare touch us. Can't you see? And then—I say, this is ripping!—we'll have dinner together here. I will play for you on the old Amati. Please!"

The fire of him communicated to the combustibles in Kitty's soul. A wild, reckless irony besieged her. This adventure would be exactly what she needed; it would sweep clear the fog separating one side of her brain from the other. For it was plain enough that part of her brain refused to cooperate with the other. A break in the trend of thought: She might succeed in getting hold of the puzzle if she could drop it absolutely for a little while and then pick it up again.

She had not gone home. She had not notified Bernini. She had checked her luggage in the station parcel room and come directly here. For what? To let the sense of luxury overcome the hidden repugnance of the idea of marrying Cutty, divorcing him and living on his money. To put herself in the way of visible temptation. What fretted her so, what was wearing her down to the point of fatigue, was the patent imbecility of her reluctance. There would have been some sense of it if Cutty had proposed a real marriage. All she had to do was mumble a few words, sign her name to a document, live out West for a few months, and be in comfortable circumstances all the rest of her life. And she doddered!

She would run the streets with Johnny Two-Hawks, return and dine with him. Who cared? Proper or improper, whose business was it but Kitty Conover's! Danger? That was the peculiar attraction. She wanted to rush into danger, some tense excitement the strain of which would lift her out of her mood. A recurrent touch of the wild impulsiveness of her childhood. Hadn't she sometimes flown out into thunderstorms, after merited punishment, to punish the mother whom thunder terrorized? And now she was going to rush into unknown danger to punish Fate—like a silly child! Nevertheless, she would go into the streets with Johnny Two-Hawks.

"But are you strong enough to venture on the streets?"

"Rot! Dash it all, I'm no mollycoddle! All nonsense to keep me pinned in like this. Will you go with me—be my guide?"

"Yes!" She shot out the word and crossed the Rubicon before reason could begin to lecture. Besides, wasn't reason treating her shabbily in withholding the key to the riddle? "Johnny Two-Hawks, I will go as far as Harlem if you want me to."

"Johnny Two-Hawks!" He laughed joyously, then kissed her hands. But he had to pay for this bending—a stab that filled his eyes with flying sparks. He must remember, once out of doors, not to stoop quickly. "I say, you're the jolliest girl I ever met! Just the two of us, what?"

"The way you speak English is wonderful!"

"Simple enough to explain. Had an English nurse from the beginning. Spoke English and Italian before I spoke Russian."

He seized the wooden mallet and beat the Burmese gong—a flat piece of brass cut in the shape of a bell. The clear whirring vibrations filled the room. Long before these spent themselves Kuroki appeared on the threshold. He bobbed.

"Kuroki, Miss Conover is dining here with me to-night. Seven o'clock sharp. The best you have in the larder."

"Yes, sair. You are going out, sair?"

"For a bit of fresh air."

"And I am going with him, Kuroki," said Kitty.

Kuroki bobbed again. "Dinner at seven, sair." Another bob, and he returned to the kitchen, smiling. The girl was free to come and go, of course; but the ancient enemy of Nippon would not pass the elevator door. Let him find that out for himself.

When the elevator arrived the boy did not open the door. He noted the derby on Hawksley's head.

"I can take you down, Miss Conover, but I cannot take Mr. Hawksley. When the boss gives me an order I obey it—if I possibly can. On the day the boss tells me you can go strolling I'll give you the key to the city. Until then, nix! No use arguing, Mr. Hawksley."

"I shan't argue," replied Hawksley meekly. "I am really a prisoner, then?"

"For your own good, sir. Do you wish to go down, Miss Conover?"

"No"

The boy swung the lever, and the car dropped from sight.

"I'm sorry," said Kitty.

Hawksley smiled and laid a finger on his lips. "I wanted to know," he whispered. "There's another way down from this Matterhorn. Come with me. Of the living room is a storeroom. I found the key in the lock the other day and investigated. I still have the key. Now, then, there's a door that gives to the main loft. At the other end is the stairhead. There is a door at the foot of the first flight down. We can jolly well leave this way, but we shall have to return by the lift. That bally young ruffian can't refuse to carry us up, y' know!"

Kitty laughed. "This is going to be fun!"

"Rather!"

They groped their way through the dim loft—for it was growing dark outside—and made the stairhead. The door to the seventeenth floor opened, and they stepped forth into the lighted hallway.

"Now what?" asked Kitty, bubbling.

"The floor below, and one of the other lifts, what?"

Twenty minutes later the two of them, arm in arm, turned into Broadway.

"This, sir," began Kitty with a gesture, "is Broadway—America's backyard in the daytime and Ali Baba's cave at night. The way of the gilded youth; the funnel for papa's money; the chorus lady; the starting point of the high cost of living. We New Yorkers despise it because we can't afford it."

"The lights!" gasped Hawksley.

"Wreckers' lights. Behold! Yonder is a highly nutritious whisky blinking its bloomin' farewell. Do you chew gum? Even if you don't, in a few minutes I'll give you a cud for thought. Chewing gum was invented by a man with a talkative wife. He missed the physiological point, however, that a body can chew and talk at the same time. Come on!"

They went on uptown, Hawksley highly amused, exhilarated, but frequently puzzled. The pungent irony of her observations conveyed to him that under this gayety was a current of extreme bitterness.

"I say, are all American girls like you?"

"Heavens, no! Why?"

"Because I never met one like you before. Rather stilted—on their good behavior, I fancy."

"And I interest you because I'm not on my good behavior?" Kitty whipped back.

"Because you are as God made you—without camouflage."

"The poor innocent young man! I'm nothing but camouflage to-night. Why are you risking your life in the street? Why am I sharing that risk? Because we both feel bound and are blindly trying to break through. What do you know about me? Nothing. What do I know about you? Nothing. But what do we care? Come on, come on!"

Tumpitum - *tump!* tumpitum - *tump!* drummed the Elevated. Kitty laughed. The tocsin! Always something happened when she heard it.

"Pearls!" she cried, dragging him toward a jeweler's window.

"No!" he said, holding back. "I hate—jewels! How I hate them!" He broke away from her and hurried on.

She had to run after him. Had she hesitated they might have become separated. Hated jewels? No, no! There should be no questions, verbal or mental, this night. She presently forced him to slow down.

"Not so fast! We must never become separated," she warned. "Our safety—such as it is—lies in being together."

"I'm an ass. Perhaps my head is ratty without my realizing it. I fancy I'm like a dog that's been kicked; I'm trying to run away from the pain. What's this tomb?"

"The Metropolitan Opera House."

As they were passing a thin wailing sound came to the ears of both. Seated with his back to the wall was a blind fiddler with a tin cup strapped to a knee. He was out of bounds; he had no right on Broadway; but he possessed a singular advantage over the law. He could not be forced to move on without his guide—if he were honestly blind. Hundreds of people were passing; but the fiddler's Last Rose of Summer wasn't worth a cent. His cup was empty.

"The poor thing!" said Kitty.

"Wait!" Hawksley approached the fiddler, exchanged a few words with him, and the blind man surrendered his fiddle.

"Give me your hat!" cried Kitty, delighted.

Carefully Hawksley pried loose his derby and handed it to Kitty. No stab of pain; something to find that out. He tuned the instrument, tucked it under his chin and began Träumerei. Kitty, smiling, extended the hat. Just the sort of interlude to make the adventure memorable. She knew this thoroughfare. Shortly there would be a crowd, and the fiddler's cup would overflow—that is, if the police did not interfere too soon.

As for the owner of the wretched fiddle, he raised his head, his mouth opened. Up there, somewhere, a door to heaven had opened.

True to her expectations a crowd slowly gathered. The beauty of the girl and the dark handsome face of the musician, his picturesque bare head were sufficient for these cynical passers-by. They understood. Operatic celebrities, having a little fun on their own. So quarters and dimes and

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A New Sport Car—The Thorobred

FOR those who want the individuality of advanced design, Lexington introduces this highly specialized sport model. It leads the way in ending the impossible compromise between a regulation touring car and a smart sport type. The body lines, color scheme, seating arrangement, and all the other nine points of the Thorobred give unrestricted expression to the most advanced style of this popular type of car.

It suggests youth, vigor, gayety! But it is more than a new fashion; it is a finer running, easier driving, better riding car.

Although it is not a "race car", the way it passes others without effort or fuss is an undeniable source of satisfaction. Basic improvements account for its remarkable efficiency; it gives more power on present-day low-grade fuel than was possible with the former high-test gas.

This—one of the many Lexington advantages—is due to the Moore Multiple Exhaust System in conjunction with the Lexi-gasifier.

The new Cable-Brake, the non-rattle, unified frame, the 2-Way Head Lamps that give full light at all times without glare, are among the features in store for you.

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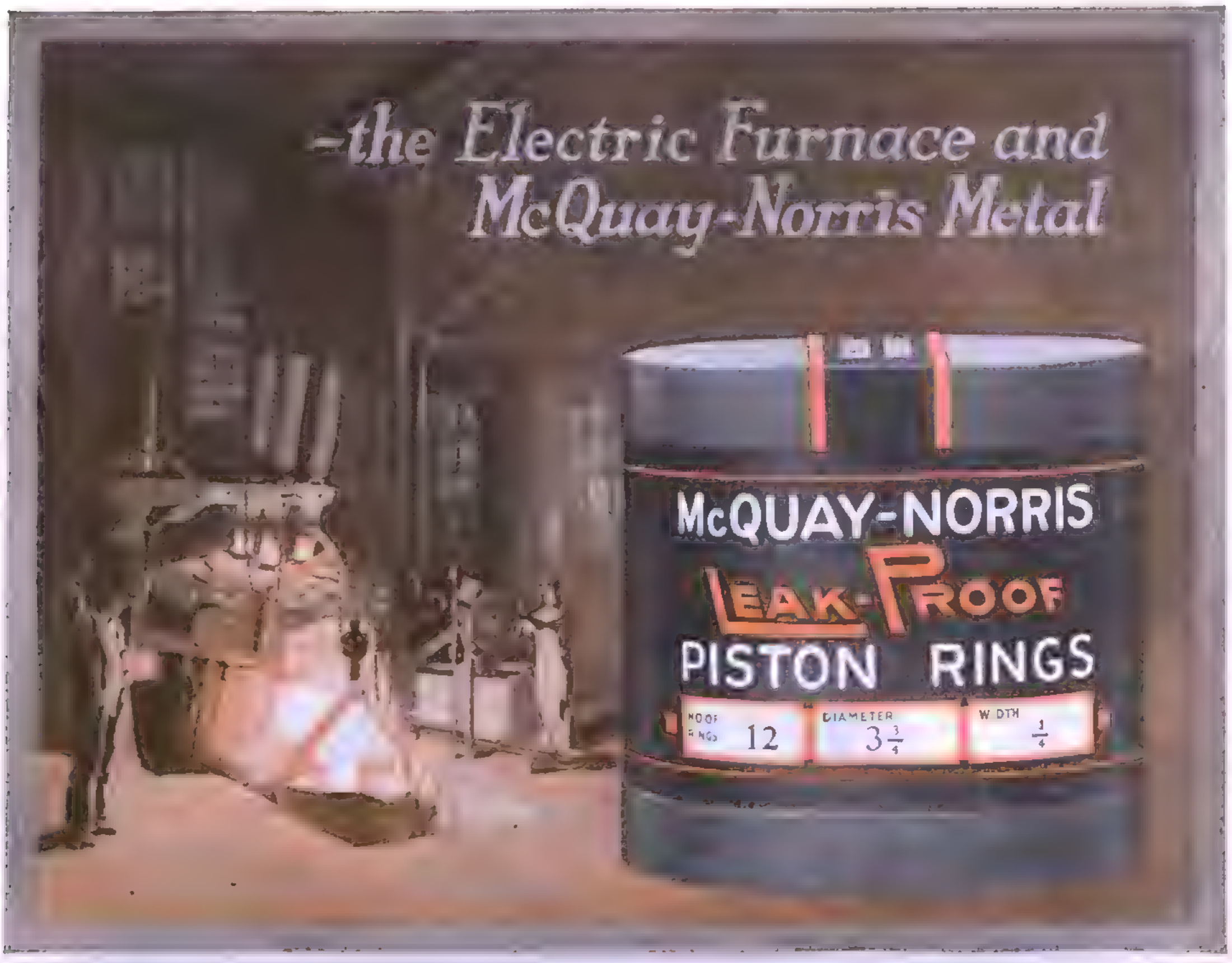

THE new McQuay-Norris plant is equipped with the only Electric Furnace used commercially in this country today for grey iron making.

The old traditional cupola for melting iron has been replaced by the Electric Furnace, in which the iron is melted by electricity under perfect control as to mixture and temperature—the same practice that has revolutionized modern alloy steel making.

The cost of melting iron by electricity is very great. In making most forms of finished iron, the advantages of using an Electric Furnace instead of the old-time cupola, with its coke melting, do not justify the tremendous added expense.

But with the design and performance of their products proved by years of increasingly wider use, McQuay-Norris Engineers concentrated their efforts on bettering the metal. The road led straight to the Electric Furnace.

The first cost of a Furnace to melt electrically was a dozen times greater than the cost of cupolas. Operating expenses, too, were greater—but piston rings are made on a basis of accuracy that is measured in thousandths of an inch. The added advantages of electrically melted iron so far outweighed the extra cost that McQuay-Norris decided to install the Electric Furnace.

The new Electric Furnace is like a giant kettle, heated by three huge electrodes. The clean, intense and controllable current passes through them—attacks the raw material—and melts it to fluid. Impurities are eliminated. Chemical elements which make better piston ring metal are added at will. The metal making is under perfect control. Unlike the old cupola method, the molten metal does not drip down through layers of burning coke, undergoing chemical changes and reactions.

The Electric Furnace melts the metal to any desired temperature—and holds it there any length of time. It substitutes certainty for the old chance work of the coke cupola. It is worth all it costs because it means that McQuay-Norris Metal is better able to withstand the terrific stress and strain of piston ring service.

In the varying temperature conditions of gas engine cylinders, piston rings expand and contract millions of times. McQuay-Norris Metal is made to withstand that special strain by the most advanced process—the Electric Furnace.

McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings have been "taking the slant out of hills" for nine years. They increase motor power, save fuel and oil, and help decrease carbon. Made of the new McQuay-Norris Metal, they are more desirable for gas engine use than ever before. Insist on the genuine.

"To Have and to Hold Power," a non-technical piston ring manual, includes a description of the new Electric Furnace. Mailed to any address free upon request.

McQuay-Norris Supreme Rings—a special ring for top piston grooves of engines that pump oil. Always install with McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings in lower grooves for complete compression and power.

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nickels began to patter into Cutty's ancient derby hat. Broadway will always contribute generously toward a novelty of this order. Famous names were tossed about in undertones.

Entered then the enemy of the proletariat. Kitty, being a New Yorker born, had had her weather eye roving. The brass-buttoned minion of the law was always round when a bit of innocent fun was going on. As the policeman reached the inner rim of the audience the last notes of Handel's Largo were fading on the ear.

"What's this?" demanded the policeman.

"It's all over, sir," answered Kitty, smiling.

"Can't have this on Broadway, miss. Obstruction." He could not speak gruffly in the face of such beauty—especially with a Broadway crowd at his back.

"It's all over. Just let me put this money in the blind man's cup." Kitty poured her coins into the receptacle. At the same time Hawksley laid the fiddle in the blind man's lap. Then he turned to Kitty and boomed a long Russian phrase at her. Her quick wit caught the intent. "You see, he doesn't understand that this cannot be done in New York. I couldn't explain."

"All right, miss; but don't do it again." The policeman grinned.

"And please don't be harsh with the blind man. Just tell him he mustn't play on Broadway again. Thank you!"

She linked her arm in Hawksley's, and they went on; and the crowd dissolved; only the policeman and the blind man remained, the one contemplating his duty and the other his vision of heaven.

"What a lark!" exclaimed Hawksley.

"Were you asking me for your hat?"

"I was telling the bobby to go to the devil!"

They laughed like children.

"March hares!" he said.

"No. April fools! Good heavens, the time! Twenty minutes to seven. Our dinner!"

"We'll take a taxi. . . . Dash it!"

"What's wrong?"

"Not a bally copper in my pockets!"

"And I left my handbag on the sideboard! We'll have to walk. If we hurry we can just about make it."

"But, I say, hasn't this been a jolly lark?"

"If we had known we could have borrowed a dollar from the blind man; he'd never have missed it."

Meantime there lay in wait for them—this pair of April fools—a taxicab. It stood snugly against the curb opposite the entrance to Cutty's apartment. The door was slightly ajar.

The driver watched the south corner; the three men inside never took their gaze off the north corner.

XXVII

CHAMPAGNE in the glass is a beautiful thing to see. So is water, the morning after. That is the fault with frolic; there is always an inescapable rebound. The most violent love drops into humdrum tolerance. A pessimist is only a poor devil who has anticipated the inevitable; he has his headache at the start. Mental champagnes have their aftermaths even as the juice of the grape.

Hawksley and Kitty, hurrying back, began to taste lees. They began to see things, too—menace in every loiterer, threat in every alley. They had had a glorious lark; somewhere beyond would be the piper with an appalling bill. They exaggerated the dangers, multiplied them; perhaps wisely. There would be no let down in their vigilance until they reached haven. But this state of mind they covered with smiling masks, banter, bursts of laughter and flashes of wit.

They were both genuinely frightened, but with unselfish fear. Kitty's fear was not for herself but for Johnny Two-Hawks. If anything happened the blame would rightly be hers. With that head he wasn't strictly accountable for what he did; she was. A firm negative on her part, and he would never have left the apartment. And his fear was wholly for this astonishing girl. He had recklessly thrust her into grave danger. Who knew, better than he, the implacable hate of the men who sought to kill him?

Moreover, his strength was leaving him. There was an alarming weakness in his legs, purely physical. He had overdone, and if need rose he would not be able to protect her. Damnable fool! But she had known. That was the odd phase of it. She hadn't come blindly. What mood had urged her to share the danger along with the lark? Somehow, she was always just beyond his reach, this girl. He would never forget that fan popping out of the pistol, the egg burning in the pan.

The apartment was only three blocks away when Kitty decided to drop her mask. "I'd give a good deal to see a policeman. They are never round when you really want them. Johnny Two-Hawks, I'm a little fool! You wouldn't have left the apartment but for me. Will you forgive me?"

"It is I who should ask forgiveness. I say, how much farther is it?"

"Only about two blocks; but they may be long ones. Let's step into this doorway for a moment. I see a taxicab. It looks to be standing opposite the building. Don't like it. Suppose we watch it for a few minutes?"

Hawksley was grateful for the respite; and together they stared at the unwinking red eye of the tail light. But no man approached the cab or left it.

"I believe I've hit upon a plan," said Kitty. "Certainly we have not been followed. In that event they would have had a dozen chances. If someone saw us leave together, naturally they will expect us to return together. We'll walk to the corner of our block, then turn east; but I shall remain just out of sight while you will go round the block. Fifteen minutes should carry you to the south corner. I'll be on watch for you. The moment you turn I'll walk toward you. It will give us a bit of a handicap in case that taxi is a menace. If anyone appears, run for it. Where's the cane you had?"

"What a jolly ass I am! I remember now. I left the stick against the wall of the opera house. Blockhead! With a stick, now! . . . I'm hopeless!"

"Never mind. Let's start. That taxi may be perfectly honest. It's our guilty consciences that are peopling the shadows with goblins. What really bothers us is that we have broken our word to the kindliest man in all this world."

Hawksley wondered if he could walk round the block without falling down. He saw that he was facing a physical collapse, hastened by the knowledge that the safety of the girl depended largely upon himself. What he had accepted at the beginning as strength had been nothing more than exhilaration and nerve energy. There was now nothing but the latter, and only feeble straws at that. Oh, he would manage somehow; he jolly well had to; and there was a bare chance of falling in with a bobby. But run? Honestly, now, how the devil was a chap to run on a pair of spools?

Arriving at the appointed spot they separated. He waved his hand airily and marched off. If he fell it would be out of sight, where the girl could not see him. Clever chap—what? Damned rotter! For himself he did not care. He was weary of this game of hide and seek. But to have lured the girl into it! When he turned the first corner of his journey he paused and leaned against the wall, his eyes shut. When he opened them the sidewalk and the street lamps were normal again.

As soon as he disappeared a new plan came to Kitty. She put it into execution at once, on the basis that yonder taxicab was an enemy machine. She left her retreat and walked boldly down the street, her eyes alert for the least suspicious sign. If she could make the entrance before they suspected the trick she could obtain help before Johnny Two-Hawks made the south turn. She reached her objective, pushed through the revolving doors and turned. Dimly she could see the taxi driver; but he appeared to be dozing on the seat.

As a matter of fact one of the three men in the taxi recognized Kitty, but too late to intercept her. Her maneuver had confused him temporarily. And while he and his companions were debating, Kitty had time to summon Cutty's man from Elevator Four.

"Step into the car!" he roughly ordered, after she had given him a gist of her suspicions. He turned off the lights, stepped out and shut the gates with a furious bang. "And stick to the corner! I'll attend to the other fool."

He rushed into the street, his automatic ready, eyed the taxicab speculatively, wheeled suddenly and ran south at a dog-trot. He rounded the south corner, but he did not see Hawksley anywhere. The dog-trot became a dead run. As he wheeled round the corner of the parallel street he almost bumped into Hawksley, who had a policeman in tow.

"Officer," said the man with the boy's face, "this is Federal business. Aliens. Come along. There may be trouble. If there should be any shooting don't bother with the atmosphere. Pick out a real target."

"Anarchists?"

"About the size of it."

"Miss Conover?" asked Hawksley.

"Safe. No thanks to you, though. I'd like to knock your block off, if you want to know!"

"Do it! Damned little use to me," declared Hawksley, sagging.

"Here, what's the matter with you?" cried the policeman, throwing his arm round Hawksley.

"They nearly killed him a few days gone. A crack on the bean; but he wasn't satisfied. Help him along. I'll be hiking back."

But the taxicab was gone.

Before Cutty's lieutenant opened the gate to the apartment he spoke to Hawksley. "The boss is doing everything he can to put you through, sir. Miss Conover's wit saved you. For if you hadn't separated they'd have nailed you. I've been running round like a chicken with its head cut off. I forgot that door on the seventeenth floor. I tell you honestly, you've been playing with death. It wasn't fair to Miss Conover."

"It was my fault," volunteered Kitty.

"Mine," protested Hawksley.

"Well, they know where you roost now, for a fact. You've spilled the beans. I'm sorry I lost my temper. The devil fly away with you both!" The boy laughed. "You're game, anyhow. But darn it all, if anything had happened to you the boss would never have forgiven me. He's the whitest old scout God ever put the breath of life into. He's always doing something for somebody. He'd give you the block if you had the gall to ask for it. Play the game fifty-fifty with him and you'll land on both feet. And you, Miss Conover, must not come here again."

"I promise."

"I'll tell you a little secret. It was the boss who sent you out of town. He was afraid you'd do something like this. When you are ready to go home you'll find Tony Bertini downstairs. Sore as a crab too, I'll bet."

"I'll be glad to go home with him," said Kitty, thoroughly chastened in spirit.

"That's all for to-night."

Kitty and Hawksley stepped out into the corridor, the problem they had sought to shake off reëstablished in their thoughts, added too, if anything.

"How do you feel?"

"Top hole," lied Hawksley. "My word, though, I wobbled a bit going round that block. I almost kissed the bobby. I say, he thought I'd been tilting a few. But it was a lark!"

"Dinner is served," announced Kuroki at their elbows. His expression was coldly bland.

"Dinner!" cried Hawksley, brightening. "What does the American soldier say?"

"Eats!" answered Kitty.

All tension vanished in the double laughter that followed. They approached dinner with something of the spirit that had induced Hawksley to fiddle and Kitty to pass the hat in front of the Metropolitan Opera House. Hawksley's recuperative powers promised well for his future. By the time coffee was served his head had cleared and his legs had resumed their normal functions of support.

"I was so infernally bored!"

"And now?" asked Kitty recklessly.

"Fancy asking me that!"

"Do you realize that all this is dreadfully improper?"

"Oh, I say, now! Where's the harm? If ever there was a young woman capable of taking care of herself ——"

"That isn't it. It's just being here alone with you."

"But you are not alone with me!"

"Kuroki?" Kitty shrugged.

"No. At my side of the table is Stefani Gregor; at yours the man who has befriended me."

"Thank you for that. I don't know of anything nicer you could say. But the outside world would see neither of our friends. I did not come here to see you."

"No need of telling me that."

"I had a problem—a very difficult one—to solve; and I believed that I might solve it if I came to these rooms. I had quite forgotten you."

Instantly, upon receiving this blunt explanation, he determined that she should never cease to remember him after this night. His vanity was not touched; it was something far more elusive. It was perhaps a recurrence of that inexplicable desire to hurt. Somehow he sensed the flexible steel behind which lay the soul of this baffling girl. He would presently find a chink in the armor with that old Amati.

Blows on the head have few surgical comparisons. That which kills one man only temporarily stuns another. One man loses his identity; another escapes with all his faculties and suffers but trifling inconvenience. In Hawksley's case the blow had probably restricted some current of thought, and that which would have flowed normally now shot out obliquely, perversely. It might be that the natural perverseness of his blood, unchecked by the noble influence of Stefani Gregor and liberated by the blow, governed his thoughts in relation to Kitty. The subjugation of women, the old cynical warfare of sex—the dominant business of his rich and idle forebears, the business that had made Boris Karlov a deadly and implacable enemy—became paramount in his disordered brain.

She had forgotten him! Very well. He would stir the soul of her, play with it, lift it to the stars and dash it down—if she had a soul. Beautiful, natural, alone. He became all Latin under the pressure of this idea.

"I will play for you," he said quietly.

"Please! And then I'll go home where I belong. I'll be in the living room."

When he returned he found her before a window, staring at the myriad lights.

"Sit here," he said, indicating the divan. "I shall stand and walk about as I play."

Kitty sat down, touching the pillows reflectively. She thought of the tears she had wept upon them. That sinister and cynical thought! Suddenly she saw light. Her problem would have been none at all if Cutty had said he loved her. There would have been something sublime in making him happy in his twilight. He had loved and lost her mother. To pay him for that! He was right. Those twenty-odd years his seniority had mellowed him, filled him with deep and tender understanding. To be with him was restful; the very thought of him now was resting. No matter how much she might love a younger man he would frequently torture her by unconscious egoism; and by the time he had mellowed, the mulled wine would be cold. If only Cutty had said he loved her!

"What shall I play?"

Kitty raised her eyes in frank astonishment. There was a fiercely proud expression on Hawksley's face. It was not the man, it was the artist who was angry.

"Forgive me! I was dreaming a little," she apologized with quick understanding. "I am not quite—myself."

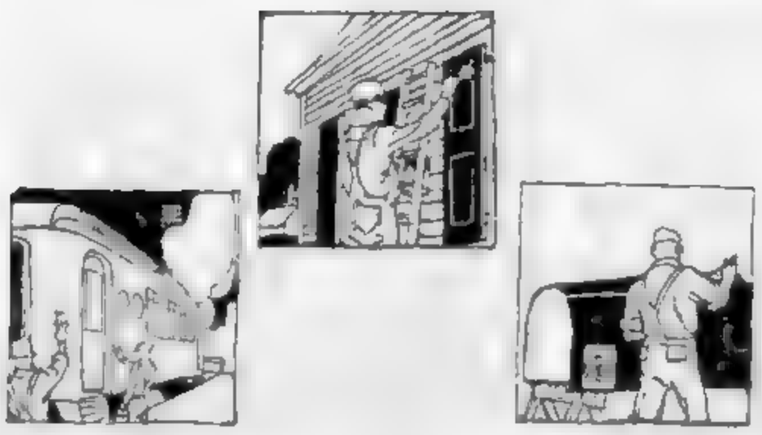
"Neither am I. I will play something to fit your dream. But wait! When I play I am articulate. I can express myself—all emotions. I am what I play—happy, sad, gay, full of the devil. I warn you. I can speak all things. I can laugh at you, weep with you, despise you, love you! All in the touch of these strings. I warn you there is magic in this Amati. Will you risk it?"

Ordinarily had this florid outburst come from another man—Kitty would have laughed. It had the air of piqued vanity; but she knew that this was not the interpretation. On the streets he had been the most amusing and surprising comrade she had ever known, as merry and whimsical as Cutty—young and handsome—the real man. He had been real that night when he entered through her kitchen window, with the drums of jeopardy about his neck. He had been real that night she had brought him his wallet.

Electrical antagonism—the room seemed charged with it. The man had stepped aside for a moment and the great noble had taken his place. It was not because she had been reared in rather a theatrical atmosphere that she transcribed his attitude thus. She knew that he was noble. That she did not know his rank was of no consequence. Cutty's narrative, which she had pretended to believe, had set this man in the middle class. Never in this world. There was only one middle class out of which such a personality might, and often did, emerge—the American middle class. In Europe, never. No peasant blood, no middle-class corpuscle, stirred in this man's

(Continued on Page 163)

In the Pageant of American Industry



A PAINTS

R ENAMELS

Where activity is ceaseless and dependability essential, Arco paints, varnishes and enamels are quietly protecting the implements of trade and commerce.

Knowing how the sun and wind of changing seasons can shorten the life of their handiwork, notable builders protect it with Arco finishes. And by preserving its original goodness, they increase its ultimate worth.

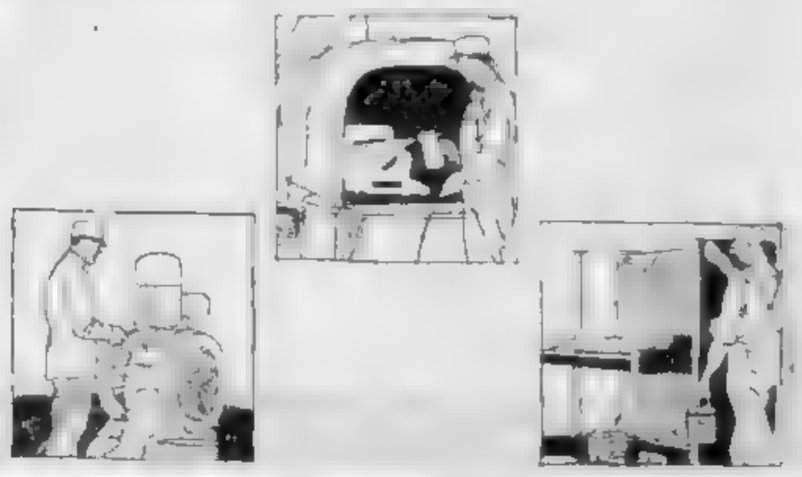
The fact that they consult Arco experts to obtain the most enduring finish for their products indicates their faith in the rich experience coming from 39 years of intimate association with the paint problems of America's foremost manufacturers.

For every domestic and industrial purpose, Arco paints, varnishes and enamels have established their own standards of quality.

THE ARCO COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO *Established 1881*

C O

VARNISHES



The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel

One of the 118 Coal Companies Who Have Endorsed

Sewell Cushion Wheels

Coal Companies Using Sewell Cushion Wheels

Akron-Virginia Coal Company
Allan Brothers
Allegheny Coal Company
Alwart Brothers
Aylward, R. L.
Atlas Coal Company
Bengson, Emil H.
Bradley-Mahoney Company
Brommel, C. J.
Buffalo Fuel Company
Burghorn-Henry Company
Cadillac Coal & Coke Company
Campbell, R. O. Coal Company
Carnegie Dock & Fuel Company
Cayle, James, Inc.
Central Coal & Coke Company
Converse, M. S. Company
Cooney, A. W.
Cook, Henry Company
Cramer Meyers & Dreyden
Crego & Kelly Company
Diamond Coal & Coke Company
Dings & Schuster
Eastside Coal & Ice Company
Enterprise Fuel Company
Fair Haven Coal Company
Fall River Ice Company
Farnsworth, Chas. D
Five Brothers Coal Company
Fort Pitt Supply Company
Fraser, A. J Company
Gem Coal Company
Gilchrise, J. M & Sons Company
Goff & Kirby Company
Guttow, Wm C
Henry Cook Company
Herbert Brothers
Hoffberger, Chas. Company
Houghten French Company
Humphrey R—
Hyams, Robert
Hunsburg, H —Independent Coal Company
Henecke Coal & Supply Company
Hurley, J & T
Indianapolis Coal Company
Kaiser, C & M
Knuck, Julius Coal Company
Koenig, P Coal Company
Koppers Company
Kraft, John Coal Company
Krueger, G A

This is the Statement of the Youghiogheny Coal Company, of Pittsburg:

"We know Sewell Cushion Wheels are a good investment because they reduce the damage resulting from vibration and severe road shocks. The truck has a longer life with more continuous service. One great advantage possessed by your wheel is that it requires no attention from the driver.

"Our first Sewell Wheels were put on in 1917 and at the present time we have had nine of our heavy duty trucks so equipped."

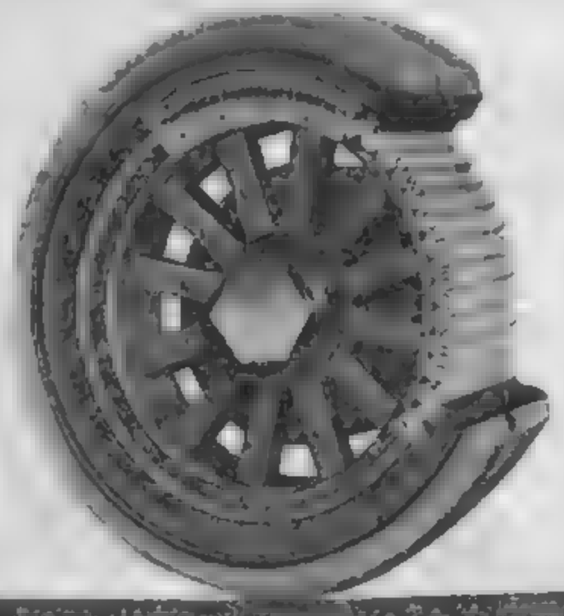
C. J. FRODEY, Supt.

The Coal Industry, of all this country's industries, is probably the largest, the most experienced and the most critical operator of motor trucks. That the Coal Industry has seen and demonstrated the vital necessity of Resiliency in truck-operation is proved by the fact that 118 coal companies have **more than $200,000 invested in Sewell Cushion Wheel equipment for their motor trucks.**

Moreover, the Coal Industry realizes that the cost of such Resiliency must be the minimum cost per mile; that it must be a Resiliency that does not wear out by road-contact; that it must be a permanent Resiliency that lasts the life of the truck and demands no loss in time or money for repairs, replacements or maintenance.

For these reasons the Coal Industry has adopted Sewell Cushion Wheels and confirms the scientific soundness of the Sewell Principle—"The Resiliency—the Permanent Resiliency—is Built in the Wheel."

SEWELL CUSHION WHEEL COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.



Coal Companies Using Sewell Cushion Wheels

Laclede Coal Company
Leonard Coal Company
McConnell Coal Company
McFadden Coal Company
Meek Coal & Ice Company
Meisenzahl Coal Company
Metropolitan Coal Company
Meyer-Denker-Skinram Company
Miller, George Jr.
Milwaukee Western Coal Company
Montgomery Coal Company
Mullaney Fuel Company
Newport Coal Company of Cincinnati, Ohio
Newport Coal Company of Newport, Ky
Northwestern Fuel Company
Ohio Coal & Supply Company
Olds & Gray Coal Company
People's Coal & Ice Company
Perry, R. H.
Perry, O H.
Phillips Borget
Pittman Dean Company
Pocohontas Coal Company
Polar Ice & Fuel Company
Ready & Callaghan Coal Company
Rock Island Fuel Company
Sanner, F C.
Schumacher Brothers
Second Pool Coal Company
Sinclair Coal Company
Sklar, H Coal Company
Solvay Process Company
Spaulding & Spaulding
Spindler Ice & Coal Company
Stephens, Olin J
Sterling Coal Company
Tait Brothers
Towar, Edgar
Uiland Coal Company
Umted Fuel & Supply Company
Van Dingen Coal Company
Van Antwerp Coal Company
Veenstra-De Haan Company
Von Heine Coal Company, H. G.
Weyandt, J. M.
Wilcox Ziegler Coal Company
Williams Coal & Quarry, C K
Winton Ice & Coal Company
Wisconsin Ice Company
Woods Run Coal & Supply Company
Youghiogheny Coal Company
Zettlemeyer Coal Company

Sewell Wheels Can Be Applied to Any Motor Truck Without Change in the Design or Construction of the Truck

(Continued from Page 159)

veins. The ancient boyar looked down at her.

"Play!" said Kitty. There was a smile on her lips, but there was fiery challenge in her slate-blue eyes. The blood of Irish kings—and what Irishman dares deny it?—surged into her throat.

We wear masks, we inherit generations of masks; and a trivial incident reveals the primordial which lurks in each one of us. Savages—Kitty with her stone hatchet and Hawksley swinging the curved blade of Rurik.

He began one of those tempestuous compositions, brilliant and bewildering, that submerge the most appreciative lay mentality—because he was angry, a double anger that he should be angry over he knew not what—and broke off in the middle of the composition because Kitty sat upright, stonily unimpressed.

Tschaikowsky's Serenade Melancolique. Kitty, after a few measures, laid aside her stone hatchet, and her body relaxed. Music! She began to absorb it as parched earth absorbs the tardy rain. Then came the waltz which had haunted her. Her face grew tenderly beautiful; and Hawksley, a true artist, saw that he had discovered the fifth string; and he played upon it with all the artistry which was naturally his and which had been given form by the master who had taught him.

For the physical exertions he relied upon nerve energy again. Nature is generous when we are young. No matter how much we draw against the account she always has a little more for us. He forgot that only an hour gone he had been dizzy with pain, forgot everything but the glory of the sounds he was evoking and their visible reaction upon this girl. The devil was not only in his heart, but in his hand.

Never had Kitty heard such music. To be played to in this manner—directly, with embracing tenderness, with undivided fire—would have melted the soul of Gobseck the money lender; and Kitty was warm-blooded, Irish, emotional. The fiddle called poignantly to the Irish in her. She wanted to go roving with this man; with her hand on his shoulder to walk in the thin air of high places. Through it all, however, she felt vaguely troubled; the instinct of the trap. The sinister and cynical idea which had clandestinely taken up quarters in her mind awoke and assailed her from a new angle, that of youth. Something in her cried out "Stop! Stop!" But her lips were mute, her body enchained.

Suddenly Hawksley laid aside the fiddle and advanced. He reached down and drew her up. Kitty did not resist him; she was numb with enchantment. He held her close for a second, then kissed her—her hair, eyes, mouth—released her and stepped back, a bantering smile on his lips and cold terror in his heart. The devil who had inspired this phase of the drama now deserted his victim, as he generally does in the face of superior forces.

Kitty stood perfectly still for a full minute, stunned. It was that smile—frozen on his lips—that brought her back to intimacy with cold realities. Had he asked her pardon, had he shown the least repentance she might have forgiven, forgotten. But knowing mankind as she did she could give but one interpretation to that smile—of which he was no longer conscious.

Without anger, in quiet level tones she said: "I had foolishly thought that we two might be friends. You have made it impossible. You have also abused the kindly hospitality of the man who has protected you from your enemies. A few days ago he did me the honor to ask me to marry him. I am going to. I wish you no evil." She turned and walked from the room.

Even then there was time. But he did not move. It was not until he heard the elevator gate crash that he was physically released from the thraldom of the inner revelation. Love—in the blinding flash of a thunderbolt! He had kissed her not because he was the son of his father, but because he loved her! And now he never could tell her. He must let her go, believing that the man she had saved from death had repaid her with insult. On top of all his misfortunes, his tragedies—love! There was a God, yes, but his name was Irony. Love! He stepped toward the divan, stumbled and fell against it, his arms spread over the pillows; and in this position he remained.

For a while his thoughts were broken, inconclusive; he was like a man in the dark, groping for a door. Principally, his poor head was trying to solve the riddle of his never-ending misfortunes. Why? What had he done that these calamities should be piled upon his head? He had lived decently; his youth had been normal; he had played fair with men and women. Why make him pay for what his forebears had done? He wasn't fair game.

Ha! A singular revelation cleared one corner. Kitty had spoken of a problem; and he, by those devil-urged kisses, had solved it for her. She had been doddering, and his own act had thrust her into the arms of that old thoroughbred. That cynical suggestion of his the other morning had been acted upon. God had long ago deserted him, and now the devil himself had taken leave. Hawksley buried his face in the pillow once made wet with Kitty's tears.

The great tragedy in life lies in being too late. Hawksley had learned this once before; it was now being driven home again. Cutty was to find it out on the morrow, for he missed his train that night.

The shuttles of the Weaver in this pattern of life were two green stones called the drums of jeopardy, inanimate objects, but perfect tools in the hands of Destiny. But for these stones Hawksley would not have tarried too long on a certain red night; Cutty would not now be stumbling about the labyrinths into which his looting instincts had thrust him; and Kitty Conover would have jogged along in the humdrum rut, if not happy at least philosophically content with her lot.

XXVIII

DECISION is always a mental relief, hesitance a curse. Kitty, having shifted her burdens to the broad shoulders of Cutty, felt as she reached the lobby as if she had left storm and stress behind and entered calm. She would marry Cutty; she had published the fact, burned her bridges.

She had stepped into the car, her heart full of cold fury. Now she began to find excuses for Hawksley's conduct. A sick brain; he was not really accountable for his acts. Her own folly had opened the way. Of course she would never see him again. Why should she? Their lives were as far apart as the Volga and the Hudson.

Bernini met her in the lobby. "I've got a cab for you, Miss Conover," he said as if nothing at all had happened.

"Have you Cutty's address?"

"Yes."

"Then take me at once to a telegraph office. I have a very important message to send him."

"All right, Miss Conover."

"Say: 'Decision made. It is yes.' And sign it just Kitty."

Without being conscious of it her soul was still in the clouds, where it had been driven by the music of the fiddle; thus what she assumed to be a normal sequence of a train of thought was only a sublime impulse. She would marry Cutty. More, she would be his wife, his true wife. For his tenderness, his generosity, his chivalry, she would pay him in kind. There would be no nonsense; love would not enter into the bargain; but there would be the fragrance of perfect understanding. That he was fifty-two and she was twenty-four no longer mattered. No more loneliness, no more genteel poverty; for such benefits she was ready to pay the score in full. A man she was genuinely fond of, a man she could look up to, always depend upon.

Was there such a thing as perfect love? She had her doubts. She reasoned that love was what a body decided was love, the psychological moment when the physical attraction became irresistible. Who could tell before the fact which was the true and which the false? Lived there a woman herself excepted who had not hesitated between two men; a man who had not doddered between two women? For better or for worse. What did the average woman know of the man, the average man know of the woman—until afterward? To stake all upon a guess!

She knew Cutty. Under her own eyes he had passed through certain proving fires. There would be no guessing the manner of man he was. He was fifty-two; that is to say, the grand passion had come and gone. There would be mutual affection and comradeship.

True, she had her dreams; but she could lay them away without any particular regret. She had never been touched by the fire of passion. Let it go. But she did know what perfect comradeship was, and she would grasp it and never loose her hold. Something out of life.

"A narrow squeak, Miss Conover," said Bernini, breaking the long silence.

"A miss is as good as a mile," replied Kitty, not at all grateful for the interruption.

"We've done everything we could to protect you. If you can't see now why, the jig is up. A chain is as strong as its weakest link. And in a game like this a woman is always the weakest link."

"You're quite a philosopher."

"I have reason to be. I'm married."

"Am I expected to laugh?"

"Miss Conover, you're a wonder. You come through these affairs with a smile, when you ought to have hysterics. I'll bet a doughnut that when you see a mouse you go and get it a piece of cheese."

"Do you want the truth? Well, I'll tell it to you. You have all kept me on the outer edge of this affair, and I've been trying to find out why. I have the reportorial instinct, as they say. I inherited it from my father. You put a strange weapon in my hands, you tell me it is deadly, but you don't tell me which end is deadly. Do you know who this Russian is?"

"Honestly, I don't."

"Does Cutty?"

"I don't know that, either."

"Did you ever hear of a pair of emeralds called the drums of jeopardy?"

"Nope. But I do know if you continue these stunts you'll head the whole game into the ditch."

"You may set your mind at ease. I'm going to marry Cutty. I shall not go to the apartment again until Hawksley, as he is called, is gone."

"Well, well; that's good news! But let me put you wise to one fact, Miss Conover: You have picked some man! I'm not much of a scholar, but knowing him as I do I'm always wondering why they made Faith, Hope and Charity in female form. But this night's work was bad business. They know where the Russian is now; and if the game lasts long enough they'll reach the chief, find out who he is; and that'll put the kibosh on his usefulness here and abroad. Well, here's home, and no more lecture from me."

"Sorry I've been so much trouble."

"Perhaps we ought to have shown you which end shoots."

"Good night."

If Kitty had any doubts as to the wisdom of her decision the cold gloomy rooms of her apartment dissipated them. She wandered through the rooms, musing, calling back animated scenes. What would the spirit of her mother say? Had she doddered between Conover and Cutty? Perhaps. But she had been one of the happy few who had guessed right. Singular thought: Her mother would have been happy with Cutty too.

Oh, the relief of knowing what the future was going to be! She took off her hat and tossed it upon the table. The good things of life, and a good comrade.

Food. The larder would be empty, and there was her breakfast to consider. She passed out into the kitchen, wrote out a list of necessities and put it on the dumbwaiter. Now for the dishes she had so hurriedly left. She rolled up her sleeves, put on the apron and fell to the task. After such a night—dishwashing! She laughed. It was a funny old world.

Pauses. Perhaps she should have gone to a hotel, away from all familiar objects. Those flatirons intermittently pulled her eyes round. Her fancy played tricks with her whenever her glance touched the window. Faces peering in. In a burst of impatience she dropped the dish towel, hurried to the window and threw it up. Black emptiness! . . . Cutty, crossing the platform with Hawksley on his shoulders. She saw that, and it comforted her.

She finished her work and started for bed. But first she entered the guest room and turned on the lights. Olga. She had intended to ask him who Olga was.

A great pity. They might have been friends. The back of her hand went to her lips but did not touch them. She could not rub away those burning kisses—that is, not with the back of her hand. Vividly she saw him fiddling bareheaded in front of the Metropolitan Opera House. It seemed, though, that it had happened years ago. A great pity. The charm of that frolic would abide with her as long as she lived. A brave man too. Hadn't he left her with a gay wave of the hand, not knowing, for want of strength, if he could make the detour of the block? That took courage. His journey halfway across the world had taken courage. Yet he could so basely disillusion her. It was not the kiss; it was the smile. She had seen that smile before, born of evil. If only he had spoken!

The heavenly magic of that fiddle! It made her sad. Genius, the ability to play with souls, soothe, tantalize, lift up; and then to smile at her like that.

She shut down the curtain upon these cogitations and summoned Cutty, visualized his handsome head, shot with gray, the humor of his smile. She did care for him; no doubt of that. She couldn't have sent that telegram else. Cutty—name of a pipe, as the Frenchmen said. All at once she rocked with laughter. She was going to marry a man whose given name she could not recall! Henry, George, John, William? For the life of her she could not remember.

And with this laughter still bubbling in a softer note she got into bed, twisted about from side to side, from this pillow to that, the tired body seeking perfect relaxation.

A broken melody entered her head. Sleepily she sought one channel of thought after another to escape; still the melody persisted. As her consciousness dodged hither and thither the bars and measures joined . . . . She sat up, chilled, bewildered. That Tschaikowsky waltz! She could hear it as clearly as if Johnny Two-Hawks and the Amati were in the very room. She grew afraid. Of what? She did not know.

And while she sat there in bed threshing out this fear to find the grain Cutty was tramping the streets of Washington, her telegram crumpled in his hand. From time to time he would open it and reread it under a street lamp.

To marry her and then to cheat her. It wasn't humanly possible to marry her and then to let her go. He thought of those warm soft arms round his neck, the absolute trust of that embrace. Molly's girl. No, he could not do it. He would have to back down, tell her he could not put the bargain through, invent some other scheme.

The idea had been repugnant to her. It had taken her a week to fight it out. It was a little beyond his reach, however, why the idea should have been repugnant to her. It entailed nothing beyond a bit of mummery. The repugnance was not due to religious training. The Conover household, as he recalled it, had been rather lax in that respect. Why, then, should Kitty have hesitated?

He thought of Hawksley, and swore. But for Hawksley's suggestion no muddle like this would have occurred. Devil take him and his infernal green stones!

Cutty suddenly remembered his train. He looked at his watch and saw that his lower berth was well on the way to Baltimore. Always and eternally he was missing something.

XXIX

NOT unusually, when we burn our bridges, we have in the back of our minds the dim hope that there may be a shallow ford somewhere. Thus, bridges should not be burned impulsively; there may be no ford.

The idea of retreat pushed forward in Kitty's mind the moment she awoke; but she pressed it back in shame. She had given her word, and she would stand by it.

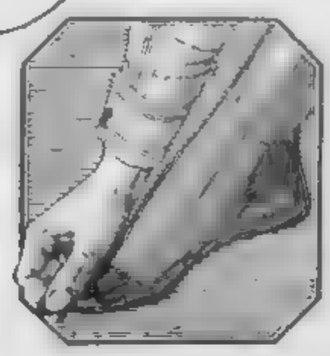
The night had been a series of wild impulses. She had not sent that telegram to Cutty as the result of her deliberations in the country. Impulse; a flash, and the thing was done, her bridges burned. To crush Johnny Two-Hawks, fill his cup with chagrin, she had told him she was going to marry Cutty. That was the milk in the coconut. Morning has a way of showing up night-gold for what it is—tinsel. Kitty saw the stage of last night's drama dismantled. If there was a shallow ford, she would never lower her pride to seek it. She had told Two-Hawks, sent that wire to Cutty, broke the news to Bernini.

But did she really want to go back? Not to know her own mind, to swing back and forth like a pendulum! Was it because she feared that, having married Cutty, she might actually fall in love with some other man, later? She could still go through the mummery as Cutty had planned; but what about all the sublime generosity of the preceding night?

A queer feeling prevaded her: She was a marionette, a human manikin, and some invisible hand was pulling the wires that made her do all these absurd things. Her own mind no longer controlled her actions.

(Continued on Page 167)

Monito SOCKS



***How long* should a sock be?**

For best wear and best foot health, how long should a sock be? The illustration shows: You should have enough extra material at the toes to be easily grasped with your thumb and forefinger. Foot doctors recommend this. Long wear demands it. Stylish Monito "full-size" socks supply it.

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M. K. Co., Inc.

Extra Eighths of an Inch!

How "full-size" feet bring new Sock Comfort

FINE materials. Fine machines. Fine workmanship. We hold no monopoly on these. In fact several of the best makers employ them in practically equal measure.

Why then, aside from their accepted style, should Monito socks enjoy such a unique reputation for wear and comfort?

The answer is: Monito "full-size" knitting! Which means that into every Monito sock is knit deliberately, *extra* toe room. And without sacrifice of slim, trim "leg-and-ankle" fit.

Simply get your usual size in "full-size" Monito socks. Then note what new comfort you get from "full-size" feet. Note how this comfort is combined with snug, stylish ankle fit.

As an introduction to the Monito "full-size" family, we suggest Style 522—a Monito "full-size" sock of real silk—silkworm silk.

Moorhead Knitting Co INC. *Harrisburg, Pa.*

MAKERS OF

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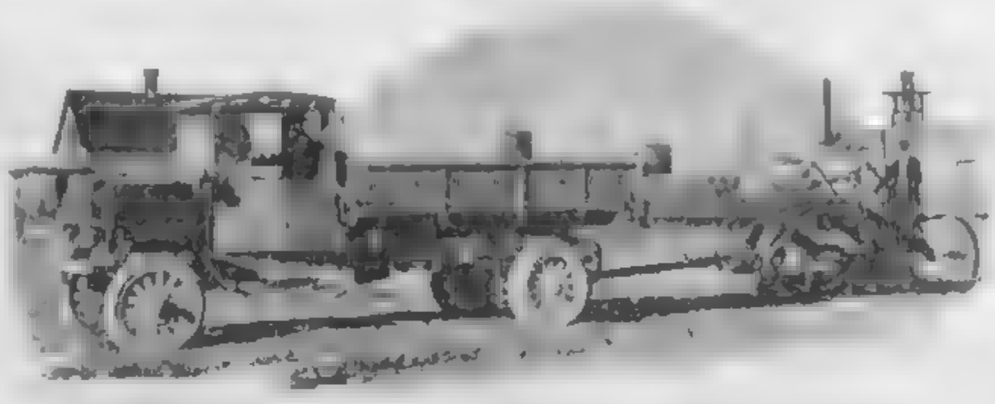
What is the Real Factor which Determines the Buying Decision?

By George A. Kissel

Motor transportation has entered upon a new era—at a time in the manufacturing, industrial and transportation condition of the country when dependability, economy, adaptability and confidence are absolute necessities. There can be no temporizing. Your transportation problem is not merely the selection of a truck—it is the adoption of a basic principle—of relying on your confidence in the maker and in the efficiency of his product.

But, what is this controlling impulse that leads you to accept without question certain commodities at their face value and approach others with doubt and hesitation?

It's Confidence! Confidence is the real factor which determines the buying decision—confidence created by age, reputation, performance, stability, permanency and consistent service over a long period of time.



Kissel Truck on America's Good Roads Construction Program.

It takes many long years to create confidence in a product to that point where the mere mention of the manufacturer's name carries conviction to the buyer that his confidence can be safely placed.

There is no secret about building trucks—factories can be duplicated—so, too, the motor, the transmission, frame—all the chassis units.

But—the one factor that cannot ever be duplicated is **experience in designing and construction—of studying, analyzing and probing transportation needs** of every line of business.

Establishing Buying Confidence

Into every Kissel Truck fourteen years of experience are built, and as each year has passed, our confidence has grown and grown until Kissel Trucks have become a **product of confidence.**

Kissel Truck on America's "Bread Line"

While fundamentally you purchase a truck on the basis of the four essential truck factors—service, strength, power and performance—yet there is another factor even greater than these if you have bought right—**this same Confidence.**

Confidence in a motor truck, as confidence in our Government, is born of time—tried, tested and proven—reflecting concentrated efforts along definite lines—the continuity of one basic idea.

The real test of any truck is the time test—what a truck has done over a period of years you can continue to expect of it—because the manufacturer's reputation exacts it of him.

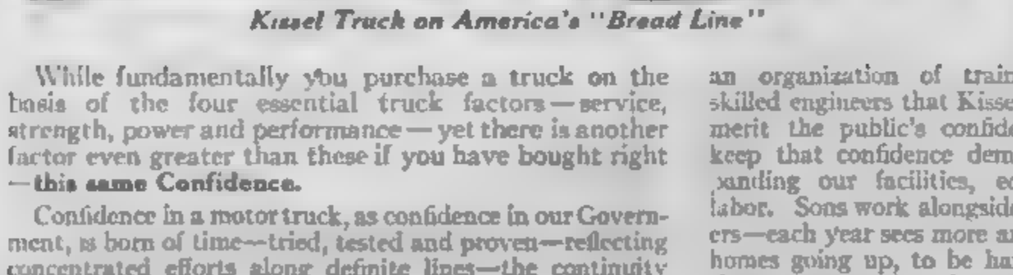
Kissel reputation was built on a combination of dominating principles of construction put together with all the accuracy the best engineering skill is capable of, and embodying the ideals born of many years of truck building.

The result—the Kissel Truck of today is an evolution—a constant striving toward an ideal from which the Kissel reputation was born, to grow to the rank it has attained today.

We realized many years ago that getting transportation costs down was one thing—**and keeping them down another thing.**

Kissel Trucks owe their reputation for dominant performance and stability to not one particular feature, but rather to the **combination of practical mechanical features taught us by experience.**

Fundamental truck essentials are closely guarded by Kissel engineers throughout the chassis, giving that **certainty of performance and stability of operation** that create confidence.



"Old Iron Sides," a Kissel Truck that has Upheld Kissel Confidence for Over 250,000 Miles

Creating Permanent Confidence

Permanency is a byproduct of confidence, because the manufacturer in building confidence must erect his structure on a permanent foundation. It was only by building the Kissel factories complete in themselves—by forming permanent financial connections—by perfecting an organization of trained men and skilled engineers that Kissel Trucks could merit the public's confidence—and to keep that confidence demands our expanding our facilities, equipment and labor. Sons work alongside of their fathers—each year sees more and more Kissel homes going up, to be handed down to the new generation that will uphold the Kissel confidence long after you and I have finished our work.

"Old Iron Sides," one of the first Kissel Trucks built, is, after over two hundred and fifty thousand miles, still giving uninterrupted service. True, it has had many changes—a new hood—cab-wheels, many tires and bodies—but the original motor—frame—axle, bearings, are still good—proclaiming that confidence was built into Kissel Trucks **from the very first.**

How Confidence in Kissel Trucks has been Created

We have deliberately created buying confidence in Kissel Trucks and with equal deliberation and determination we are furthering this confidence through constant study and experiments.

Take steel—the basic element of truck dependability. All steels must meet the Kissel engineers' specifications before being accepted. Phosphorus and sulphur, the destroying elements of steel, must be eliminated as far as possible. Chromium, the strengthening constituent, and Vanadium, the cleansing element, must be as prominent as possible.

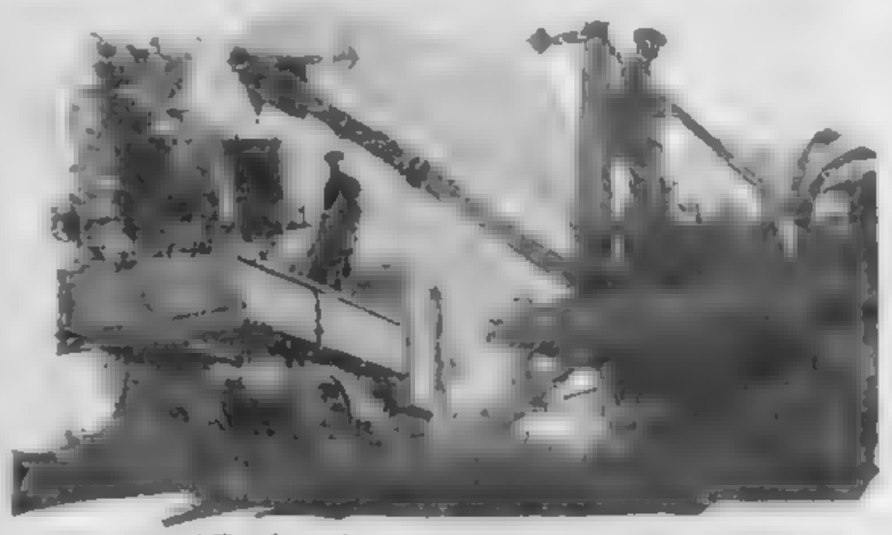
Take the stability of the Kissel-built motor, designed, perfected and manufactured for truck power purposes only. A corresponding high degree in perfection is in the axles, massive frame, brakes, with a large factor of safety—heavy, flexible springs of especially selected steel—pressed steel frames built with practical reference to overloads. It is this practice of making each part of a unit a little stronger and wear-resisting than would be necessitated by an overload that keeps Kissel Trucks profitably on the job day in and day out.

Confidence in Kissel Trucks has been created in every part of the country—in Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico, where railroads are still unknown and highways are in the blazed trail and cow-path stage—in the Oklahoma and Texas oil fields, hauling supplies and materials in Agricultural America moving the bumper crops and keeping up the meat supply. In all departments of County and Municipal work—on America's mammoth good roads program—in the service of manufacturers, wholesalers and

Kissel Truck on America's "Firing Line"

merchants—for the lumber, coal, oil, flour, wood and steel business, Kissel Trucks are proving their [illegible] and creating more and more confidence.

Not only are the leading concerns in over three hundred lines of business standardizing on Kissel Trucks, but standardizing on the proper sized models. Being built in five sized models there is a size to serve any purpose, ranging from our "General Delivery" model for quick delivery, to the mammoth "Goliath" model, a giant in power and a brute for work.



Kissel Truck on America's Great Building Program

In addition, Kissel designing, construction and easy accessibility of all parts, simplify any service work, while standardized parts and a wide distribution of service depots, assure low upkeep expense.

Further details with specifications and data on request from nearest Kissel dealer or

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., Hartford, Wis., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 163)

The persistence of that waltz! It had haunted her, broken into her dreams, awakened her out of them. Why should she be afraid? What was there to be afraid of in a recurring melody? She had heard a dozen famed violinists play it. It had never before affected her beyond a flash of emotionalism. Perhaps it was the romantic misfortune of the man, the mystery surrounding him, the menace which walled him in.

Breakfast. Human manikins had appetites. So she made her breakfast. Before leaving the kitchen she stopped at the window. The sun filled the court with brilliant light. The patches of rust on the fire-escape ladder, which was on the Gregor side of the platform, had the semblance of powdered gold.

Half an hour later she was speeding downtown to the office. All through the day she walked, worked, talked as one in the state of trance. There were periods of stupefaction which at length roused Burlingame's curiosity.

"Kitty, what's the matter with you? You look dazed about something."

"How do you clean a pipe?" she countered irrelevantly.

"Clean a pipe?" he repeated, nearly overbalancing his chair.

"Yes. You see, I may make up my mind to marry a man who smokes a pipe," said Kitty, desperately eager to steer Burlingame into another channel; "and certainly I ought to know how to clean one."

"Kitty, I'm an old-timer. You can't sidetrack me like this. Something has happened. You say you had a great time in the country, and you come in as pale as the moon, like someone suffering from shell shock. Ever since Cutty came in here that day you've been acting oddly. You may not know it, but Cutty asked me to send you out of town. You've been in some kind of danger. What's the yarn?"

"So big that no newspaper will ever publish it, Burly. If Cutty wants to tell you some day he can. I haven't the right to."

"Did he drag you into it or did you fall into it?"

"I walked into it, as presently I shall walk out of it—all on my own."

"Better keep your eyes open. Cutty's a stormy petrel; when he flies there's rough weather."

"What do you know about him?"

"Probably what he has already told you—that he is a foreign agent of the Government. What do you know?"

"Everything but one thing, and that's a problem particularly my own."

"Alien stuff, I suppose. Cutty's strong on that. Well, mind your step. The boys are bringing in queer scraps about something big going to happen May Day—no facts, just rumors. Better shoot for home the shortest route each night and stick round there."

There are certain spiritual exhilarants that nullify caution, warning the presence of danger. The boy with his first pay envelope, the lover who has just been accepted, the débutante on the way to her first ball; the impetus that urges us to rush in where angels fear to tread.

At quarter after five Kitty left the office for home, unaware that the attribute designated as caution had evaporated from her system. She proceeded toward the Subway mechanically, the result of habit. Casually she noted two taxicabs standing near the Subway entrance. That she noted them at all was due to the fact that Subway entrances were not fortuitous hunting grounds for taxicabs. Only the unusual would have attracted her in her present condition of mind. It takes time and patience to weave a good web—observe any spider—time in finding a suitable place for it; patience in the spinning.

All that worried Karlov was the possibility of her not observing him. If he could place his taxicabs where they would attract her, even casually, the main difficulty would be out of the way. The moment she turned her head toward the cabs he would step out into plain view. The girl was susceptible and adventuresome.

Kitty saw a man step out of the foremost taxicab, give some instructions to the chauffeur and get back into the cab, immediately to be driven off at moderate speed. She recognized the man at once. Never would she forget that squat gorillalike body. Karlov! Yonder, in that cab! She ran to the remaining cab; wherein she differed from angels.

"Are you free?"

"Yes, miss."

"See that taxi going across town? Follow it and I will give you ten extra fare."

"You're on, miss."

Karlov peered through the rear window of his cab. If she had in tow a Federal agent the maneuver would fail, at a great risk to himself. But he would soon be able to tell whether or not she was being followed.

As a matter of fact she was not. She had returned to New York a day before she was expected. Her unknown downtown guardian would not turn up for duty until ordered by Cutty to do so. She entered the second cab with no definite plan in her head. Karlov, the man who wanted to kill Johnny Two-Hawks, the man who held Stefani Gregor a prisoner; for the present these facts were sufficient.

"Don't get too near," said Kitty through the speaking tube. "Just keep the cab in sight."

A perfectly logical compensation. She herself had set in motion the machinery of this amazing adventure; it was logically right that she should end it. Poor dear old Cutty—to fancy he could pull the wool over Kitty Conover's eyes! Cutty, the most honest man alive, had set his foot upon an unethical bypath and now found himself among nettles. To keep Johnny Two-Hawks prisoner in that lofty apartment while he hunted for the drums of jeopardy! Hadn't he said he had seen emeralds he would steal with half a chance? Cutty, playing at this sort of game, his conscience biting whichever way he turned! He had been hunting unsuccessfully for the stones that night he had come in with his face and hands bloody. Why hadn't he kissed her?

Johnny Two-Hawks—bourgeois? Utter nonsense! Of course it did not matter now what he was; he had dug a bridgeless chasm with that smile. Sometime tomorrow he and Stefani Gregor would be on their way to Montana; and that would be the last of them both. To-morrow would mark the fork in the road. But life would never again be humdrum for Kitty Conover.

The taxicabs were bumping over cobbles, through empty streets. It was six by now; at that hour this locality, which she recognized as the warehouse district, was always dead. The deserted streets, however, set in motion a slight perturbation. Supposing Karlov grew suspicious and turned aside from his objective? Even as this disturbing thought took form Karlov's taxicab stopped. Kitty's stopped also, but without instructions from her. She had intended to drive on and from the rear window observe if Karlov entered that old red-brick house.

"Go on!" she called through the tube.

The chauffeur obeyed, but he stopped again directly behind Karlov's taxicab. He slid off his seat and opened the door. His face was grim.

Tumpitum - *tump!* Tumpitum - *tump!* She did not hear the tocsin this time; she felt it on her spine—the drums of fear. If they touched her!

"Come with me, miss. If you are sensible you will not be harmed. If you cut up a racket I'll have to carry you."

"What does this mean?" faltered Kitty.

"That we have finally got you, miss. You can see for yourself that there isn't any help in sight. Better take it sensibly. We don't intend to hurt you. It's somebody else we want. There's a heavy score against you, but we'll overlook it if you act sensibly. You were very clever last night; but the game depends upon the last trick."

"I'll go sensibly," Kitty agreed. They must not touch her!

Karlov did not speak as he opened the door of the house for her. His expression was Buddhalike.

"This way, miss," said the chauffeur affably.

"You are an American?"

"Whenever it pays."

Presently Kitty found herself in the attic, alone. They hadn't touched her; so much was gained. Poor little fool that she was! It was fairly dark now, but overhead she could see the dim outlines of the scuttle or trap. The attic was empty except for a few pieces of lumber and some soap boxes. She determined to investigate the trap at once, before they came again.

She placed two soap boxes on end and laid a plank across. After testing its stability she mounted. She could reach the trap easily, with plenty of leverage to spare. She was confident that she could draw herself up to the roof. She sought for the hooks and liberated them, then she placed her palms against the trap and heaved. Not even a creak answered her. She pressed upward again and again. The trap was immovable.

Light. She turned, to behold Karlov in the doorway, a candlestick in his hand.

"The scuttle is covered with cement, Miss Conover. Nobody can get in or out."

Kitty got down, her knees uncertain. If he touched her! Oh, the fool she had been!

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked through dry lips.

"You are to me a bill of exchange, payable in something more precious to me than gold. I am going to keep you here until you are ransomed. The ransom is the man you have been shielding. If he isn't here by midnight you vanish. Oh, we shan't harm you. Merely you will disappear until my affairs in America are terminated. You are clever and resourceful, for so young a woman. You will understand that we are not going to turn aside. You are not a woman to me; you are a valuable pawn. You are something to bargain for."

"I understand," said Kitty, her heart trying to burst through. It seemed impossible that Karlov should not hear the thunder. To placate him, to answer his questions, to keep him from growing angry!

"I thought you would." Karlov set the candle on Kitty's impromptu stepladder. "We saw your interest in the affair, and attacked you on that side. You had seen me once. Being a newspaper writer—the New York kind—you would not rest until you learned who I was. You would not forget me. You were too well guarded uptown. You have been out of the city for a week. We could not find where. You were reported seen entering your office this morning; and here you are. My one fear was that you might not see me. Personally you will have no cause to worry. No hand shall touch you."

"Thank you for that."

"Don't misunderstand. There is no sentiment behind this promise. I imagine your protector will sacrifice much for your sake. Simply it is unnecessary to offer you any violence. Do you know who the man is your protector is shielding?"

Kitty shook her head.

"Has he played the fiddle for you?"

"Yes."

Karlov smiled. "Did you dance?"

"Dance? I don't understand."

"No matter. He can play the fiddle nearly as well as his master. The two of them have gone across the world fiddling the souls of women out of their bodies."

Kitty sat down weakly on the plank. Terror from all points. Karlov's unexcited tones, his lack of dramatic gesture—convinced her that it was deadly business. Terror that for all the promise of immunity they might lay hands on her. Terror for Johnny Two-Hawks, for Cutty.

"Has he injured you?" she asked, to gain time.

"He is an error in chronology. He represents an idea which no longer exists." He spoke English fluently, but with a rumbling accent.

"But to kill him for that!"

"Kill him? My dear young lady, I merely want him to fiddle for me," said Karlov with another smile.

"You tried to kill him," insisted Kitty, the dryness beginning to leave her throat.

"Bungling agents. Do you know what became of them—the two who invaded your bedroom?"

"They were taken away by the police."

"So I thought. What became of the wallet?"

"I found it hidden on the back of my stove."

"I never thought to look there," said Karlov musingly. "Who has the drums?"

"The emeralds? You haven't them!" cried Kitty, becoming her mother's daughter, though her heart never beat so thunderously as now. "We thought you had them!"

Karlov stared at her moodily. "What is that button for, at the side of your bed?"

Kitty comprehended the working of the mind that formulated this question. If she answered this truthfully he would accept all her statements. "It rings an alarm in the basement."

Karlov nodded. "You are truthful and sensible. I haven't the emeralds."

"Perhaps one of your men betrayed you."

"I have thought of that. But if he had betrayed me the drums would have been discovered by the police . . . . Damn them into hell!" Kitty wondered whether he meant the police or the emeralds. "Later, food and a blanket will be brought to you. If your ransom does not appear by midnight you will be taken away. If you struggle we may have to handle you roughly. That is as you please."

Karlov went out, locking the door.

Oh, the blind little fool she had been! All those constant warnings, and she had not heeded! Cutty had warned her repeatedly, so had Bernini; and she had deliberately walked into this trap. As if this cold murderous madman would risk showing himself without some grim and terrible purpose! She had written either Cutty's or Johnny Two-Hawks' death warrant. She covered her eyes. It was horrible.

Perhaps not Cutty, but assuredly Two-Hawks. His life for her liberty.

"And he will come!" she whispered.

She knew it. How, was not to be analyzed. She just knew that he would come. What if he had smiled like that? The European point of view and her own monumental folly. He would come quietly, without protest, and give himself up.

"God forgive me! What can I do? What can I do?"

She slid to the floor and rocked her body. Her fault! He would come—even as Cutty would have come had he been the man demanded. And Karlov would kill him—because he was an error in chronology! She sensed also that the anarchist would not look upon his act as murder. He would be removing an obstacle from the path of his sick dreams.

Comparisons! She saw how much alike the two were. Cutty was only Johnny Two-Hawks at fifty-two—fearless and whimsical. Had Cutty gone through life without looking at some woman as, last night, Two-Hawks had looked at her? All the rest of her life she would see Two-Hawks' eyes.

Abysmal fool, to pit her wits against such men as Karlov! Because she had been successful to a certain extent she had overrated her cleverness, with this tragic result. . . . He had fiddled the soul out of her. But death!

She sprang up. It was maddening to sit still, to feel the approach of the tragedy without being able to prevent it. She investigated the windows. No hope in this direction. It was rapidly growing dark outside. What time was it?

The door opened. A man she had not seen before came in with a blanket, a pitcher of water and some Graham crackers. His fingers were stained a brilliant yellow and a peculiar odor emanated from his clothes. He did not speak to her, but set the articles on the floor and departed.

Kitty did not stir. An hour passed; she sat as one in a trance. The tallow dip was sinking. By and by she became conscious of a faint sound, a tapping. Whence it came she could not tell. She moved about cautiously, endeavoring to locate it. When she finally did the blood drummed in her ears. The trap! Someone was trying to get in through the trap!

Cutty! This soon! Who else could it be? She hunted for a piece of lumber light enough to raise to the trap. She tapped three times, and waited. Silence. She repeated the signal. This time it was answered. Cutty! In a little while she would be free, and Two-Hawks would not have to pay for her folly with his life. Terror and remorse departed forthwith.

She took the plank to the door and pushed one end under the door knob. Then she piled the other planks against the butt. The moment she heard steps on the stairs she would stand on the planks. It would be difficult to open that door. She sat down on the planks to wait. From time to time she built up the falling tallow. Cutty must have light. The tapping on the trap went on. They were breaking away the cement. Perhaps an hour passed. At least it seemed a very long time.

Steps on the stairs! She stood up, facing the door, the roots of her hair tingling. She heard the key turn in the lock; and then as in a nightmare she felt the planks under her feet stir slightly but with sinister persistence. She presently saw the toe of a boot insert itself between the door and the jamb. The pressure increased; the space between the door and the jamb widened. Suddenly the boot vanished, the door closed, and the plank fell. Immediately thereafter Karlov stood inside the room, scowling suspiciously.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Inside the Battery

In this "Still Better Willard"—identified by the trade-mark shown on the side of the box (in red) every positive plate is separated from its negative neighbor by Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation, a sample of which is shown at the left. It has a pronounced effect on the quality of the battery. Read what is said about it on the opposite page.

Threaded Rubber Insulation

What It Is

It is a corrugated piece of hard rubber, pierced from front to back with 196,000 tiny threads in order to make it porous, so that it will afford free passage for the battery solution.

It is used ***inside the battery, in each cell, between each two plates in the cell.*** It is very durable, as one would expect of hard rubber.

It lasts as long as the battery instead of wearing out before the plates (like ordinary insulation).

It is the exclusive invention and property of the Willard Storage Battery Company and is not used in any battery except the Still Better Willard, branded with the trademark shown on the battery pictured on the opposite page.

What It Does

It does not wear out or get full of holes, causing short circuits and other insulation troubles.

It therefore helps you to get all that you should get out of the plates at continued high capacity.

It makes true "bone-dry" shipment and storage of the battery possible, because the Still Better Willard having never had a drop of moisture in either plates or insulation is in a bone-dry condition and can be kept indefinitely without depreciation. Batteries with ordinary insulation can be shipped without battery solution, ***but they are not bone-dry*** for the insulation has been wet, and once wet it cannot be allowed to dry out. The battery must be filled at an early date.

Finally, Threaded Rubber Insulation does away with the bane of the battery owner's existence—re-insulation.

Willard Service

Makes Your Hair Look Its Best

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating men and women use

WATKINS
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Be SURE it's

WATKINS

If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't "MULSIFIED"

THREE FUNDAMENTAL LAWS OF BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 19)

to skid. Cut out that part of the study," he advised. "Just learn the cooking and forget the rest."

In spite of his amusement Charissa picked up his salad fork and held it toward him. Pete shrugged his shoulders and accepted it. He was learning that yielding gracefully to Charissa was the same as yielding gracefully to the inevitable.

"But, Pete," she remonstrated a moment later, "you shouldn't cut the lettuce with your knife. You are supposed to use the fork."

"Look-a-here, girl," he retorted, "what's the use of trying to make a juggler of a tired workingman? Good Lord," he continued indignantly, "if this goes much further you'll be asking me to dress like a head waiter before I sit down to a meal."

"It would be fine if you would take time to dress for dinner," she said. "And if we could afford a maid to serve us," she added dreamily.

Charissa had indeed been learning more than the science of cooking. Through her teacher's tactful suggestions she was beginning to perceive and correct some of her own crude mannerisms and habits of speech. Though she realized that Pete was a good husband, always generous and good-natured, she was becoming conscious of his crudities.

"A maid to serve us!" Pete exclaimed incredulously. He put down his knife and the new salad fork and stared for a moment at his attractive young wife. "Have you been smoking hop?" he demanded. "Or is it a new novel you've been reading?"

Charissa laughed at him.

"You started this," she reminded him. "If you hadn't been so particular about pies I would never have known of such a thing as domestic science."

That meal Pete had his first lesson in the correct use of forks. His education in spoons began later. As he told Thompson, his life became just one new piece of silverware after another.

The question of the cost of those knives and forks and spoons began to worry him.

"Wouldn't it do just as well to get a catalogue?" he suggested one evening. "You could cut out pictures of the different tools and I could learn from the pictures."

"You'd never become skillful without actual practice," she told him firmly. "Besides," she confessed, "I've been buying these things with money I saved before we married. But, Pete, dear," she continued, expressing a thought that had been in her mind for some time, "couldn't you persuade Thompson to raise your pay? If we could afford a better apartment——"

"I beat you to it," Pete told her. "I've seen this coming for some time. But Thompson says there is no chance. He says a screw is loose somewhere in the works. The production has been increased without any corresponding increase in the net profit, and now the manager is out with an ax cutting expenses all along the line. No one has any chance for a raise in pay. And at that, I'm getting as much as I'm worth," he added honestly. "I'm just a handy man round the place—patching broken machinery and that sort of thing. A smart kid could do the work."

"You might get something that would lead to a better job," Charissa suggested.

There was a far-away look in her expressive dark eyes that should have warned Pete. Through her acquaintance with Mrs. Courtney Charissa had caught glimpses of a life more desirable than the narrow one she had always known, and she was beginning to realize that she would never again be satisfied with the old order. Had Pete been *en rapport* with her at that moment he would have seen her in dreams transforming their cheaply furnished apartment into a stately mansion surrounded by sloping lawns and sheltering trees; in the dining room he would have seen a brave array of snowy linen, of sparkling cut glass and gleaming silver; he would have seen himself in evening dress, a butler at his shoulder, obsequious servants standing near. If Pete could have known the air castles she was building he would have put a positive ban on the society novels of which she was so fond, and he might even have forbidden the pictures for a while.

"I commenced this domestic-science course with the idea of learning to cook," she told him after a little silence. "I found that cooking was only one phase of the science. So I've been studying the other subjects—buying, management, everything necessary to make me a competent housekeeper. The study of one subject has led to the study of others until there seems no end to the things I do not know. And here is something I have just learned: A few days ago I met some girls I went with before I commenced this study and I have grown away from them. It is as if I lived in a different world. And Mrs. Courtney lives in a world that is better than the one we know."

"I've grown away from the girls I used to like," she repeated, and her voice held a note of fear because of the fact. "You'll go with me the rest of the way, won't you?" she pleaded. "It would be terrible if one of us should grow away from the other."

"Sure I'll go with you," Pete promised with careless good nature. "But don't forget that we'll not travel very fast on twenty dollars a week."

"I know that," Charissa admitted. "And you say you are getting as much pay as you are worth. Why not make yourself worth more?

"I asked Mrs. Courtney if it were possible to learn the principles of business just as one can learn the principles of domestic science. She seemed surprised I had to ask such a question."

"Business principles?" Pete said. "How will business principles help me repair a broken machine or start a balky motor?"

"You know how to do those things," Charissa said. "I want you to learn the more important things. Studying business science would be the same as studying domestic science," she argued eagerly. "I had to learn the details of my individual job. But the principles I've mastered would apply as well in a large hotel as in our own little home. It would be the same with the principles of business science. You know the details of your own work. If you knew the principles you could apply them to any job or to any business condition. You say the production of the factory is increasing and at the same time the net profit is decreasing. Can you tell the reason for such a condition?"

"How should I know?" Pete said. "Thompson doesn't know, and he says the superintendent can't tell."

"A business expert could tell," Charissa declared. "I'm not a domestic-science expert yet, but I can go into a house where things are going wrong and I can tell with just a little investigation what the trouble is. A real domestic-science expert can do the same in a restaurant or a large hotel. And a business expert, a man who understands the principles of business science, could make an investigation and tell exactly what is wrong at the factory where you work."

"It would be worth a lot to the manager to have a man tell him that little thing," Pete said.

He lighted his pipe and leaned back in his chair as he considered this new idea—this business-science thing. It seemed reasonable enough the way Charissa put it to him. But after he had thought the matter over he turned to her with grim finality.

"You can get by with the domestic science," he told her; "but getting by in business is different. Take a lad, now, with a college education and a good drag with the bosses, and he might make a go of it. But I—why, girl, I went to work for my living before I finished the eighth grade. I'm too old to start a thing like this."

"I was at work myself as soon as the law allows," Charissa reminded him. "I haven't anything on you when it comes to education." The memory of recent humiliation brought tears to her eyes. "Don't think it has been fun listening to a bunch of schoolgirls giggling over the breaks I've made in the classroom."

"Why don't you quit?" Pete suggested. "You can get what you need now from your books."

"I do not want to quit," she told him thoughtfully. "But I do not want to go further unless you go with me."

She could comprehend vaguely the gulf of mental inequality that would soon lie between them unless she could interest him in some study that would broaden and refine him. But she did not urge the matter more that evening.

The science of business! Pete could not put that phrase out of his thoughts during the following days. He wondered if there were business principles the application of which would determine the thing that was wrong in the factory where he worked. He knew that orders were coming in fast enough. The production of the factory was scarcely keeping pace with the demand. The thing that was wrong was nothing a man could put a finger on.

Finally he put the proposition up to the master mechanic, but Thompson was disposed to ridicule the idea that the operations of business had been reduced to a science.

"There is nothing to it," he said. "Some men have better business judgment than others and they are the birds who make the money. It's a matter of trading," he declared; "of knowing how to buy and sell. It is nothing you can learn from books."

"Just as some women are naturally better cooks than others. It's a gift," Pete scoffed, remembering how Thompson had joshed him once for making a similar statement.

"That is a different proposition," the master mechanic retorted. "Learning to cook is like learning a trade."

"But the rest of it," Pete came back at him, thinking now of Charissa's arguments. "Cooking is only one phase of domestic science. If the principles of domestic science apply to all phases of housework why couldn't there be business principles that would apply to all phases of business?"

"It sounds reasonable," Thompson admitted grudgingly. "Too reasonable," he added suspiciously. "What are you driving at, anyhow?"

Pete laughed at him.

"Ask your wife about it," he said. He knew Mrs. Thompson was a high-school graduate and that Bill held her opinions in high esteem.

That night he told Charissa what he had framed up on Thompson.

"It will be a joke on Bill if his wife makes a believer of him," he said.

As soon as the evening dishes were washed and put away Charissa telephoned to the Thompson apartment and asked for Mrs. Thompson's opinion.

"Sure I see could be a business science," Thompson told her. "Mrs. Bill says so."

"Good!" Charissa exclaimed ecstatically. "Pete thought he was framing up a joke on you when he got you going on this thing. Now listen. I'm framing up something on Pete. I want you and Mrs. Thompson to eat dinner with us Sunday. I'll chase Pete over with the car for you if you can come."

"Chase him over," Thompson said. "My wife never cooks a meal when she can put her feet under a domestic-science expert's table."

That Sunday after dinner when Pete and Bill were enjoying their cigars Charissa suggested that the men commence to study together. Thompson had discussed the matter with his wife and was beginning to believe such a course of training might benefit him, but Pete had reached a different conclusion.

"It was more than a year ago that that big-money guy—that man Gaines—bought control of the factory, and this is only one of a half dozen or more he controls. You can't tell me that he wouldn't know about it if there were such a thing as a business science," he said, shaking his half-smoked cigar at them and drawing his heavy brows into a frown as he always did when he was in earnest about a thing. "If there were any business-science experts he would have had one of them giving the old factory the once over before this."

"Things were running smoothly when he bought control," Thompson argued. "The superintendent says Gaines never interferes in the management of a plant as long as it is paying five per cent on the capitalization. As badly as things are going now it may be two or three years before the dividends will fall below that figure."

"If you commence to study now, within two or three years you would be able to determine for yourselves what is wrong," Mrs. Thompson said.

"What good would it do us to find out?" Pete wanted to know. "A fat chance we would have to ever explain anything to that man Gaines."

Thompson agreed with Pete in this one thing. "But at that, there might be something in the subject for us," he said. "In our department we can never make more than a straight salary. If we understood the principles of production we might get work in some department where we would be paid according to our producing ability."

Pete could see what Thompson was driving at. "The superintendent is going to tie a can to the foreman of the assembling room," he said. "You could get that job if you asked for it."

"And I could recommend you for my present job," Thompson said.

Pete sprawled back in his easy-chair and blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward. "If that is the case we'll take a whirl at this business-science thing," he decided. "If there are principles that will apply in the assembling room there are principles that will apply to the job you have now. I'll learn them," he said, kidding Thompson. "I'll learn them and show you up as a bum master mechanic."

Charissa watching Pete as he sprawled there in his easy-chair realized that his willingness to commence the study was prompted more by an impulse to please her than by a wish for self-improvement. She loved him for his willingness, but she was not blind to his motive. And she was becoming aware of the great psychological truth that a person cannot slouch physically without slouching mentally. She knew Pete lacked the driving incentive of desire necessary to force him to the completion of a difficult undertaking. So she planned to make it harder for him to quit after he had commenced than to continue the study.

"We live too far apart for the men to get together every evening," she said.

She suggested that the thing to do was to give up their apartments and find one large enough for both families. She felt sure that if she could persuade Mrs. Thompson to arrange and direct their study the men would be less likely to become discouraged. She said that if Mrs. Thompson would do this she would gladly take care of the housework. After much discussion it was arranged that way. Within a month they moved into one apartment and Pete and Bill commenced to study the principles of business.

They found that after they had mastered the fundamental laws of the science they would have to make a special study of production, accountancy and distribution.

"Production is the thing that interests us," they declared.

Already Pete had decided that after he had had a few months' experience as master mechanic he would get a job in one of the producing departments of the factory.

The first phase of their study dealt in generalities, and it was only by infinite tact and much coaxing and persuading during the first few weeks that Charissa and Mrs. Thompson were able to hold the men to the program they had planned.

"What will this stuff get us?" they would demand evening after evening. They wanted concrete information—something they could apply immediately to the condition of affairs at the factory.

It was not until they came to a consideration of those three fundamental laws—the law of diminishing utility, the law of demand and supply, and the law of diminishing returns—that they became really interested. And it was not until later, when they were studying an analysis of the books of a company that had failed, that they began to grasp the application of the laws.

"Do you get it?" Pete demanded one night when he finally looked up from the figures he had been studying. "I'll bet the books of the factory would show up in exactly the same way if they were analyzed," he continued, speaking fast and eagerly. "If the manager knew those three laws and had this set of figures he could see in a minute why the net profit has been decreasing while the production has been increasing."

"I get it," Thompson said, as excited as Pete over their discovery. "For more than a year they have been crowding new men and new machinery into the factory without providing proper space for either. It is the law of diminishing returns that applies—the law that in any industry there is a point at which the returns upon capital and labor invested are at a maximum; after that point is reached the application

(Continued on Page 174)

IN 1646 the shoemakers of Boston, complaining of "much bad work produced by their craft," petitioned that they might be joined in one large company, that "all boots might be alike made well." So began the extensive shoe industry of New England, based on good workmanship and a conscientious regard for the public weal.

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As a reservoir of skilled labor New England offers exceptional advantages—not only in the shoe industry, where the character of the old Boston cobblers has indelibly left its mark, but in other lines as well. In fact, one of the chief contributions to the stability and success of New England manufacturers has been the coöperation of skilled and intelligent labor. Otherwise New England goods could never have achieved their present standard of quality and value.

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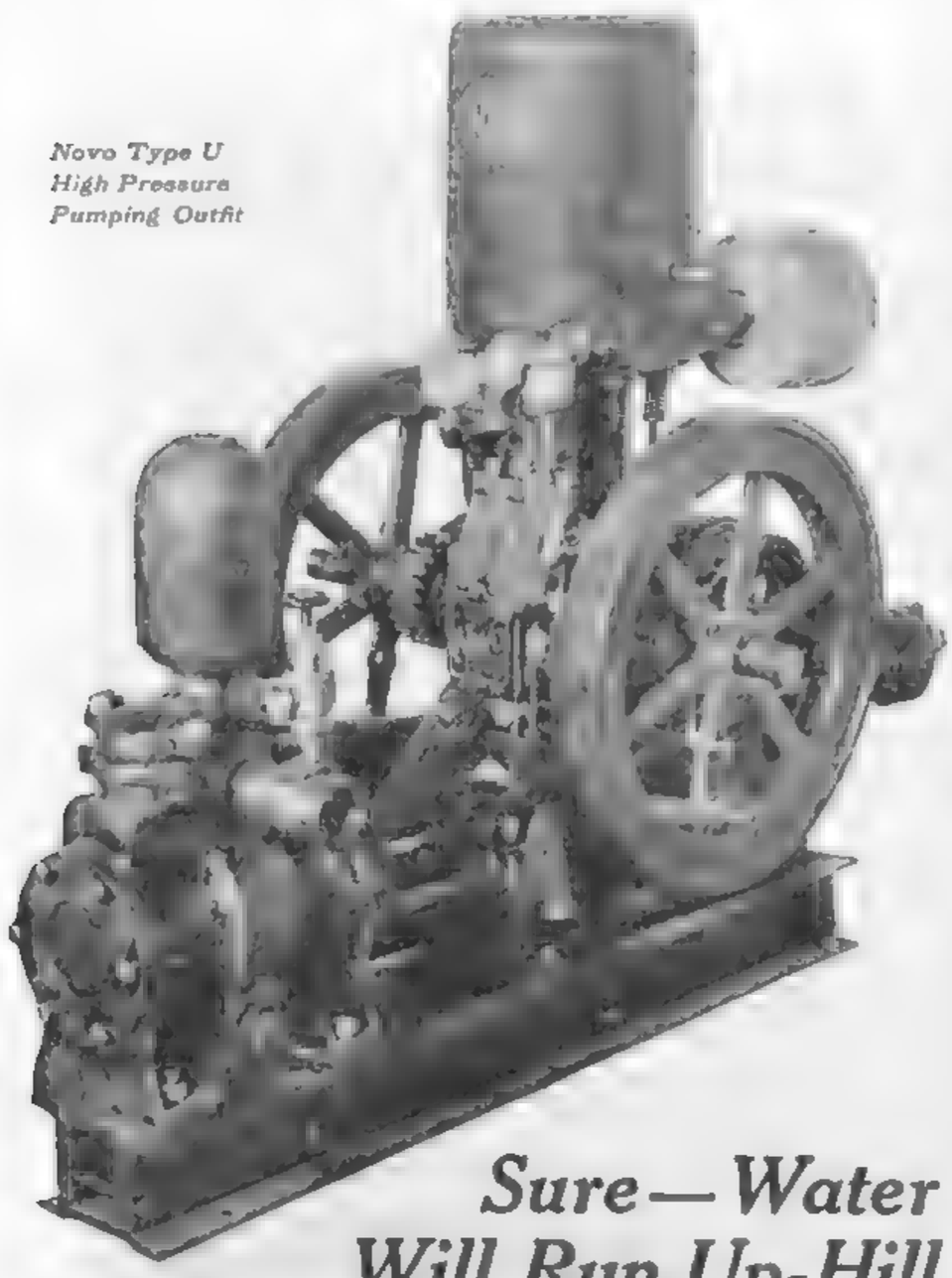

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of further labor and capital does not cause a proportionate increase in the value of the return."

"That is where they have been going wrong in the production end of it," Pete agreed. "But that one law doesn't cover the whole situation. The prices on certain lines of fixtures have been cut almost to cost to meet competition. That shows one phase of the operation of the law of demand and supply. And I believe the law of diminishing utility is beginning to apply to the motors they have been advertising so extensively during the past year."

"I can see how the law of demand and supply operates," Thompson said, "but I can't see how the law of diminishing utility applies to the motors."

Pete could see it clearly enough, but he was afraid he couldn't make it clear to Thompson. "We'll take that up later," he said. "But we have the solution there," he declared, drawing his heavy brows together and shaking his pencil at them. "Just those three laws and that table of figures."

In her study of domestic science Charissa had learned the importance of keeping books even for such a small household as theirs. She had also learned something of the intricacies of the subject. Though she had not argued the question with the men she had realized how necessary a knowledge of accountancy would be to them. Now she saw a chance to bring the fact home to them.

"Those figures are the analysis of the books of another company," she reminded them shrewdly. "You are simply guessing that they apply to the factory where you work."

"It is a safe guess," Pete told her. "But we don't intend to be satisfied with guessing," he added. He winked at Thompson, pretending they had always intended to study the three branches of the science. "When we get round to it we will analyze the books at the factory and show that we know what we are talking about."

"When we've mastered the principles of accountancy we'll be able to do that little thing," Thompson agreed emphatically. "And if we never get a chance where we are working ——" He paused and tapped the table. "When we've mastered this science we'll know enough so we can make our own chance. With a knowledge of the principles of accountancy and of production and distribution, and with those three laws to guide us, we could start a factory of our own and make a success of it. It would of course be a small plant in the beginning, but with what I've saved and with what we can save during the next few years we could do it."

As the men talked, seeing clearly for the first time the possibilities of the science and the opportunities that lay ahead of them, their mental inertia, stolidity—that quality that is called mediocrity—fell away from them. They became eager, alert—discoverers exploring a highway of rare promise.

Charissa had been waiting, hoping for this mental quickening. For months she had been trying indirectly, by example and suggestion, to correct Pete's crude mannerisms and habits of speech. Now that he had become conscious of the possibilities of self-improvement she knew he would welcome such corrections. She suggested that they all begin to improve themselves systematically. Mrs. Thompson and the men were easily convinced of the value of such training. Later they persuaded Mrs. Courtney to become their mentor and guide. They arranged with her to call at their apartment, sometimes in the evening, occasionally for Sunday dinner. After each visit she would send them a list of suggestions—suggestions they accepted and put into practice with avid earnestness.

A year passed, a year of constant study and sustained effort. Thompson was made foreman of the assembling room and Pete became master mechanic. As their studies progressed they applied the knowledge they gained in the management of their own departments; prepared graphs of good work and bad, spoilage, production and costs; brought their departments to the highest possible points of efficiency.

A second year passed. They completed their study of production, of accountancy and distribution. Then there came a day when they learned that the factory manager's resignation had been requested and that Gaines was sending experts to reorganize the methods of the factory.

"We can show them how to put the plant back on a paying basis," Pete and Thompson declared. "Those three laws and that table of figures are all we need."

They felt that in theory they were masters of the science of business. They wanted a chance to meet the experts in their own field. But when Gaines' men came they did not rush matters. They were wise enough to wait until the play came right.

They learned from the superintendent that the stout square-faced one was Collingswood, the production superintendent of Gaines' most successful factory; the older man, the tall one with the long narrow head, was McIlvery, the financial secretary of Gaines' corporation.

"They are doing as we would do," Pete told the women. "They have put accountants to work on the books and they are spending their time prowling through the workrooms. That long-faced old fellow stopped me as I was rushing to take charge of some broken machinery and asked me what my particular job was. I told him, and he took a bunch of cards from his pocket. 'Your name is Peter Lowell,' he said. 'I'm glad to see you are on the job, Peter. I'll get down to your workroom within a day or two and we'll get acquainted.'

"That was all. He just nodded and toddled along. But he seemed human enough. I'll be glad if he does give me a chance to get acquainted."

It was two days later that McIlvery drifted into Pete's workroom. To him Pete was just one of half a hundred subordinate bosses. But it was his habit to card-index all such men.

Pete's desk was a grimy pine table that stood in one corner of the repair room. On the walls above the table were graphs of his own devising. These were the first thing to attract McIlvery's attention. He studied them with increasing interest for a moment or two and then asked Pete to explain his methods.

"We used to wait until a piece of machinery broke before we repaired it," Pete said. "Something more than a year ago we divided the repair crew into what we term the routine gang and the emergency gang. The routine gang works steadily overhauling the equipment of the factory. The emergency gang is what the name implies.

"I cannot give any figures on costs preceding the time I took charge. But here," he said, taking several cards from a filing cabinet, "is a comparison of the costs of the old method of waiting until the break occurred and the present method of systematic overhauling. During the past year half of the equipment in each department has been regularly overhauled and the other half has been left for the emergency gang to handle as the occasion required."

By means of his graphs Pete was able to show convincingly the economy of the methods he had inaugurated. He did not waste time describing the details of his work. He assumed that the expert would not be interested in details.

When he finished speaking McIlvery nodded in noncommittal silence. He left Pete and wandered through the room watching the men at their work. Then he returned and glanced again at the graphs that hung above Pete's desk.

"Do you know anything about the financial condition of this factory?" he asked casually.

Pete nodded and waited. McIlvery waited too, for a moment, trying to size up this young mechanic.

"Tell me what is wrong," he demanded finally, speaking sharply as if to disconcert Pete.

Pete had been waiting, hoping for this question. He reached into the drawer of his desk and took out a copy of the figures he had studied so often. But before he showed them to McIlvery he pointed through the open door to long rows of motors that were in an adjoining room awaiting shipment.

"The factory owns the patent rights on that type of motor," he said. "The supply can be regulated to meet the demand."

McIlvery nodded again. Everybody in the trade was aware of that fact. He wondered if this fellow in greasy overalls could really tell him anything.

"That being the case we can consider the law of demand and supply as of secondary importance so far as those particular motors are concerned," Pete continued. "The operation of the law of

(Continued on Page 177)

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diminishing utility is of greater importance. From a manufacturing point of view those motors have a utility comparable to the utility of a man's pipe. One pipe is all a man needs. A second is rather handy to have round. But more than two are a nuisance.

"The similitude extends to the motors. They are designed for a specific heavy-duty purpose. After a factory has been equipped with them the owners might be persuaded to buy one or two extra as a sort of emergency insurance, but that would be the limit of their needs. The rest is a matter of demand and supply. About three years ago the height of what we may term the normal demand was reached. Since then, if my surmise is correct, each motor has been sold at an increasing ratio of cost.

"This has been but one item in the aggregate loss," Pete went on, speaking rapidly, so he could cover the whole subject before McIlvery should begin to question him for details. "The electrical fixtures have been the principal cause of the decreasing profit."

Now he handed McIlvery the figures he had taken from the drawer.

"Those figures illustrate the operation of the law of diminishing returns," he said. "About three years ago the factory reached its normal maximum of production. Since then by the employment of additional capital and labor the production has been increased, but because no additional space has been provided there has been no proportionate increase in the net profit. And because the selling prices have been constantly reduced to meet competition the actual net profit has decreased in almost inverse ratio to the increase in production.

"These are my unverified opinions," Pete concluded. "To answer your question scientifically—to determine absolutely the things that are wrong here—it would be necessary to first analyze the books of the factory."

"That would require a great deal of labor," McIlvery said smoothly. "You seem to have a fairly comprehensive grasp of the situation. Can't you suggest the changes that would be necessary to put the business back on a paying basis?"

"Those motors," Pete answered without hesitation. "Instead of the utility of a pipe I'd give them the utility of tobacco. Tobacco can be used for a variety of purposes. So instead of making just one type of motor I'd make several types, and I'd make them in sizes to fit every possible need. Then I'd popularize each type and each size. I'd go out after what the economists call the marginal consumer—the person who will buy an article that appeals to him if he can afford it, whether or not he absolutely needs it. Just as an illustration: Electric fans are common enough in stores and offices. But the marginal consumer has not begun to buy them yet. I'd make a small fan with an unusually artistic wall bracket and by advertising I'd popularize it until it would become a part of the equipment of every well-appointed hotel bedroom. I'd make it so attractive every woman would demand one or more of them for her home."

"How would you create the demand?" McIlvery asked.

"By advertising."

"But by what kind of advertising?"

"Why, hang it, man," Pete said impatiently, "I'd employ advertising experts to tell me that."

"You'll do," McIlvery declared, appreciating Pete's impatient reply. "You'll do," he repeated. "Now tell me about the fixtures."

"I'd cut the production down to the factory's normal maximum and put the prices back to where they were when we reached that point. If I couldn't find a market for them at a profitable price I'd cut out the entire line and commence manufacturing something else."

McIlvery asked one more question.

"If I turned you loose on the books could you prepare a statement of the company's condition?"

"Yes."

Pete's answer, unadorned by adjectival embroidery, was made with the casual positiveness of absolute belief in his ability.

McIlvery nodded his long head again.

"You have some good ideas," he admitted. "I may be dropping in to see you again some day."

With that he strolled out of Pete's repair room and commenced a leisurely search through the factory for the other expert, the production superintendent, Collingswood.

"I've made a discovery," he announced when he found him.

"Not so much of a discovery as I have made," Collingswood informed him. "I've found a new superintendent for this plant."

"Is that all you've found?" McIlvery asked with mild sarcasm. "Why, man, I've discovered a new manager."

Collingswood thought McIlvery was jesting. He had just come from the assembling room and told enthusiastically of the work Thompson was doing there.

"He not only knows the details of his own job but he also understands the principles of production," Collingswood said. "We'll have to give him a chance to apply his knowledge."

"It doesn't seem possible we should find two such men in the same plant," McIlvery mused. He told of Pete's work; of how Pete had explained the cause of the financial condition of the company.

"You go and size up my man," he said, "and I'll have a talk with yours. It won't do to leave them in their present positions. Some one of our competitors might hear of them and take them away from us."

Later in the day, after he had talked with Thompson, McIlvery suggested to Collingswood that they give the men an immediate trial.

"They both know the principles of accountancy and they both seem to have a fairly clear idea of what the trouble has been with the organization," he said. "Let's turn the books over to them. Let's tell them to make an analysis and prove whether or not their conclusions are correct. We can tell by the way they handle the job whether they are executives or theorists."

They sent for Pete and Thompson and told them their decision.

"We are going to give you men a chance," McIlvery said. He gestured toward the outer office, where the books were.

"There they are," he said. "See what you can find out for us."

Thompson could scarcely comprehend the situation, their opportunity had come so suddenly. A number of questions flashed into his mind that he wanted to ask. But Pete interrupted his first half-expressed query.

"Thanks," he said to the two experts, as if analyzing the books of such a concern was the easiest thing they knew how to do. "We'll commence on them in the morning."

As he spoke he opened the office door and waited for Thompson to precede him. As they walked down the long aisle of the office where the bookkeepers and accountants were working he put his hand on Thompson's muscular arm, and his fingers gripped like the jaws of a trap in his eagerness.

"Shouldn't we have asked them exactly what they want?" Thompson said.

"We'll not ask them anything," Pete told him. "This is our job. This is the thing we have been wanting to do. To-night we'll decide exactly what we want to learn from the books and to-morrow we'll set their accountants to work digging it out for us. And mind now, Bill," he cautioned, his blunt fingers biting deeper into the hard muscles of Thompson's arm, "we are not going to touch a single book ourselves. We are going to appropriate that flat-topped desk the manager used and have the accountants bring us the information we want. We'll go at this as if we were directors of the company—not as if we were a couple of accountants."

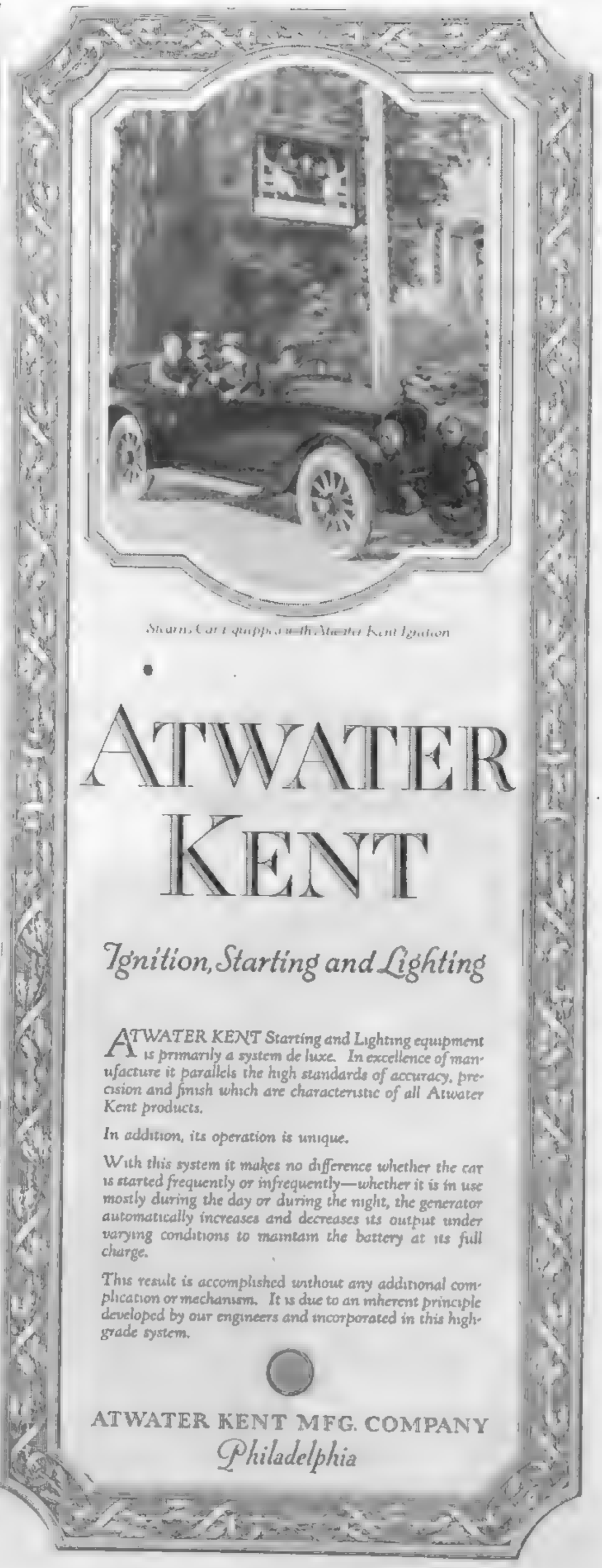
"Just as you say," Thompson agreed. "But for heaven's sake let go of my arm before you squeeze it off."

The following day they appropriated the flat-topped desk. During the next few days McIlvery and Collingswood looked in on them occasionally and nodded to each other approvingly.

When the work was finished—when the figures of the business for the preceding years had been summarized and analyzed—their report verified in every detail the conclusions they had reached by simply applying the principles of the science they had mastered.

McIlvery and Collingswood in turn submitted a report to Gaines. Their recommendations were made verbally, informally.

"I say the older one, the man Thompson, is a born production expert," Collingswood told Gaines. "The younger man, Lowell, I believe has a broader outlook, more initiative if I am not mistaken. But Mr. McIlvery does not wholly agree with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me about the placing of them. He is afraid Lowell is a bit too radical to be given the entire management of the factory. He thinks as I do that Thompson should be made superintendent."

"It isn't that I doubt Lowell's ability," McIlvery explained. "It is simply a difference of opinion regarding the policy that should be followed. Lowell says the case requires in a sense a surgical operation. Instead of pursuing a policy of gradual change he would immediately cut the production of certain lines and increase the prices. And if the market wouldn't stand an increase in prices he would stop the manufacture of those lines and introduce new lines."

"Does he know what he would be up against in introducing new products?" Gaines asked.

"In a general way, yes," McIlvery said. Then he smiled. "What he doesn't know he says he can employ experts to tell him."

"Thank you, gentlemen," Gaines said. "I'll interview these men within a few days."

When Pete and Thompson presented themselves at Gaines' office they met a man of middle age, slightly bald, rather portly, who shook hands cordially and began complaining in a querulous humorous way of all chauffeurs in general and his own in particular. It seemed his car had balked twice that morning and that while they were trying to make up lost time they had been stopped and cautioned by a traffic cop.

Gaines was signing letters as he talked, and when he had exhausted the subject of chauffeurs he told them in the same half-complaining tone that he needed a manager for their factory.

"Which one of you men wants to take a whirl at the job?" He looked up from his writing and hurled the question with abrupt incisiveness.

Unconsciously Pete's eyes lighted with eagerness. He had a clear conception of the scope of the science he had mastered and of the possibilities of the offer Gaines was making. During the past few months he had without realizing the fact been preparing himself for this one position.

But Thompson throughout their study had been interested only in the subject of production. His reaction to Gaines' abrupt question was different from Pete's. The firm line of his lips weakened momentarily, and in his eyes was a look of questioning doubt. He was wondering if he could make good in such a position.

Through their reactions Gaines had the answer he wanted.

"How would you like to take charge of the production end?" he asked Thompson. And Thompson's eyes lighted with eagerness.

"We'll decide it that way then," Gaines said without waiting for Thompson's spoken reply. "We'll give you a year to see what you can do as superintendent."

He turned to Pete. "McIlvery says you have gone over the books. You know the figures. We'll expect at least five per cent net return on the capitalization. But we'll not be satisfied with five per cent," he warned.

Pete nodded briskly and rose to leave.

"It will be at least six months before we'll be able to report much progress," he said.

"It will be a year before I'll look at one of your reports," Gaines replied dryly.

When they reached the street Thompson asked Pete what he was going to do first.

Pete named the manager of the corporation that was their most aggressive competitor. "First I'm going to have Gaines' lawyers show me how to make a manufacturers' agreement that will not be an agreement in restraint of trade. Then I'm going to have a talk with Mr. Wharton.

"The law of diminishing returns is the production superintendent's chief concern and isn't subject to any trifling," he said. "But this law of demand and supply is more or less an artificial law. It is subject to considerable regulation. I'm going to talk economics to Mr. Wharton," he said, smiling boyishly. "I'm good at fixing things. I'm going to do a little tinkering with the law of demand and supply."

After Pete had introduced himself to Mr. Wharton he handed him a list of the different lines of fixtures they were manufacturing.

"What about them?" Wharton demanded.

"We have reached a point in our development where we must curtail our output or erect new buildings to keep pace with the demand."

"And Gaines has told you to curtail production?" Wharton suggested.

"No," Pete told him. "Gaines has left the decision with me. I do not care to build now if I can come to a manufacturing agreement with you. We are both in the same position, I believe. We are manufacturing certain lines at almost no profit to meet the other's competition. Between us our production practically equals the demand. But if either of us should discontinue the manufacture of any of these lines without first notifying the other, then for a time the demand would be greater than the supply, and immediately a number of small producers would spring up to meet this demand.

"One or two of these small producers would survive and in time become actual competitors."

Wharton nodded in agreement.

"But if I should notify you that at the end of three months I intended to discontinue certain lines you could arrange to increase your production to keep the supply equal to the demand. And if you should notify me that you also intended to discontinue certain other lines I could arrange my production accordingly."

"Fair enough," Wharton agreed without trying to conceal his willingness. "Which lines do you want to throw out?"

"That will be the difficult thing to agree upon," Pete said. He checked certain articles on the list he had given Wharton. "I'm indicating the lines I am most anxious to discontinue. If you are willing to do the same we will have a basis for some kind of agreement."

Without hesitation Wharton indicated the lines he had found unprofitable.

Pete studied those Wharton had checked.

"We can agree on these two," he said.

Wharton smiled. "I'll be as fair as you are," he said. "I'll agree to two of yours."

It was three hours later that they came finally to a satisfactory agreement.

"You are a close trader," Wharton told Pete.

"You wouldn't blame me if you knew what my directors expect of me during this year," Pete said.

"They are all alike, these directors," Wharton stated cheerfully. "You've been with Gaines for some time?" he suggested.

"I've been with this factory for several years," Pete evaded.

"You knew Wilkinson," Wharton said, referring to the former manager of the factory. "He was a splendid man personally and a delightful companion socially. But he was an economic illiterate," he added with a note of contempt. "I went to him three years ago with practically the same proposition we have agreed upon, and he refused to consider it.

"It has been a pleasure to deal with you," he said as Pete was leaving. "We may find other ways in which we can work together to mutual advantage. I'll not hesitate to suggest such ways."

Within three months Pete had discontinued certain lines as he had agreed. He made only one other important departure. The factory had established its reputation and made money on one type of heavy-duty motors. But these motors were of specific rather than general utility. Pete and Thompson had concluded early in their study that the output of the motors was exceeding the normal demand. The analysis they had made of the books had shown clearly that during the preceding two years the cost of selling the motors had been out of proportion to the cost of manufacturing them.

So Pete had called together his designing engineers, his advertising experts and his sales force and had outlined a new campaign for them.

No doubt there are in your home to-day at least two of the silent artistic little electric fans that his advertising men and a host of delighted women popularized that year. Most likely your barber cuts your hair with a pair of motor-driven clippers that Pete's engineers designed. And where is the woman who does not possess or desire to possess one of the convenient little electrically operated massaging outfits that Charissa persuaded him to put on the market?

These are but illustrations of how Pete applied his knowledge of the principles of business.

The people who because of its utility and its reasonable price can be persuaded to

(Concluded on Page 181)

Buy Lumber by Brand

BUILDERS have long been particular to know who manufactured the plumbing, the heating plant, the hardware, the cement, in fact, everything that went into the job except one thing, the biggest item, the one material above all that made the building a good one or a poor one—

LUMBER!

It wasn't because the builder was careless. There wasn't any way for him to *tell* who made the lumber. It was the one unbranded material. No lumber manufacturer had come forward to put his name on his product as an open pledge of responsibility.

Lumber was just "lumber."

This is no longer true. The Long-Bell Lumber Company, largest manufacturer of Southern pine in the United States, now puts this trade-mark name upon its entire product:

Long-Bell
THE MARK ON QUALITY
Lumber

This brand on the ends of boards carries the same assurance to the buyer that he has a right to expect from other materials that bear the name of a responsible maker—*the assurance that the manufacturer stands behind his product because he has taken extra pains to make it worthy.*

The Long-Bell trade-mark plainly identifies lumber of *uniform* high quality. Thousands of retail lumber dealers throughout America are building trade-satisfaction with this brand.

Ask your dealer for Long-Bell brand.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company

R. A. LONG BUILDING KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Manufacturer of Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers, Oak, Oak Flooring, Gum; California White Pine Lumber, California White Pine Doors and Sash, Screen Doors, 3-ply Veneers; Creosoted Lumber and Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Piling and Wood Blocks.

HEAT!

—that makes iron and steel run like water

If you want to see and feel *real* heat—look into one of the many types of high temperature industrial furnaces. You'll wonder what in the world could withstand those blistering blasts.

There *is* a material that will resist the tremendous temperatures demanded by modern industry, and that material is Fire Clay Refractories.

Refractories—whose ability to withstand heat without yielding is necessary for the success of the operation, whether it is the production of steam or the refining of copper, the melting of glass or the treating of steel.

For three-quarters of a century, LACLEDE-CHRISTY Refractories have measured up to the highest standards of *dependability*. Because of this high quality—always uniform—they are more economical than ordinary kinds. That's why they are endorsed by leading firms in every industry—why, indeed, they are the very "*foundation of industry*."

—Fire Brick and Fire Clay Refractory Tile for every requirement.
—Fire Clays (Bonding, Crucible, Enameling, Lead Pencil, Modeling, etc.)
—Superduty Brick. (The maximum of refractoriness in fire clay brick.)
Glass House Refractories and Clays.
Sewer Pipe and other Vitrified Clay Products.
—Boiler and Stoker Tile.
Furnace Arches.
Automatic Stokers.
—High Temperature Cements for Repairing Furnaces.

Distributors in over a hundred cities.

Branch Offices: **Chicago, 1366 Peoples Gas Bldg.** **New York, 504, Fifty East 42nd St.** **Pittsburgh, 901 Oliver Bldg.** **Detroit, 835 Book Bldg.**

LACLEDE-CHRISTY

A BUSINESS INSTITUTION — FOUNDED 1844 ST. LOUIS

(Concluded from Page 178)

buy an article they would ordinarily consider an unnecessary luxury—the marginal consumers, as the economists call them—became his special study. He developed a genius for creating new demands, and because he constantly applied his knowledge of the three fundamental laws of business in all his undertakings he was consistently successful.

His report at the end of the first year was satisfactory to Gaines and his associates. When Gaines received Pete's second annual report he sent for McIlvery.

"Have you verified these figures?" he demanded.

"Certainly," McIlvery said.

"How has he done it?" Gaines asked. Lowell's factory during the preceding year had made the greatest net profit in its history.

"He is a business scientist," McIlvery answered. "His success is due to his knowledge of economics. His decisions are based upon exact knowledge—not upon his beliefs or intuitions."

"We'd better give him charge of all our factories," Gaines suggested tentatively. "We'll do it," he decided; and McIlvery nodded his long narrow head in enthusiastic agreement.

"We'll give Thompson Lowell's present position. And we'll have to introduce them both to our directors. We'll invite them to our annual dinner. You say they were factory hands when you discovered them," Gaines added in his querulous humorous way. "I hope they don't eat with their knives. Some of our directors are inclined to judge a man more by his manners than by his mentality."

One Sunday morning a little more than a year later Charissa sat beside Pete in the sun parlor of their stylish apartment. Her hand rested affectionately in his, and in her dark expressive eyes was a far-away look that warned Pete of what was coming.

"I've found the dearest homiest home in the world," she told him.

She described a residence in one of the aristocratic suburbs of the city. She spoke of the artistic furnishings of the place and of the trees and the well-kept lawns.

"The owner has met with financial reverses," she explained. "He is leaving the city. We can even secure his servants. And there is a most imposing butler," she added appreciatively.

Pete did not even hesitate. He had learned to keep step with his attractive wife. He had learned, too, that yielding gracefully to her wishes was the same as yielding gracefully to the inevitable.

"Go as far as you like," he told her with good-natured indulgence. "My new contract calls for a percentage on increased business. We'll pay for the place out of the percentage without touching my salary."

Sense and Nonsense

A Scotch Calamity

OUT at a golf club in Westchester County, New York, a group of Scotchmen are wont to foregather and play a foursome every afternoon. A Scotchman incidentally tells this story. One of them, such an inveterate devotee that he had not missed a day in years, suddenly absented himself for ten days. His friends grew apprehensive. Finally one of the four met him on the street downtown.

"Have you been ill, Mac?" he asked. "The boys are quite worried."

He received a negative headshake for an answer.

"It can't be that you have been offended or lost interest in the game?"

"No," Mac replied with finality, "I've lost me ball."

Big Words

A CONTRACTING engineer who has been doing considerable railway construction in Cuba has noticed a sudden trend among his negro laborers toward higher education, he says. He has a man of giant stature known as Sandow who has been lording it over the section gangs by his use of big words. The effect among the others is noticeable already.

The other day, according to the engineer, Sandow and a little chunky darky, Malachi Grant, were carrying a steel rail. Arriving at the proper place the engineer gave the order to drop it. Sandow dropped his end quickly, before Malachi had got the signal. As the other end struck the ground Malachi got a bump, the shock of which almost squashed him. He was thoroughly angered.

"Sandow," he spluttered, "you—you—why you is the most bumptious nigger ever I seed in my life."

This same man Sandow, when discharged by one of the foremen, went back to his "study" and penned a letter to the big boss, in which he wound up with the statement that the conduct of the foreman was nothing more than similitude hygiene.

Tempting the King

HARRY SPARROW, business manager of the New York and Chicago baseball clubs on their tour of the world a few years ago, received an invitation for his party to attend a public fête at Brighton, England, at which the King and Queen were present. For the amusement of the crowd and to their own profit a number of divers were diving off the end of the pier after coins tossed into the water by the spectators. The usual coin was a sixpence or a shilling. One of the Americans in a burst of generosity finally ran out of shillings. English money meant little to him, so he fingered in his vest pocket and found a sovereign. He was about to toss this when one of the dripping divers climbed out at his feet and caught sight of the gold coin.

"I say, governor," he called out—"I say, 'old on a bit, governor! Don't be throwing that or you'll have His Majesty diving next!"

A Sacrifice Hit

IN THE baseball park at Washington an old darky known as Wash is an institution. For years he has not missed a game. In critical moments his foghorn voice from the bleachers can be heard all over the grounds. The players long have been familiar with his cries of admonition and supplication when moral support is needed. Old Wash comes from Virginia and his daily sallies show that he keeps abreast of current news regarding his race—riots and lynchings in particular.

Last summer the Washington team was in a tight place. The opposing side had the bases full with two out and only one run needed to tie the score. Doc Ayres was pitching. Doc comes from Tennessee and old Wash knows it. Ayres got two strikes on the batter and there was a tense silence as he wound up to deliver the next ball. It was suddenly broken by that foghorn voice from the bleachers:

"Oh, Lawd, Mister Doc—you hears me, Mister Doc! Jes' git dis one over—an' you kin lynch me to-night!"

Worth Trying

THIS is the time of year at which there are usually several million persons dabbing at smarting itching lips with witch hazel, spirits of camphor, glycerin lotions and twenty other preparations in a vain endeavor to rid themselves of those detestable little nuisances known as cold sores or fever blisters. By either name they are equally annoying.

An eminent skin specialist was asked which of the common remedies he thought was most efficacious.

"To tell the truth," he replied, "I don't think much of any of them. Cold sores are now supposed to be caused by intestinal fermentation and I have found nothing that will drive them away more quickly than a tablespoonful of milk of magnesia. As the remedy is one which is continually being given to very young babies no adult need be afraid of trying it."

Where Ignorance Is Bliss

BARNEY BERNARD, who acts Abe Potash, a character not unknown to SATURDAY EVENING POST readers, tells about a man who, in spite of the conspicuous Positively No Admittance sign, walked right into the factory. "Hey," said the foreman, pointing to the sign, "what's the matter with you. Can't you read?"

"Na," said the intruder. "Who's smoking?"

Furniture that looks good is never old

Most furniture that is consigned to the junk heap finds its way there because it doesn't look good. Let a chair, or a table once get a scratched or marred surface and it is shoved into the store room or attic, out of sight.

You've probably done this yourself. Go pull them out. You'll find the trouble is only "skin deep". Renew their surfaces with Acme Quality Varnish and you have new furniture—an antique perhaps—good for years and years of further service.

ACME QUALITY

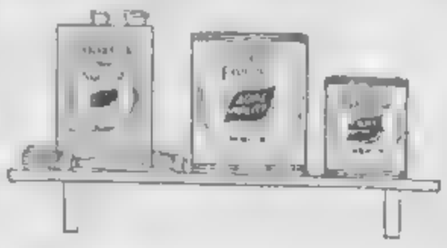
PAINTS & FINISHES

It is not only with furniture that trouble starts at the surface. Moisture and grinding dirt scuffed into your floors will cause them to warp, splinter and decay. A protecting coat of Acme Quality Varno-Lac would prevent this.

Rust and decay never sleep. Every minute of the day they hover over your possessions watching for exposed surfaces. Keep all surfaces protected with Acme Quality Paints and Finishes and they will never get in their deadly work. *Save the surface and you save all.*

Acme White Lead and Color Works
Dept. A Detroit, Mich.

Boston Chicago Minneapolis St. Louis Pittsburgh Los Angeles
Cincinnati Toledo Nashville Birmingham Fort Worth Salt Lake City
Dallas Topeka Lincoln Portland



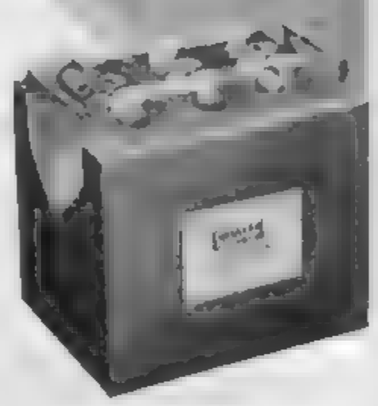
Have an "Acme Quality Shelf"

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and similar surfaces, and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

Putting oxide through the blowing machine—an operation which contributes to the exceptional uniformity of Gould Process Oxide.

Better Oxide Means a Better Battery

The Gould Oxide Plant produces lead oxide for storage battery purposes only, and for the exclusive use of the Gould Storage Battery Company. The makers of the Gould Starting Battery believe that by this specialization in oxide production, and by *constant and direct control* of the quality, they secure a greater uniformity in the oxide product and a fundamental advantage in the manufacture of storage batteries.



GOULD STORAGE BATTERY

WITH THE

Dreadnaught PLATES

Dreadnaught Plates are different from all other battery plates in that they successfully combine the high capacity of "soft" plates with the long life and rugged strength of "hard" plates. But like all other battery plates, the Dreadnaught Plate is made of lead oxide plus a containing structure called a "grid." Since battery plates are the basis of battery performance, being the reservoirs of power, it is apparent that better lead oxide means better plates and, therefore, a better battery. A Gould on your car will convince you.

Over 2,000 Sales and Service Stations can supply a Gould Battery of the precisely-right type and size to replace the battery on your car.

Gould Storage Battery Company

General Offices: 30 East 42nd Street, New York

Plant: Depew, N. Y. Sales Offices in Principal Cities

Plate I

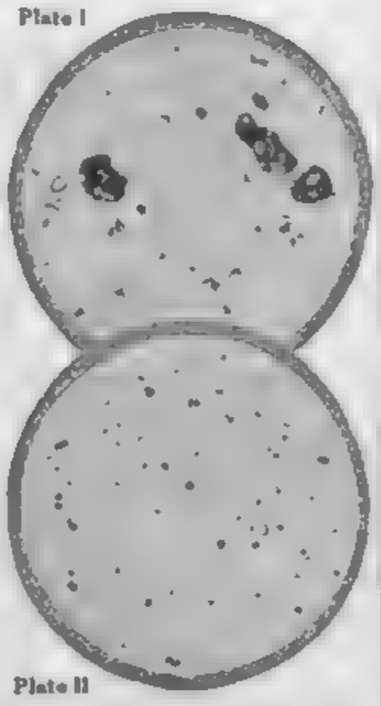


Plate II

The Oxide Test

A uniformity test of lead oxide is reproduced above by greatly enlarged photomicrographs, not retouched. The dark spots or fragments are oxide particles. Plate I shows oxide of the best quality procured in the open market. Note the lack of uniformity in the size of the particles compared with Plate II which shows Gould Made Oxide. Dreadnaught Plates made with Gould Oxide give uniform resistance to disintegration. No weak spots but even quality of the whole plate surface.

HOW MANY ARE DESTITUTE IN EUROPE?

(Continued from Page 15)

of credits. What concerns him more is whether, if conditions in Europe are as bad as European bankers, manufacturers, traders and politicians describe them, credit will do any good to them or to the United States.

The situation in Russia is adduced to show that the institutions of civilization are imperiled through the disorganization and chaos that follow upon depreciation of exchange, unemployment and hunger. It is urged with great emphasis that if the structure of international credit is permitted to collapse chaos will supervene over Europe; that therefore the very future of civilization depends upon such international credits as will maintain the solvency of the nations of Europe. The weakness of this argument—apart from exaggeration—lies in the fact that it is assumed that international credits are the only thing lacking to insure the stabilization and reconstruction of the nations of Europe. If this were the case we may be sure that private credits would not have been so long withheld.

A pretty plan for the reconstruction of Europe has been advanced by a prominent British official. It runs to the effect that it is the duty of the two strong nations of the world—namely, the British Empire and the United States—to tidy up the world. When tactfully suggested the proposition affirms that these two nations possess the capital to tidy up the world; when frankly stated it is implied that these two alone possess the capacity. The suggestion is merely another aspect of the theory of Anglo-American alliance. From the standpoint of pure finance it would probably represent the safest procedure for our country. But it would at once divide the world into two camps and nothing would ever convince the other nations of Europe that they were being tidied up for their advantage and not for ours. The day may come when regulation of the affairs of the world by an Anglo-American alliance will appear necessary, but to-day the proposal has few more adherents in this country than in the Latin countries.

Various Views of Dollar Credits

When the European suggests credits it is proper to inquire what is to be done with them. Different groups in the different countries have different purposes. The most obvious use for American credits would be for the purchase of materials and commodities produced in the United States. But more is desired than this. Credit is desired for world trade. If an Italian manufacturer requires copper, cotton and rubber it does him little good to procure credits for American copper and cotton if he has no way of buying rubber. It was found impossible during the war to hold the nations of the Entente down to the rule of employing American credits for articles produced in the United States. Certainly the difficulty would be much greater with the problems of reconstruction.

The nations of the Entente and the enemy countries frankly state that they wish to borrow for internal use, to stabilize exchange, lighten taxes, facilitate governmental subsidies and in general to aid in the return of industry from collectivistic to private operation. In the case of France and Italy American credits are desired for the purpose of chartering American bottoms in order to escape the excessive charter rates to which the shippers of these countries are still subjected.

Credits are desired for deferment of interest on loans and indeed for the deferment of amortization. There are financiers in the United States as well as in Europe who believe that in the long run it would prove profitable for us to cancel the loans of $10,000,000,000 to the Allies, believing it better for us to have manufacturing and trading than to accept payment in commodities to the detriment of our own industries. But it would be one thing to have it stated now that our loans are canceled and another thing for us to find out later that they cannot be paid. The Central Powers wish loans for the purchase of raw materials and for the payment of indemnity. There is something almost ghastly, certainly bizarre, in the proposition that the defeated country shall borrow money from one victor in order to pay indemnity to the fellow victors.

All solicitors for American credits appear to have overlooked the fact that our currency is inflated. It is difficult to measure the degree of inflation of our currency. The medium of inflation is Federal Reserve Notes only in part; to a greater extent it is due to the circulation of Liberty Bonds that are used in commercial transactions, not alone as securities but as though they were greenbacks.

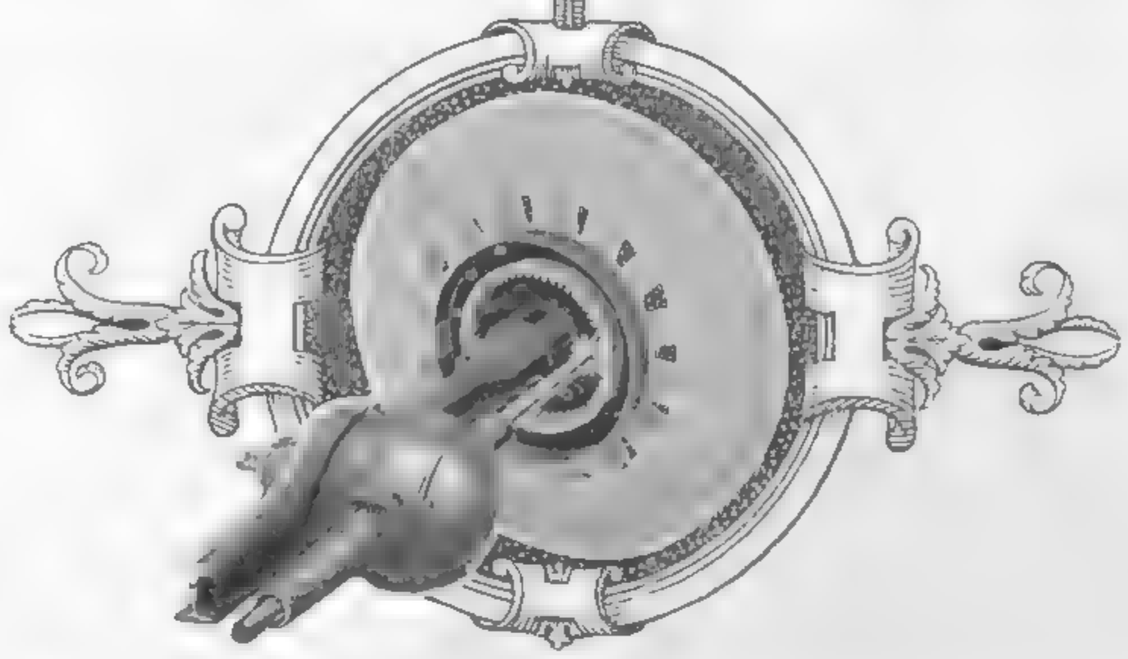
The political reasons for international credits are not alone of international character; they have usually a more or less pronounced internal basis. The ability to procure foreign credits is joker and four aces in the hand of the cabinet in every European country. What a premier can procure outside is quite as important as what he can do inside.

Europe's Immediate Food Need

Every nation in Europe needs to reform the fiscal system, increase taxation, reduce expenditure, eliminate national waste of military, political or civilian nature, cease printing paper money and contract the existing note circulation, check import of nonessentials, increase production and reduce domestic consumption in order to increase export. When these reforms are introduced the actual credit needs of the several nations of Europe will be measurable. Until these reforms are undertaken, loans merely represent stop-gapping. Loans extended at present are more liable to pass into the sewer of waste than to be incorporated into the edifice of reconstruction. It does no good to loan to a nation not at work. When the actual needs of Europe are thus made clear—in the same sense that a business man must make his needs clear to his banker—only then will it be possible to say whether the credits needed can be procured through commercial channels or require governmental action. It is the view of competent financial minds here and abroad that when the nations of Europe are conducting their affairs properly the credits her industries can profitably use may be procured through commercial channels, a view that has been propounded by Herbert Hoover since the Armistice. The attitude of people in Europe will be different when their politicians let them see that commercial interests there must secure credits from commercial interests here, not nations there from the nation here.

The humanitarian argument for credits is based upon the bald proposition that people will die of hunger, cold and the diseases that spring from them unless credits are extended. This statement is true, and it is the purpose of this article to present an estimate of the magnitude of the calamity that is impending and discuss the measure of our responsibility. Obviously we deal here with a fact of the first order of human magnitude. All the other arguments for credits deal more or less with problems of the future. The need for food is a problem of the day—even of the hour. In order to estimate our responsibility to the people of Europe in the matter of food supplies it is necessary that her food needs be classified as well as measured. Statistically it is advantageous to consider the continent of Europe as a unit, but this procedure cannot be followed in a discussion of destitution. It is to be conceded that a certain responsibility for the alleviation of conditions in Europe rests upon our shoulders. Conceding a responsibility, it is imperative that this be defined. The insular citizen of the type of the time of the American Revolution wishes to contract our responsibility to nothing. The propagandist of Europe endeavors to expand it to a world betterment. It is necessary to separate need of food from other needs. What are the indispensable food needs of Europe until the coming crop? How many people will die unless we feed them on credit or through charity? To what extent, if any, are we contributory to the existing situation? To what extent does moral responsibility for alleviation rest upon us? And how is alleviation to be accomplished? Starvation in Europe is expressed largely through increase in the death rate from diseases of

(Continued on Page 185)



GREAT achievement follows a great need.

Because industry greatly needed the truck, the best brains and the full resources of industry were concentrated on its development.

Many engineers agree that the most important contribution to truck design was the perfection of the Internal Gear Drive.

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.

Makers of Front and Rear Truck Axles

CLEVELAND, OHIO

LARGEST BUILDER IN THE WORLD OF REAR AXLES FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

The "SPAD"

The American interpretation by Regal of the swagger "Brogue" style. Genuine Dark Brown Viking Calfskin; not only long wearing but very pliable and kind to the foot.

REGAL SHOES

What are the Facts about Shoe Quality and Prices?

THE shoe wearer these days finds himself wondering just what is the lowest *safe* price for a serviceable shoe—and whether *any* shoe can justify some of the "exclusive" prices.

If he will just remember *principles*, he will find REGAL an unfailing resource. Its Nation-wide business, its command of fine leathers, and its sound policy of moderate profits assure you the very finest leathers, styled to the minute, at encouraging *value-giving prices*.

Sixty Regal Stores in the Great Metropolitan Cities

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Agency Stores in other Cities and Towns

(Continued from Page 182)

infection and debility. Destitution is mainly a condition in cities.

A statement of the food needs of Europe may be confined to a consideration of breadstuffs. Europe needs feeding stuffs badly, but no program of importation of feeding stuffs could materially affect the output of meat and dairy products prior to the next crop. The program of feeding stuffs is not an emergency program. Europe needs vegetable oils, but these are not available in the United States, and the same may be said of rice and legumes. Europe does not purchase sugar from us, but is instead a competitor against us. If Europe procures the breadstuffs she needs during this critical period—and a certain amount of tinned milk—her crucial problems will have been solved. We confine our consideration therefore solely to breadstuffs.

Before the war the annual import requirements of the importing nations of Europe was in the neighborhood of 14,000,000 tons of bread grains. Some 5,000,000 tons were supplied by Russia, Rumania and Bulgaria; the remainder was procured from overseas. The United States had almost ceased to be a wheat-exporting nation. At the average price in the prewar period 14,000,000 tons of wheat cost delivered in Europe in the neighborhood of $600,000,000.

The 1919 wheat and rye crop in Europe was a war crop planted two months before the Armistice. The acreage was low, there was little fertilizer used and the seeding was done on a poorly prepared soil. The stand promised well until June, when untoward climatic conditions reduced the yield in most sections of the Continent. Not only was the crop short, but the carrying power of the grain in public nutrition is reduced by breakdown in distribution. With normal distribution 1,000,000 tons of wheat is worth far more than with defective distribution.

The breakdown of distribution in Europe has two causes—failure of transport and palsy of barter. Coal is very scarce in every country. Everywhere railway equipment shows the wear and tear of war. The new boundaries act for the moment as barriers to trade. The antagonisms of war have not yet yielded to the impulses of trade. The wide variations in the rates of exchange check barter. Because of lack of resumption of industry the importing countries have few commodities demanded by the exporting countries; and in a particular country the cities have little to offer the grower in exchange. To have or not to have what the farmer wants available for immediate exchange makes the greatest difference in procuring what he has. Not a single step in distribution of foodstuffs is normal in a single Continental country today. Inefficient distribution means areas of scarcity or vacuum in certain sections of the population, even if the total supply be statistically sufficient for a minimal ration. Thus many cities suffer from actual scarcity and from what might be termed induced scarcity as well.

The Cost of Wheat to Europe

Owing to reduced acreage and partial crop failure the statistical requirements of the importing nations of Europe for the present year lie between 18,000,000 and 20,000,000 tons. From Russia little is to be expected; the crop is short, transportation disorganized, and if the blockade were lifted to-day any material exportation during the next six months would be improbable. The exportable surplus of Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes is probably a million and a half tons. Though recognizing that the crop of 1919 in Europe was everywhere reduced, it is certain that the people of the Continent would regard themselves as fortunate if they could procure the prewar import. This stated amount will have to come from overseas; and in Australia, the Argentine, Canada and the United States the amount stated is statistically available.

The price of wheat in the currencies of the selling nations is much higher than before the war. The increase in price is still further exaggerated if the importing nations must buy the currencies of the selling nations in order to make payment. If the importing nations of Europe could purchase with gold the 14,000,000 tons would cost in the neighborhood of $1,500,000,000. If Europe were to import 14,000,000 tons of wheat during this year in the proportions required by each nation at the current rates of exchange of the currencies in Europe the cost in terms of par would be about $4,000,000,000. A comparison of the three figures in millions of dollars—600—1500—4000—illustrates that at par the problem would be serious enough for the importing nations. Under the present depreciation of exchange the difficulties are so enormously increased as to make explicable the most extreme and desperate efforts to procure credits. It is not permissible in the strict sense to single out a particular object of importation—wheat—since this is competitive with other importations, like cotton and copper; but since wheat constitutes one of the heaviest importations it affords a good illustration of the situation.

Natural Needs Analyzed

Before the war the continent of Europe, excluding Russia, did not have a balance of trade in commodities. Imports exceeded exports and the difference was paid out of four invisible resources: Interest and dividends from foreign investments, largely in the United States; American charters of European tonnage; money of the American tourist in Europe; remittances of European emigrants from America to Europe. Europe before the war did not manufacture enough to maintain parity of exchange in the absence of these four resources. Europe now cannot maintain parity of exchange in the absence of these four resources, and this entirely apart from war losses. The last three of the four named invisible resources of Europe are nonexistent at present; and the first—possession of foreign investments—has been greatly reduced by sale of securities during the war. Unless Europe wishes to export gold—already seriously depleted—she can procure imports in excess of the value of her available exports either through credits extended by the selling nations or by buying in the open market the currencies of the selling nations, with the result of progressive further depreciation of exchange. Obviously every increase in the production of commodities for export from Europe reduces by that much her credit requirements and her purchase of foreign money. In the ultimate analysis the recovery of Europe depends upon stimulation of production, not merely to but beyond the prewar level, aided later by the resumption of tourists' travel in Europe and immigrant remittances from abroad.

The need of each nation must be analyzed upon its merits. Contrasting the different nations, the needs are of different orders of urgency; and within a particular nation the needs are of different orders of urgency. Within each country we may distinguish three orders of need: Need whose alleviation is of political importance; need whose alleviation is of economic importance; and need whose alleviation is of direct humanitarian importance. The last need must be considered carefully, because herein lies the definition of our responsibility.

We were not responsible for the conditions in food supply in which the countries of Europe found themselves when they harvested the crops of 1919. We had fulfilled all our obligations. The interallied food programs for the crop year 1918–19 were fulfilled by us to the United Kingdom, Belgium, France and Italy on credits from our treasury. The food agreements of the United States War Trade Board with Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland were fulfilled. Foods were furnished to the liberated countries—Finland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes—on credit in amounts sufficient to carry them over into the new crop year with improvement in national health. We sold to the United Kingdom, France and Italy on credit the foodstuffs supplied by them to Austria on credit. Germany procured through purchase at governmental rates—largely with gold—the foods allotted her at the Brussels conference in accordance with the terms of the Armistice. In addition large amounts of foodstuffs were dispatched to the Near East and to the East Baltic States as a measure of relief. Every obligation undertaken by this country has been faithfully fulfilled by Herbert Hoover, with maximum protection of American interests at home and abroad. Europe's present need for food is solely the expression of her normal need of importation of food, plus deficiencies directly resulting from war.

The five neutral nations contiguous to Germany have gained in wealth during the

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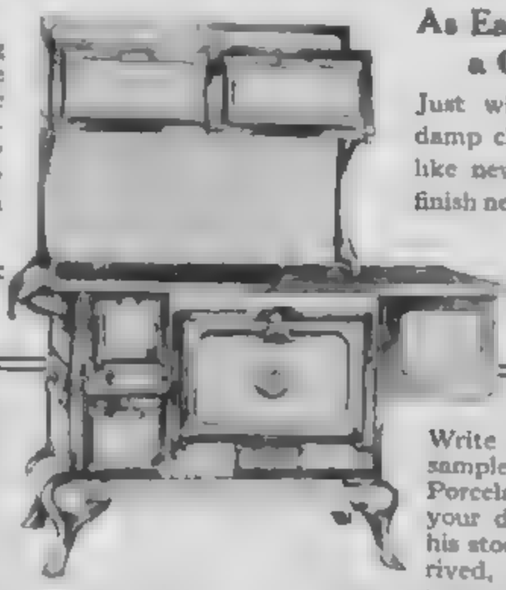

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To American Citizens:

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America has led the world in such work, and now the most dangerous of these destructive plagues is to meet the same open, unfaltering attack of science, backed by direct information and education for the whole public.

The diseases to be attacked are known as the venereal diseases. They are the most dangerous infections prevalent in the country today. They occasion more ill-health, physical handicaps, unhappiness, unnecessary suffering and economic loss than any others. But they can be controlled and cured. Success in the campaign depends on *everyone's* gaining a comprehensive knowledge of the American Plan for combating them. *The Saturday Evening Post* and other publications will be used to keep the public informed of the progress being made by the Governmental and scientific agencies engaged in the task of promoting social hygiene.

The keynote of the campaign will be the word LEARN. Only by spreading proper and adequate knowledge can the task be successfully accomplished.

All Americans are obligated by citizenship to help in the great work ahead by learning—by simply familiarizing themselves with the *essentials of social hygiene deemed necessary by the Government.*

LEARN and you will have discharged a real duty to your country and to the finer, stronger generations to come—you will have insured a healthier America and Americans for all time.

January 15, 1920

Upon the public's realization of its responsibilities depends much of the success of the American Plan of campaign against the venereal diseases. Education is a necessary first step. Every citizen should be adequately informed on the subject and lend moral and material support to the work.

Rupert Blue, *Surgeon General,* United States Public Health Service
Merritt W. Ireland, *Surgeon General,* U. S. Army
William C. Braisted, *Surgeon General,* U. S. Navy
Thomas A. Storey, *Exec. Sec'y,* Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board
William F. Snow, *General Director,* American Social Hygiene Association, Inc.

For Mothers, Fathers, Employers—Every Man and Woman

Will Irwin has written a timely and tremendously interesting booklet, "Conquering an Old Enemy." It should be read by every man and woman. It explains much that has long been unexplained—tells of the details of the American Plan—points out economic reasons why the problems of social hygiene present a vital, unavoidable issue to the American People. A copy will be sent on request. Send 10 cents to cover expense of mailing and printing.

The American Social Hygiene Association, Inc.
105 West Fortieth Street • New York City

The national agencies cooperating in the American Plan and Supporting the state boards of health are:—

The United States Public Health Service
The Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board
The American Social Hygiene Association
The Army and Navy

war, though they were compelled to make loans to both sides. They need approximately 1,000,000 tons of wheat. They also need concentrates if they are to restore their animal industries. Though the currencies of these countries are much lower than they were a year ago, they are amply able to cover their requirements without foreign credits.

Indeed if the arguments based on world economics apply to these nations to anything like the extent that they are alleged to apply to the United States—and in fact they must apply still more—these nations should extend credits to their exhausted neighbors. Spain is in position to grant material credits to Italy, France and Germany.

The United Kingdom will need to import at least 5,000,000 tons of wheat. This amount of wheat is piled up in the Argentine, Australia and Canada, though possibly the forecast of crop failure in Australia may reduce her exportable surplus. In addition there are wheat and rice in India. The depreciation of the pound sterling is comparatively moderate and the United Kingdom could afford to purchase anywhere in the world and still keep the cost of subsistence much below that in Germany, France and Italy. The United Kingdom, unlike Italy and France, is a seller as well as a buyer of basic materials and has such valuable assets as jute, rubber and tin to offset her requirements of raw materials and foodstuffs.

The conditions in the United Kingdom are the best in Europe. There is no hunger. Indeed the nutrition of the people was positively improved during the war as the result of an efficient and equitable system of rationing. The method of finance by which the United Kingdom would pay the colonies for wheat would be a family affair. Certainly a claim for credit for foodstuffs in the United States cannot be founded upon any desire of the United Kingdom to avoid such obligations to the distant dominions as would increase their influence in the British Empire at the expense of that of the United Kingdom. Foreign securities in large amounts still lie in the United Kingdom and her shipping facilities represent a heavy asset.

The failure of the wheat crop in France leaves her with a deficiency of some 3,000,000 tons. Regarding the country as a unit the writer, with every sympathy for the people, is not convinced that the importation of this grain is insurmountable except through governmental credits. War exhaustion and political incapacity have combined in France to defer reform in internal policy most sorely needed. The fiscal policy of Klotz was *the* weakness of the Clémenceau cabinet and loans to France under that policy would have been largely dissipated in waste. The thrift and industry of the French peasant are famous, but at present the results are wasted in Paris. The best friends of France recognize that the sooner she faces essential reforms the better; and it is no kindness to France to make loans to her of which she would see little result when the day of payment arrives. Imports are almost four times the exports, expenditures twice the revenue. France holds still a goodly volume of foreign investments that could certainly be made to serve as security for commercial credits.

Possible But Difficult

Failure of the wheat crop in Italy was not so grave as in France, and less important because Italy has also rice and maize. The import requirements may be stated statistically at 2,000,000 tons, but in fact are probably lower, because it is possible to increase the consumption of polenta. Italy holds few foreign securities. She will, however, reacquire invisible resources as soon as demobilized Italian workmen resume their labors in North and South America and reestablish transmission of remittances. Italy is making praiseworthy efforts at increase of taxation; but her national expenditures, particularly in the direction of military outlay, may be said to be almost uncontrolled. Imports are almost three times the exports, expenditures three times the revenue. The problem of internal distribution is very difficult on account of scarcity of coal, which seriously hampers the transport of grain to the cities and country districts that do not grow grain. All in all, the solution of the problem through commercial credits would seem to be possible, though confessedly very difficult.

Belgium has handled her internal affairs since the Armistice very well indeed. She has to import more than three-quarters of her foodstuffs. Up to the present she has been able to procure dollar credits in one way or another and it is the understanding of the writer that the Belgian authorities consider themselves in possession of resources that will enable them to cover their requirements until the new crop.

The situation in Belgium, France and Italy would be greatly relieved if they could expect a first payment of German indemnity in a negotiable form during the next six months. The postponement of ratification of the treaty of peace and the unworkable character of some of the economic clauses have deferred the payment of indemnity. Unless the remaining $300,000,000 in gold are withdrawn from the German treasury, it seems scarcely possible to hope that the operations of the Reparation Commission under the treaty will procure a payment of indemnity from Germany within six months. In each of these three countries is what might be termed a refugee problem, the result of physical devastation of territory. There is no statistical tabulation of this destitution. Five hundred thousand in each country might cover the number, but it might be a million in France and Italy. The needs of these groups deserve a sympathetic consideration apart from the statistical needs of the total populations.

Germany's Hidden Values

Among other reforms that are upon the shoulders of the new German Government is reform in the estimates of the crops. Under these circumstances it is difficult to give a statistical figure for the grain requirement of Germany. She has certainly a deficit of 2,000,000 tons and it may prove to be three. Germany ought not to be permitted to sacrifice her remaining gold reserve either for indemnity or for importation of grain, because such a step would constitute an economic blunder whose later consequences would fall upon the Entente.

Germany possessed in the fall of 1917 nearly $3,000,000,000 worth of foreign values. The papers representing these holdings were partly in Germany, partly in the neutral nations contiguous to her and in distant neutral countries and to a considerable extent in the hands of enemy property custodians of the Allied and Associated Powers. The Imperial German Government saw no purpose in the confiscation of these values and the new government has decided against requisition of them. Some of them have been sold. It is constantly stated in the socialist press in Germany that many of these papers have been removed from Germany since the Armistice and cached in the surrounding countries. Up to the present the German authorities have not chosen to use these values in payment of imports. Perhaps they cannot lay hands upon them. The foodstuffs imported last year were paid largely with gold. Germany ought certainly to be able to raise credits in South America, Spain, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark and Sweden. She ought not to buy any considerable volume of dollar credits with marks. Her chances of procuring credits in the United States would be improved if German propaganda in the United States were to cease. If the wheat needs of France, Belgium and Italy do not constitute a legitimate claim for government credits in the United States certainly the wheat needs of Germany can claim no such consideration.

Finland has for the present few resources outside of products of wood. Information as to her stocks of food is scanty. At the time of the harvest it seemed that her crop and visible resources would leave 500,000 people destitute. By good management, however, her authorities have succeeded in procuring resources and credits to a surprising degree. Probably 200,000 people will have to be fed until the next harvest; the number may possibly rise to 500,000. But the forests of Finland are good security. Demobilization is the economic need of the moment in Finland.

The situation in Poland is very difficult. Of the population of nearly 30,000,000 a tenth are to be classed as refugee. There is an unfortunate but unavoidable antagonism between city and country that greatly hinders distribution. The conditions in currency, in which German marks, Polish marks, crowns and rubles compete for depreciation, are appalling. Statistically the

(Continued on Page 189)

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(Continued from Page 186)

destitute in Poland number 5,000,000. With success in management this might be reduced to four; with continued military operations on a large scale and progressive internal disorganization the figure might rise one or even two millions. The expenditures are eight times the revenues. The sole assets of the country are the sympathy of the world; faith in the future of Polish nationalism and Polish guardianship of western Europe against Russia. These cannot be converted into terms of commercial units and the requirements of Poland must be covered by government credits.

Had the invasion of Slovakia by Hungary last summer not resulted in material destruction of standing grain, Czechoslovakia would have covered her food needs with her indigenous products. She has an unemployed industrial class of from probably three to five hundred thousand, whose subsistence constitutes a grave problem. If she can succeed in marketing her exportable surplus of sugar, increase the production of coal, resume exportation of glass and porcelain and restore the operation of her textile industries, she will be able to procure the grain required through commercial channels.

If her recovery is delayed, however, it may be necessary for her to be given government credits in order to avoid unrest in the mining areas, whose continued operation during this summer is so important to the peace of Europe.

Austria Near Starvation

The present Austria has a population of about 7,500,000 people, though the number is being rapidly reduced by death. The total food production of the country in the prewar period could not have covered the requirements of more than two and a half million people. In Austria to-day are probably 4,000,000 people who must be classed as completely destitute and who will die unless fed by the outside world. Austria has no assets except works of art, and these are not readily negotiable; and it is a question whether these, like every other fixed or floating value in the country, have not been placed under lien as a source of indemnity by the treaty of peace. Unless it is contemplated that the population of Austria shall fall through the operations of death and emigration to the plane of food production of the country—since the creation of a second Switzerland would be a matter not of years but of decades—the feeding of the population in excess of the agriculture of the country can only be accomplished by annually recurring world charity or by allowing Austria to join Bavaria. Very naturally the French instinctively fear that the addition of 7,000,000 Austrians to Bavaria would constitute an addition to the strength of Germany. Entirely apart from the fact that this would represent an addition of South German viewpoint versus Prussian standpoint, this fear is based upon a misconception of the present or prospective economic capacity of Austria.

Hungary is apparently destined to become an agrarian state like Bulgaria, and may be expected to be self-sufficient in foodstuffs after she has harvested her next crop. She would probably have been self-sufficient until the next crop if the country had not been combed by the Rumanian Army during the months of occupation last autumn. There is a large collection of refugees in Budapest and scarcity of coal and transport makes distribution of foodstuffs very difficult. It seems quite certain that some 500,000 will need to be fed until the next crop and fed through credits, since the country has at present no buying power.

It is not fully appreciated in the United States how very severe are the operations of the treaty of peace with Austria and Hungary compared to that with Germany. The writer in common with other Americans and with representatives of the Allied and Associated Powers who have studied the situation on the ground is unable to understand why economic clauses of such destructive nature were incorporated in the Austrian and Hungarian treaties of peace. No one can discover how Hungary is to be able to pay the indemnities imposed upon her; but she will be able to feed herself with indigenous foodstuffs.

Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, who were carried to the last crop by the American Relief Administration, require for the coming year no importation of foodstuffs except special foods for children that are being shipped in by the American Relief Administration European Children's Fund. These countries have, indeed, an exportable surplus of bread grain. Paradoxically enough, it will be almost as difficult for them to sell this exportable surplus as it will be for Italy to buy the wheat she requires.

This grain ought to be sent either northward to Hungary, Austria and Poland or westward to France and Italy. But not one of these countries can offer in exchange the commodities most required—namely, clothing for peasants, shoes, harness, agricultural machinery, hardware and equipment for the oil fields. The countries to the north could contribute structural steel and railway equipment and these are sorely needed. Poland has arranged to purchase a considerable amount of Rumanian grain which will probably be paid for with coal. The upper classes in these two Balkan countries could procure from France and Italy articles of luxury such as perfume, champagne, silk stockings and jewels in exchange for wheat; but such a transaction, though very much to the interest of French and Italian exchange, is not to the economic interest of the common people of Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

In Armenia are 800,000 people at least who must be fed or they will perish. There is apparently an exportable surplus of food in Southern Russia and in Turkey, but it is idle to assume that it will ever reach the Armenians unless transferred there by the American dollar. There seems to have been no difficulty in procuring mandataries or other forms of government for those areas of the Near East capable of economic development and exploitation; but for the feeding of Armenia the last and only resource is apparently the United States.

The Pressing Need of Flour

The sum of these figures, representing the nationally destitute of the different countries, is about 11,500,000. It is possible that later developments and experience in relief may reduce this figure to some extent. It is also easily possible that when the relief is undertaken it will be found that dissipation of statistical resources has occurred and that the figure will rise to 15,000,000, or even more. The statistical requirement of 14,000,000 tons represents the bread ration for 100,000,000 people in Europe. The requirements of the completely destitute until the next harvest represent about one-eighth of the import requirements of breadstuffs. Foreign relief, largely from the United States, is already being supplied to the extent of some $6,000,000 a month in support of a program of child feeding in Europe. The grain requirements of the 12,000,000 people are to be regarded as a problem solvable only on the basis of government credits and specifically the credit of the United States.

This corresponds to about 750,000 tons of flour that will suffice to cover the requirements until the next crop. If we were to add a sympathetic contribution for the devastated areas of Belgium, France and Italy the figure would rise to 900,000 tons. Statistically Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary should for 1920–21, with a normal crop and the expected acreage, cover their requirements just as Rumania and the Kingdom of the S. H. S. have already done. Finland, like Norway, will always be an importing nation. This would leave Austria and Armenia as the sole relief problems to be faced after the next crop. Certainly no one could ever have foreseen that Vienna and Erzerum would be linked in the deepest destitution of the world!

Normal grain crops are to be expected in Europe next year, weather conditions permitting. A reduced yield per acre is to be anticipated on account of depreciation of equipment, lack of work animals and scarcity of fertilizer. Against this an increased

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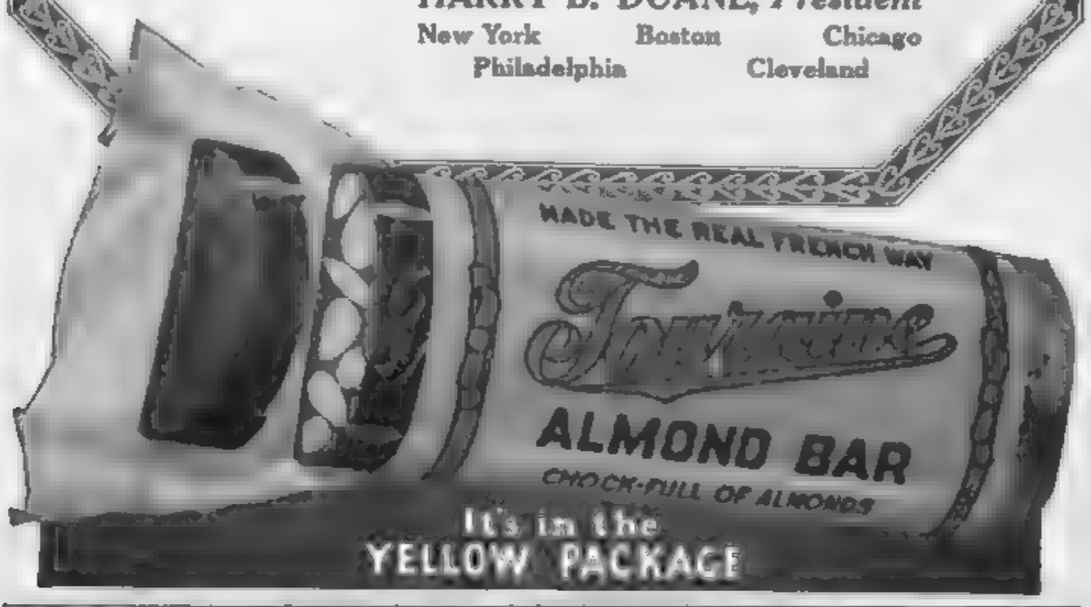

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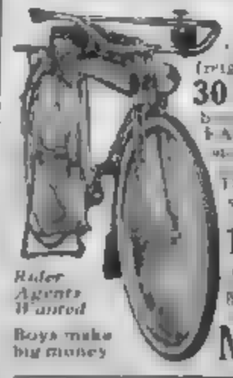

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acreage is to be expected, because the price will attract the peasant and the lowering of the count of cattle and swine—outside of the United Kingdom—will permit of cultivation of the marginal acre.

Nine hundred thousand tons of straight flour such as is being produced in large amounts from the exportable surplus of wheat of the last crop would cost delivered to the various ports of Europe somewhere in the neighborhood of $130,000,000. If it should transpire, with field experience in the execution of the relief, that the number of destitute was materially smaller or larger this figure might be reduced to $110,000,000 or it might be increased to $150,000,000. The amount expended for what correspond to identical purposes from the date of the Armistice until the harvesting of the last crop was nearly $500,000,000 and the reduction in the figure indicates a great amelioration. Outside of disastrous crop failure the amelioration during the present crop year ought to be greater than last year, because despite all deficiencies in labor, machinery and fertilizer the coming crop is a peace crop and the last crop was a war crop.

It is believed by the writer that under the totality of circumstances this program constitutes a moral obligation of the United States. With the completion of this program it is to be anticipated that the moral obligation of the United States is concluded and from thence the needs of the world must be met by human energy applied through commercial channels, except in the sense that charity will continue nationally to be operative as before the war.

Nine hundred thousand tons of flour corresponds to fifteen per cent of the flour value of our exportable surplus of wheat. So-called straight flour is a grade that the United States Grain Corporation has found it difficult to sell in this country on a large scale, though the price has been rigidly held down. The exportation of this amount of flour would not create any scarcity in the flour supply of the country, since it would be withdrawn from the exportable surplus of wheat and the capacity of the mills would not be taxed to accomplish the additional output. The wheat involved, like the rest of the exportable surplus, must be marketed under the provisions of the Grain Act in order to fulfill the fixed price to the grower.

Could not other wheat-exporting countries aid? Argentina has a surplus, but there is no prospect of any sale of this grain to the countries requiring it for the destitute. The credit facilities of Argentina will be stretched to meet the importunities of the other countries of Europe. Outside of the Argentine practically all the surplus wheat of the world is in the dominions of the British Empire. It is hardly to be expected that Canada, Australasia and South Africa should sell wheat to destitute nations, because they must give preferential treatment to the mother country. It is not to be expected that France and Italy should buy wheat in commercial transactions and sell on credit to the destitute nations or buy on credit and resell to them on credit. The United Kingdom ought to participate in the sales on credit either in the shape of wheat or of ocean tonnage.

Finally the question will be asked whether the sum involved—say one hundred and thirty millions—cannot be used to cheapen the price of flour in the United States. Flour is now by far the cheapest food in the country. We spend less than fifteen dollars a year in flour for about one-third of our calories and give out about one hundred and sixty dollars for the remaining two-thirds. If $130,000,000 were applied to our flour bill as a nation it would amount to about eight per cent reduction. This reduction would appear in the price of flour; it is doubtful if it would appear in the retail price of bakers' bread.

But beyond all this are larger considerations of policy. Congressional action did not contemplate the use of the fund of the United States Grain Corporation for bread subsidy. Subsidy of food is not the way to reduce the cost of living. European nations who have had bread subsidy for several years groan under the burden thus imposed upon the public treasury. France has announced the withdrawal of the bread subsidy and England will follow. The results of state subsidy are vicious in many directions, but in the final analysis most vicious upon the consumer.

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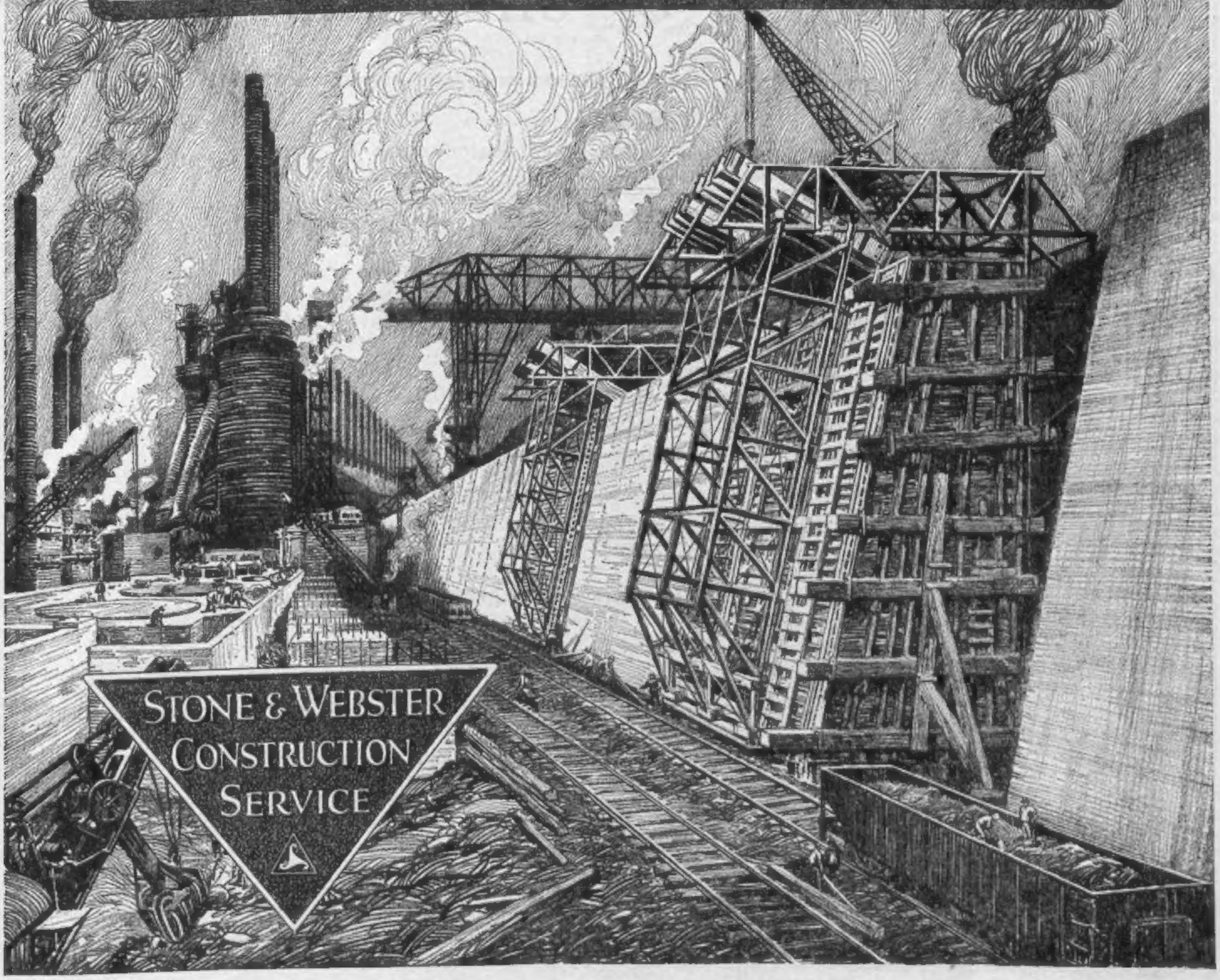

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